The Christian Union

The goal of yesterday is but the starting-place of to-day.

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LYMAN ABBOTT,
HAMILTON W. MABIE, } Editors.

THE OUTLOOK.

OUR readers will notice a change in the announcement at the head of our editorial columns in this week's issue. With the first number of The Christian Union for 1888 the paper is published not *for* but *by* The Christian Union Company. This does not, however, indicate any change in either the ownership or the business control of the paper. It simply indicates that the owners come into a somewhat closer and more immediate contact with the paper. The Christian Union Company is a small stock company, of which for several years past Mr. Lawson Valentine has been President. It is the privilege of the editors to say here, what he will not see till he sees the announcement in print, that its prosperity has been due in no small measure to the encouragement and the material support which he has given. The stockholders in this company are all in hearty sympathy with its general purpose and spirit. The counting-room has never made the slightest attempt to direct the editorial course of the paper, which has been and will be left wholly under the control of the editors. The paper will continue in its course in the future unchanged both in spirit and purpose and in essentially conservative business methods. It will make no attempt to win support by premiums or external attractions of any kind; it will put all premiums into the paper, not into prizes added to it; and it will depend in the future, as it has done not in vain in the past, with confident assurance, on the good-will and personal friendship of its subscribers to introduce it as a personal friend into new homes and new circles of acquaintances.

Senator Cullom, who had so influential a part in securing the passage of the Inter-State Commerce law, has introduced a bill for inaugurating a United States postal telegraph as a part of the postal system of the United States, and providing for the immediate construction of trunk lines running both North and South and East and West; connecting with these, branch lines are provided for, to be constructed from time to time, as Congress may direct. The construction is placed under the direction of the engineer corps of the army. The Secretary of War is authorized to take and use all patented and other devices, paying compensation therefor, the amount to be determined, in case of dispute, by the Court of Claims. The rates fixed by the bill are ten cents for each twenty words, and five cents for each additional ten words, for any distance under five hundred miles, and an additional rate of five cents for each additional two hundred and fifty miles. Special rates are provided for night messages and newspaper dispatches. Four millions are appropriated for the construction of the trunk lines, and the service is placed under civil service rules. The movement in favor of postal telegraphy is certainly growing in strength. The fact, if it is a fact, that telegraphy in Europe is inferior in accuracy and rapidity of service to telegraphy in the United States argues, not the inferiority of a Government service, but the superiority of the American people. At present all rapid communication of ideas in this country is subjected to the control of Mr. Gould. A circular sent out by Mr. Powderly from the headquarters of the Knights of Labor lays stress upon this fact, and urges the support of workingmen for postal telegraphy. We may be reasonably sure that this movement will be powerfully reinforced by largely signed petitions before the present session of Congress expires.

The question of the confirmation of Mr. Lamar to the Supreme Court bench is still open as we go to press. A considerable pressure has been brought to bear upon the Republican Senate to vote against his confirmation; though our impression is at this writing that enough Republican Senators will vote with the Democrats, and that the appointment will be confirmed. Four objections have been interposed: first, his age—he is sixty-seven; secondly, previous career, which has been rather that of a platform orator and professor than that of a lawyer; and, thirdly, his political course before the war, when he represented the extreme State right view of the Constitution, holding to the right of a State to secede, and of course that it was unconstitutional for the Nation to coerce a State. In our judgment, the claim that the United States Senate should, out of courtesy, confirm such an appointment, partly because it emanates from the President and partly because the appointee is an ex Senator and a man of national distinction, is not well grounded. The United States Constitution has divided responsibility for Supreme Court appointments between the President and the Senate; that responsibility is thoroughly joint, and the Senate has no right to rid itself of its share under a veil of courtesy. It ought not to refuse to confirm for either partisan or sectional reasons. A Republican Senate which should refuse to confirm because a Democratic President had appointed a Democrat to be an incumbent of the Supreme Court, or because the proposed incumbent was a Southerner, would take advantage of its position to do an act dishonorable and unpatriotic. In so far as the outcry against Mr. Lamar has either a partisan or a sectional quality in it, in so far as it represents an unwillingness to have the Democratic party represented on the Supreme Court bench, or the Southern States represented by a man who is thoroughly, and by nature and education as well as by birth, a Southerner, we need hardly say to our readers we have only condemnation for it. But we think it would be unjust, at least to many of those who feel a reluctance to see Mr. Lamar's nomination confirmed, to attribute the opposition to his confirmation wholly either to partisanship or to sectional prejudice.

The Supreme Court is, as our contributor Mr. Clark shows in another column, a unique feature in our Constitution. As De Tocqueville long since pointed out, it is a body of vast and unexampled powers; the authority given to it, to construe finally the Constitution, confers upon it a power second only to that of a constitutional convention. The famous Dred Scott decision was almost as serious a bar to the progress of liberty as Stephen Douglas's doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," or, for that matter, the incursion of the border ruffians into Kansas. Of Mr. Lamar's personal and legal qualifications for a post upon this bench, which exercises so important an influence upon the course of national destiny, we do not think it necessary to speak. The fact that quarter of a century ago he held the Southern view respecting the constitutional rights of the States is not of itself a conclusive, if indeed it is any, bar to his appointment. But the Senate has a right, and even a duty, to satisfy itself that Mr. Lamar has fully and heartily accepted the results of the war, not merely as necessities from which there is no escape, but as final, and therefore just and right, conclusions respecting the true meaning of the Constitution for the future. We have no right to exclude from the Supreme Court bench men who thought in 1860 that loyalty to the State took precedence over loyalty to the Nation, but we have a right to demand in 1888 that no man goes upon the Supreme Court bench who does not hold that now loyalty to the Nation takes precedence over loyalty to the State. If we understand the matter, Mr. Lamar holds, with many of his contemporaries, that the Constitution has been in fact changed by the events of history, and that we are no longer a confederation, but a Nation. But it is the right and the duty of the Senate, not merely to take this for granted, but to assure itself of this fact beyond peradventure.

It is difficult to get at the exact facts in the case of the great Reading strike, which, however, at this writing promises to be great rather in the space which it occupies in the newspapers than in any permanent or material results. In the absence of any other authoritative statement, we must accept as substantially true that of Mr. Corbin, the President of the Reading road. According to this statement, at the time of the strike in the coal-mining regions last fall, an agreement was made with the miners in the following terms:

"The Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company are to raise the present schedule of basis price for wages and contracts eight per cent. from September 1, 1887, for four months, or until January 1, 1888. If a settlement is made with the other coal companies (Lehigh) before that time, the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company is to adopt whatever advance in basis rates is agreed upon by all the other companies, or in case no agreement is reached by January 1, or the non-return to work at former rates, then and in that case the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company are to return to the pay-

ment of the $2 50 basis schedule of prices as paid up to September 1, 1887."

No advance has been made by the other companies; but, notwithstanding this fact, the strike is ordered in the mines of the Reading road to enforce the continuance of the advanced rates. If this is a correct statement of the essential facts, it is needless to say that the strike is utterly indefensible whether on grounds of policy or of equity. No class is more interested than workingmen in maintaining the honorable fulfillment of all contract obligations; and candor compels the added statement that as a rule they recognize this fact, and that when they are led to disregard their own contracts it is generally because they are misrepresented by leaders less honorable than their guild. In this case the miners have in such large numbers refused to obey the orders to strike, and so many others have been ready to come in to take the places of the strikers; in a word, the sympathy of the community is so evidently against the strike, that it looks as though it would fail before it is fairly inaugurated. We judge that it is probable that it will be practically over before this issue reaches our readers.

Mayor Hewitt made a striking speech at the Board of Trade banquet in this city last week, a part of which we transfer to our columns elsewhere. We report it in full—that is, so much as relates to the labor organizations—because it seems to us to illustrate a singular but common confusion of ideas on a subject on which, above all things, confusion of ideas is perilous and clearness of ideas is important. It is true that labor difficulties in the coal regions involve thousands of innocent persons in suffering; but this is not to be prevented by denying to the laborers a right to combine to protect their own interests. There is nothing new in a secret conclave which holds no commission from either Divine Providence or from the people. For a long time capital has been organized and under the control of secret conclaves. The nineteen thousand stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad put their money into the control of a Board of Directors, which holds its sessions in secret. If the eighteen thousand employees of the same railroad choose to put their labor under the control of a similar Board of Directors, also sitting with closed doors, why should their right so to do be denied? If a dozen men sitting behind closed doors, and representing the various coal companies, determine how much coal may be mined in a given time. If another half-dozen men, also sitting behind closed doors, determine how many hours a day the miners shall work, and the miners think their interests are better served in that way, why shall they not try the experiment? If, indeed, under the direction of the one conclave men with violence endeavor to stop trains from running or mines from being worked by those who are willing to work them, for such offenders room should be found in the penitentiary. But also if, under the orders of the other conclave, a corporation fences around public lands without a shadow of authority, or, as was done not long ago, one telegraph company cuts down the wires of another telegraph company, there should be for them also room in the penitentiary. In other words, liberty and justice are the same for laborer and capitalist. Whether it is wise for laborers to pool their capital—that is, their labor—and put it under the absolute control of a secret Board is another question; but it is their right to do so if they like; and whoever undertakes to organize a party or frame legislation in this country to deny that right, or put a stop, except by persuasion, to its exercise, will find that he has undertaken a very large contract. If laborers are not to be permitted to combine against the great corporations on the ground that such combinations are a public injury—and there is some ground for such a claim—then the great corporations must be made amenable to some impartial tribunal which shall have power to determine all questions between the corporation and the laborers, and to whose decisions the corporation must submit if it desires to retain its chartered powers.

We shall not attempt to give in any detail the reports of the Commission on the Pacific Railroads. There is both a majority and a minority report. They do not differ materially in their statement of facts, but radically in their recommendations of Government action. The following summary of facts, which we take from the editorial columns of the New York "Herald," may suffice to give our readers an idea of the frauds which have been perpetrated on the people by these roads in time past:

"The six aided roads were built, the reports say, for $9,000,000. But those who controlled them covered them with bonds and stock to the vast amount of $268,000,000, on which they have forced the public to pay interest and dividends by high charges. They have paid out as interest on bonds, $140,000,000; as dividends to stockholders, $63,250,000; and have, meantime, paid the Government less than $39,000,000. And the astounding statement is made that to the Commission the six roads offered to pay $36,000,000 in total settlement of their debt to the Government of $122,000,000. Of this sum of $36,000,000 it seems the Union Pacific offered $35,000,000, and the Central Pacific people coolly reported that their road is worth no more than the first mortgage, thus leaving the Government nothing."

The majority evidently consider that the main duty of the Government now is to secure the present financial interests of the people as far as may be. We quote an abstract of their plan from the New York "Times:"

"In the bills which they propose they do not accept the plan of providing for equated semi-annual payments for an extended series of years, but provide for refunding the whole amount, so computed as to show what would be fairly due on the 1st of July, 1888, if payment could be then exacted. This amount they would put into three per cent. bonds, running fifty years, interest being payable semi-annually, and provide for the payment of one half of one per cent. of the full amount of the bonds for the first ten years and one per cent. thereafter into a sinking fund in the hands of trustees, which they calculate would be sufficient to extinguish the principal at the end of the fifty years. The present lien on the subsidized lines would be retained and a new contract mortgage executed covering all the property of the companies. In case of the non-acceptance of the refunding plan the bills provide for the annual payment to the Government of forty per cent. of the net receipts of the Union Pacific and the whole of the net receipts of the Central Pacific, with other percentages for the other lines, on the plan of the Thurman act."

Ex-Governor Pattison, who presents the minority report, proceeds on a very different premise, and one which we confess seems to us the truer one. He assumes that it is far more for the real interest of the people to punish fraud than to get a debt paid, even if it does mount into the millions. He therefore proposes to take radical measures to exact a just penalty for the past, whether the result is the payment of the present indebtedness or not. What the New York "Tribune," which we may, without reproach, regard as the organ of the railroads, puts as a criticism, we regard as praise: "Governor Pattison would forfeit charters, with a beautiful indifference to the fact that this step would bring no practical good to the Government or the people." We cannot but regard the interpretation which the New York "Times" affords of ex Governor Pattison's proposal as far more just than that of the New York "Tribune:" "He proposes to put the roads in the hands of a Receiver, wind up their affairs, wipe out the great mass of obligations, and let them take a new start on solid ground, and to bring suits, civil and criminal, against all wrong-doers and violators of the law engaged in their management. It cannot be said that this is the plan of a narrow and impracticable person so much as that of a stern moralist who revolts at allowing the perpetrators of iniquity to get off with the profits of their plots and schemes on condition of making a new promise to pay a debt which they have treated with derision."

Commissioner Wright's reports, according to the abstracts furnished in the daily press, confirm our opinion as given last week, that the number of strikes and lockouts in 1887 were less than those in 1886. Up to that time there had been an increase in 1884 of 443; in 1885, 645; in 1886, 1,412; while in 1887, though the reports for this year are not complete, 853. The results, as we understand the report, in a period of six years show success in 46 per cent., and partial success in 13 per cent. What was the effect of these strikes in generally raising wages is a point on which from these abstracts we get no light. Nearly half the strikes had for their object an increase of wages; twenty per cent. were for reduction of hours, which of course is equivalent to an increase of wages; three-quarters of the strikes were either for an increase of wages or decrease of hours, or against increase of hours or decrease of wages. The Commissioner has made some estimate of the relative losses to employees and employers. He reckons the loss to wage-earners from strikes to be a little short of $52,000,000, while the loss to employers amounted to nearly $31,000,000. We shall hope to give our readers hereafter some fuller account of Commissioner Wright's report.

The prospect is that the temperance issue will be pushed to the front in the New York Legislature this winter, and that Republicans will find it more than ever difficult to occupy a position on the fence. A bill has been prepared by a committee in this city of representatives of the Church Temperance Society, the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and the Citizens' High License Committee, and this bill will be pushed in the next Legislature by Ernest H. Crosby, whose first name is a fair symbol of his character. Unlike the bill of last year, this bill is to operate throughout the State. It will raise the liquor license to a mimimum of $500 and a maximum of $2,000, while the beer license will be a minimum one of $100 and a maximum one of $400. The Board of Excise in each locality fixes the amount of the license. It has also been in contemplation to provide for a gradual reduction of licenses, so that eventually the number which might be licensed for a given population should be determined, a number not to be transcended by the Excise Commissioners. As this bill provides for a high license, the opposition of the Prohibitionists may be expected. But it ought to concentrate, though we are afraid it will not, the entire anti-saloon vote in both the Republican and Democratic parties. Even if it is not the best possible measure, it is one which can possibly be both enacted and enforced, and a measure of restriction which can be enforced is better than a measure of prohibition which is a dead letter.

Irish agitation has generally been followed, too late either for moral or political effect, by the concession on the part of the English Government of the reform demanded. The history of the relations of the two countries has been chiefly made up of passionate demands for reforms, which were conceded when it was too late to gain either the results of pacification or the more substantial benefits of removal of abuses. This unstatesmanlike way of dealing with Irish grievances has just been illustrated anew. The Irish "plan of campaign," about which so much has been said, and against which the Conservatives have directed such furious criticism, was an arbitrary method of scaling down rents which were alleged to be too great. Now the English Government, after fighting the plan of campaign with the harshest weapons, has reduced the rents on its own motion. Under the Land Act of 1881, introduced by Mr. Gladstone, an endeavor was made to remedy the situation in Ireland by reducing, under a Government Commission, the rental rates to correspond with the reduced price of all kinds of produce, the reduction averaging about twenty per cent. The produce, however, continued to decline, and the reduced rents, which were known as judicial rents, under the new state of affairs continued to be a hardship to the peasantry. Less than two years ago, when the Liberals went out of office, the Tories refused to revise the judicial rents, and the Irish met this refusal by their plan of campaign, under which they took the matter of reduction into their own hands. Later on, Mr. Parnell introduced a bill revising the judicial rents, but the measure was contemptuously rejected by the Tories. The Liberal-Unionists, however, demanded some concession, and, as a sop to Cerberus, a bill was introduced providing for the appointment of a Government Commission to consider the matter in detail. This Commission has now reported, and the rents which have been judicially fixed since 1881 have been reduced from six to twenty-two per cent the average reduction being fourteen per cent As usual, the Government has made its concessions too late to accomplish any good result, and has adopted a course which satisfies nobody. The tenants have made their demands more radical under the pressure of aggressive opposition, while the landlords declare that they suffer more under Tory rule than they did under that of the Liberals.

On Thursday of last week Mr. Gladstone completed his seventy-eighth year, and celebrated the day by a specially vigorous and eloquent speech at Dover on the point of departure for the Continent. Both the friends and enemies of this remarkable man have long been speculating on his disappearance from public life. For several years past the Tories have waited impatiently either for the interposing hand of death or for such a decay of the faculties or the frame as should remove the great leader from the arena in which he has so long been conspicuous; and it is known that more than one of his own associates has been impatiently waiting for the opportunity of succeeding to the Liberal leadership. So far, however, the great commoner shows no signs either of failing mental or physical power. In opposition he has commanded quite as much attention as in office; and it is clear that he is still, in spite of a divided party

and the unexampled bitterness of feeling toward him—the foremost man in England and in the English-speaking world. His speech at Dover was notable for freshness, vigor, mental grip, and for that musical quality of voice which has so often thrilled the House of Commons and penetrated even to the corridors. Mr. Gladstone continues to be the most striking example which this generation has seen of the tremendous and cumulative force of character and ideas in public life. Although in perfect as health, a matter of precaution he will spend some time in Italy, where he is hardly less known than in England, and where his sympathies with Italian independence will make him quite as popular as among his own countrymen.

The first day of January was observed universally in the Roman Catholic churches as a day of rejoicing over the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the present Pope to the priesthood. It is certain that Pope Leo XIII. has served his Church well. He has occupied the papal chair not yet quite ten years, and during that time by his diplomacy he has done much to repair the evils wrought by the dogged though entirely conscientious obstinacy of his predecessor. Joachim Pecchi, now universally known by his official name of Leo XIII., is a born diplomat, and has well cultivated the gift that is in him. He is a rare combination of the saint and the man of the world, the politic diplomat and the unyielding ecclesiastic. He has adhered to all the essential principles of his predecessor and reversed all his methods. He stands as firmly opposed to secularism in all its forms and phases, as loyal to the doctrine of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, as unyielding in his claim to be the king of kings and the leader of the peoples; and he is in fact far more active in European politics. But he combines the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. By identifying himself and the Church with the conservative elements in all countries he has made allies in all. He has brought about a reversal of the policy of Bismarck in Germany; has strengthened the Church in France; has entered into an alliance, defensive and offensive, with the aristocracy of Great Britain against the rising democracy; has even secured concessions from the imperial powers of Russia; and, by putting the Church at the head of the labor movement in America, has done more than any other man, not excepting Mr. Powderly, to weaken the influence and defeat the schemes of the Socialistic leaders. In short, so far as methods of action are concerned, Cardinal Gibbons is undoubtedly correct in his characterization of the present Pope: "He understands the times in which we live. He appreciates the fact that we are living in the nineteenth century and not in the ninth. He understands the wants of the people." But it is also undoubtedly true that, so far as regards the imperial claim of the Pope to an absolute supremacy over the minds and consciences of men, Mgr. Preston corrrectly represents him: "You must not think as you choose. You must think as Catholics. The man who says, 'I will take my faith from Peter, but I will not take my politics from Peter,' is not a true Catholic."

The average American Congressman takes very short views of most subjects which present themselves for legislation, and this characteristic has never been more strikingly or persistently exhibited than in connection with the matter of international copyright. The average Congressman is largely insensible to any interest which he cannot calculate in dollars and cents, and for this reason the claims of justice and of literature have not been able to reach either his imagination or his conscience. We are glad, therefore, to note that the Authors' Copyright League has now been supplemented by the organization of a Publishers' Copyright League, and we shall take great pains to call the attention of Congress to this fact. Publishers are practical business men who represent a very large amount of capital and employ labor on a great scale. For the most part they are men of large intelligence and of broad sympathies with literature, but the necessities of their position make them specially competent to judge of the business interests of the country in connection with books. They are now at one with American writers and the most intelligent of American readers in asking for some legislation establishing international copyright. And, unless we are greatly mistaken, their action at this moment is a most auspicious augury for the copyright mmoveent.

The arrangements have now been completed for introducing manual training into the New York public schools. This introduction, however, takes place merely as an experiment. The appropriation is but $15,000, or only one-eighth of the sum which would be necessary to carry on the course in all of the schools. Consequently the schools of four wards have been selected in which the trial will be made. Three extra teachers have been engaged, one for carpentering, one for cooking, and one for sewing, and these will aid the regular teachers in carrying on their work. Only two hours a week will be devoted to manual training. The time for the new study is found by lessening that devoted to the geography of the commercially unimportant parts of the world, such as Siberia and South Africa, and also lessening the time that is now given to reading, the children being expected to learn to read while studying their other lessons and while carrying on the courses of supplemental reading in general literature which have been introduced to such advantage. In the primary schools the manual training course will consist of drawing on paper, cutting paper into designs, modeling in clay, etc. The materials to be used are all cheap—paper, pasteboard, clay, and bits of thread or wire—and the children are expected to fashion different objects which are shown them, thus training their observation as well as their skill in handicraft. The cooking lessons will begin in the third grade of the primary school. The child will be taught the cost and nutritive value of different foods, and will be given as many practical points as possible regarding the kinds of stoves to be used, the use of various kitchen utensils, and the value of different articles of fuel. She will also be told the tests to be used in buying meat and such articles. The proficiency of the pupil in cooking will be tested by actual exercises before the class. In the higher grades of the primary schools sewing lessons are introduced; and in the grammar schools the girls will be taught how to cut their dresses as well as sew them. The manual training for the boys begins with the drawing, pasteboard, and clay work; and in the grammar schools they take up woodwork, cutting first with a knife and afterwards using other tools from the carpenter's bench. The scholars are to be encouraged to do as much work as possible outside of the school-room—an experiment which has been tried with great success in some of our Western schools where progressive teachers have introduced manual training before the Boards of Education have passed the appropriations necessary for its thorough prosecution.

General News.—Pope Leo XIII. celebrated on Sunday his Golden Jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary of his entering the priesthood, with elaborate ceremonial. He fainted twice during the services at St. Peter's, but has now recovered from his weakness. Over 2,500 letters of congratulation were received. Elaborate services were held in all the principal Catholic churches in this country.——Affairs in Hawaii are again becoming troubled. King Kalakaua has exercised the veto privilege, and, it is suspected, contemplates the overthrow of the constitution adopted last summer. A revolution is possible.——The British ironclad "Hercules" has been wrecked.——A college for women is to be established at Worcester, Mass.——Dr. Mackenzie now says that he has never stated positively that the Crown Prince was suffering from cancer.——Two railway accidents have resulted in loss of life the past week at Summit, Ky., on the Cincinnati & Southern, and at Meadville, Pa., on the Pennsylvania road.——Judge Charles A. Rapallo, of the Court of Appeals in this State, is dead.——It is reported that King John of Abyssinia is rapidly advancing on Massowah.——The great objective or thirty-six inch lens of the Lick telescope, the largest in the world, has been successfully mounted.

SUNDAY RAILROAD SERVICE.

We publish in this week's Christian Union a second paper on Sunday railroad traffic, consisting of a series of interviews with some prominent railroad men. We have also had an opportunity for personal conference with some railroad men who do not wish to be interviewed or have their views given with their names to the public. These conferences go entirely to confirm the general conclusions toward which both the article in this week's Christian Union and the article published in The Christian Union of December 8 point. We are satisfied that the question of railroad traffic on the Sabbath is much more difficult than many of those who demand its cessation imagine it to be. It is true, probably, that Sunday traffic in this country is carried on to a greater extent than it is in Great Britain, but it is also true that the difficulties of stopping such traffic are very much greater. A continuous line of rail runs from New York to San Francisco and from Minneapolis to New Orleans. These are arteries through which the life-blood of the nation flows. This flowing blood cannot be stopped one day in the week at one point, unless it is also stopped at all points, without producing congestion. If, for example, the New York Central Railroad were independent of connecting lines, it might stop all freight trains on the Sabbath, and begin them again on Monday morning; but if it were to attempt to do this now, the result would be, on Monday morning, miles of accumulated freight cars at Buffalo, which could hardly be cleared away before the next Sunday came round. If it were able to exercise a control over connecting lines as far as Chicago, the congestion would simply be transferred from Buffalo to Chicago. In short, railroad managers declare that any Sabbath observance which involves putting an end to through freight traffic is practicable only in case it is agreed upon by all railroads, or enforced on all by law. How far it would be a moral advantage to stop all railroad trains wherever they happen to be on Saturday night and start from that point on Monday morning, how much Sabbath advantage would be gained to conductors, engineers, and brakemen in being thus required to lay off at all sorts of strange places over the Sabbath, is at least a very serious question. We do not aver that the advantages would not counterbalance the disadvantages, nor do we assert that such a stoppage, if mutually agreed upon, would be impracticable. We have great faith in the aphorism, Where there is a will there is a way. But we are very sure that the problem is one of great complication, and that railroad managers cannot solve it by simply issuing an order to stop railroad traffic, as a gentleman might tell his coachman not to get the horses out any more for a Sunday afternoon drive.

Christian people must also bear in mind that it is now a well-settled principle in this country that the railroad corporation is a servant of the people, and must furnish the accommodation for travel which the people reasonably demand. Now, there are a great many people in this country who demand railroad accommodations on the Sabbath. In our great cities there are a great many who demand that the roads shall furnish accommodation for them to get out of the city to spend their Sabbaths in the country. On the great lines of travel are hundreds of passengers who would indignantly protest if all through trains should stop for twenty four hours every week; as indignantly as they would protest if the ocean steamer should stop its throbbing engines in the middle of the ocean for the Sabbath day. We do not say that these demands for railroad accommodations on the Sabbath day are in accordance with the best interests of the community. We do not believe in Sunday traveling, except under pressing exigency. We do not believe in clipping the Sabbath by running the work late into Saturday night, or by beginning the work unusually early on Monday morning. We believe in a generous Sabbath, a restful Sabbath, a Sabbath of spiritual observance. But we recognize the fact that the railroad corporation cannot be run as the president and directors fancy, but as the community requires. And those of us who desire to see a better observance of the Sabbath, while we may very reasonably demand that the railroads shall go no further in Sabbath traffic than the majority of the community do demand, may, on the other hand, reasonably be required, if we desire a better Sabbath observance than the present state of public opinion justifies, to bring our arguments to bear upon the people rather than upon the corporations. Thus, for example, nearly all railroads run a Sunday mail train, and nearly all the Sunday newspapers take advantage of this Sunday mail train to scatter their wares along the lines of the railroad. Now, for this, not the railroad, but the people of the United States are to blame. If we do not want Sunday mail trains distributing Sunday newspapers, we have simply to produce such a state of public opinion that Congress will pass a law that no newspaper mail shall be carried on Sunday, and the reform is accomplished. The Christian Union promises its co-operation in such a reform. But if we cannot do this, we have no right to turn round and complain of the railroads for carrying newspapers when, by the action of our Congress and Executive, we have made it obligatory on them to carry the newspapers which are offered them for carriage.

Some six months ago we received a letter of com-

plaint from a railroad man who found himself compelled to engage in Sunday labor if he remained connected with the railroad. This complaint led us to a series of investigations, which have been somewhat protracted, and as thorough as we could easily make them. The result is the conviction that the best railroad officials of the country desire to see the Sunday traffic reduced to a minimum. More has been done in this direction than we who desire a quiet Sabbath have generally given them credit for. The through freight is moved on Sunday substantially as on other days. The great through express trains which run on continuous lines run on the Sabbath, though not quite as frequently or in such numbers as on other days. But on the best roads, so far as we can learn, local freight traffic is almost entirely suspended and local passenger traffic very considerably reduced. The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company may serve as a type. It sends out sixty-one local trains daily, except on Sunday, then only twenty-three. The best railroad corporations of the country would, we believe, be glad to reduce their railroad service still further. Those of us who desire to see it reduced will accomplish that purpose best by not traveling on Sunday ourselves, by discouraging railroad traveling in others, and by doing what we can to broaden and strengthen a public respect for the Sabbath. And in this endeavor to reduce railroad traffic we believe we may count on the co operation of a large proportion of railroad men, both employers and employed.

That such a reduction can be made, without injury to the best interests of the country, is pretty clearly indicated by the letter from General A. S. Diven which we publish in connection with the interviews with railroad men. General Diven has had a large experience in railroad traffic, and his statements will deservedly have much greater weight with railroad men than any general statements by a religious newspaper or a man not familiar with the exigencies of railroad traffic. And though they do not in the least militate against our conclusion that whatever is done in a large way must be done either by mutual agreement, common consent, or legislative enactment, they go far to show that there is nothing to prevent a very general cessation of Sunday railroad traffic if all railroads would co-operate, and that the means could be found to that end if the end were generally agreed upon. We hope that General Diven will state in a future communication the methods by which the practical difficulties in the way can be overcome.

A NEGLECTED ART.

CONVERSATION of the better kind is often spoken of as a lost art; an accomplishment which added vastly to the charm of life in the eighteenth century, but which has somehow vanished from the society of the present age. Like most brilliant generalizations, this epigram contains a mixture of truth and falsehood; there are probably as many good talkers in the world to-day as at any earlier period, but the art of talking is less valued or less widely practiced in society than formerly. In Paris the *salon* has distinctly declined in importance, and the *salon* was pre-eminently the training school of the fine art of conversation. The men of the present age do not lack the material for admirable talking so much as the training and the standards of the art; they have more to say, probably, than their ancestors, but they have lost the skill to say it with brilliancy and point. For the quality which distinguishes conversation from mere talk, as literature is distinguished from mere writing and book-making, requires an atmosphere at once congenial and stimulating; an atmosphere which warms sluggishness of temperament and inertness of mind into swift and sympathetic expression. The surprising fact about the best talking is not so much the things that are said as the things that remain unsaid; things that are assumed as a common mental possession. The best speech between men makes constant use of elision; it presupposes a fund of knowledge both of material and purely social things upon which one may draw at sight. It is very interesting to study the conversations between people of culture in the best novels of the day; so much is taken for granted that a person not accustomed to the same intellectual atmosphere could not follow the thought. The talk of bright, cultivated Americans is notable for this intellectual quickness and delicacy; it flashes from point to point, and assumes the common possession of a corresponding alertness of mental process.

All forms of expression are sympathetic with each other, and show the operation of the same set of influences. The prose writing of this century is more direct, simple, and flexible than that of the masters of style in the eighteenth century; it is less elegant in a formal way, but it is richer in resource, more affluent in color, more capable of giving clear and adequate expression to subtle ideas. A comparison of the work of Addison, Steele, Johnson, and Goldsmith with that of Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, and Newman makes the change very clear; and it is equally clear that this change is evolutionary and not revolutionary; it marks expansion and not reversal of method. Conversation, which is a kindred and still more sensitive form of expression, shows a similar change. It has parted with a good deal of the cumbrous phraseology of compliment and flattery which belonged to the age of powder and puffs and sedan chairs, but it has gained in variety of theme and in intellectual earnestness. Public speaking of the better sort has come under the same general influence, and shows the same change from elaboration of structure to simplicity and clearness, and from ornateness and artificiality of style to the beauty which is the natural outgrowth of thought, and the eloquence which is the natural overflow of emotion. Public speaking, as a whole, is distinctly superior in naturalness and flexibility to that of a century ago. Wendell Phillips is the best example of the highest form of modern speaking; an art which rises by natural climax out of the conversational mood into lyric earnestness and beauty. The best speaking of to-day is largely conversational; it conceals all traces of effort, unfolds thought in a normal and simple fashion, and gives that thought wings only when wings inevitably expand from it. Mr. Higginson's admirable suggestion to the after-dinner speaker to begin by repeating a sentence from a neighbor's conversation at the table, so as to get the right tone at the start, is full of significance to those who have made any study of the best contemporary speakers. All these facts are significant of a general change which has affected all forms of expression.

That conversational power is not entirely, or perhaps mainly, a matter of training, everybody knows who has given the matter much thought. But it is to be remembered that mere talking is never conversation; conversation implies mutuality of thought and expression. A great deal of the volubility which afflicts the world is pure nervousness; a great many women and some men talk because they cannot keep still. They have nothing to say of any value, but they continue to say it in high tones and with breathless eagerness because they have small self-control. This kind of talking is simply a disease; a disease so prevalent that one might almost suspect a contagious quality in it. There are, however, certain persons and certain races who have a natural aptitude for interesting and characteristic speech; who say things with a certain charm which is apparently an endowment of nature. Professor Mahaffy, whose very interesting little book on "The Art of Conversation" has recently been brought out in this country by the Putnams, suggests a singular explanation of the unequal diffusion of the gift of speech. He reminds us that the English rustic of the lower class talks only with difficulty. Of the social chat with his wife or with the laborer by his side in the field he knows nothing; he passes his hours of recreation almost as silently as his hours of labor. Men of this class have drinking bouts without the least sign of jollity or mental alertness; nothing can stimulate their intellectual sluggishness into even the appearance of action. Among such inarticulate creatures even love-making is mute and unexpressive. As a rule, the English peasant has no faculty of speech even of the homeliest kind. His near neighbor, the Irish peasant, on the other hand, is a born talker. His most familiar speech is picturesque, original, witty; the beggar by the wayside is full of genial comment and humorous observation. The Italian peasant is also a born talker, whose bright phrase is matched by an expressive and entirely unconscious gesture. To account for these differences of conversational power between the races Professor Mahaffy offers a singular explanation. "I fancy," he says, "the causes of these social differences are rather recent than primeval; they do not depend directly upon climate or atmosphere; and, if I may quote the opinion of a wise friend on this large question, I should say that one chief cause of the talking or social ability of some peasantries over others is the fact that their proximate ancestors were a bilingual people. Thus the great majority of West Irish and North Scotch peasants are descended from grandfathers whose talk oscillated between Celtic and English, and who were therefore constantly educated in intelligence by the problem of *translating* ideas from one language into another, not to mention the distinct inheritance of the special ideas peculiar to each and every language. This is an education in expression, in thinking, and therefore in conversation, wholly foreign to the English Midland boor, who has never heard more than two or three hundred words of a very rude provincial dialect of English, and therefore commands neither the words nor the ideas of the outlying provinces."

This explanation is ingenious, but most people will think it unnecessary. The conversational gift seems to be more a family inheritance then a result of any kind of training either voluntary or involuntary. It is probably more dependent on temperament than on any accident of situation or condition. The Germanic races are not, as a rule, eloquent and expressive talkers; the Latin races are both; and the contrast between temperaments would seem to account for the difference. But conversation is, after all, an art to the mastery of which one comes only by practice and training. The art of human intercourse is really the highest and finest of the arts, and the time is not distant when we shall understand both its importance and its charm.

CONCERNING THE THEATER.

THE most devoted admirer of the drama must recognize in the theater of to-day certain very serious evils, to which no Christian parent would wish to subject his child, and no Christian patriot would wish to subject the community. At the same time, the most hostile critic of the drama, if at all open-minded, should recognize in the drama some educational elements of value, from which the Christian parent will regret to shut off himself and his child, and which the Christian patriot will regret to exclude from the community. And no man can come to a wise decision as to the drama, and what shall be his relation to it, who does not take both the good and the evil in it into account. Unfortunately, it is so much a matter of party debate, it is so generally discussed by partisans for or against, that the balance is rarely struck—least of all by the critics and opponents of the theater. Our statement that there are evils in it will be recognized as true by all players and all candid theater managers. Our statement that there is good in it will be doubted, if not denied, by many of its critics, who have never seen a play.

Nevertheless, it is certain that such denial is the product either of ignorance or of thoughtlessness. The drama is at once a re ation and an education; and to deprive one's self, o_ ' child, or the community of it is to suffer a very considerable deprivation. Nothing is gained by ignoring the reality of self-sacrifice. The higher interests of life may require this sacrifice; in that case the sacrifice is abundantly justified. But the sacrifice is none the less real, and it is wise to recognize it.

For the stage affords a combination of all the arts—painting, statuary, music, oratory, literature. Each of these arts is seen elsewhere probably in a higher state of perfection; but nowhere else are all seen in combination, and nowhere else in such a form as to make so universal an appeal to the artistic sense in humanity. The painting of the stage depends for its effects on strong contrasts, and is sometimes bizarre, extravagant, and even absurd, though it is far higher in an artistic point of view to day than ever before. The statuary of the stage is seen chiefly in the form of tableaux, and perhaps can hardly be dignified with the title of statuary, and yet the effect is analogous if not identical. Nowhere is dramatic music furnished in higher forms than in the best German opera; though, generally speaking, the musical effect of the best concerts is superior to that of the stage. The oratory of the stage is generally emotional rather than instructive; oratory can be witnessed in a higher development in the pulpit and on the lecture platform and the hustings. And yet to this statement there are exceptions; for one will rarely see emotional oratory in a nobler form than in some of the performances of Booth or Salvini. The literature of the stage, like its painting, depends on striking contrasts rather than on delicate effects; and yet there is no literature higher than some of Shakespeare's plays, as rendered by the companies of Daly and Irving, or, at this writing, by the Booth-Barrett combination. It is to the theater we owe the immortal works of Goethe, Schiller,

Molière, and Shakespeare; and though there a some persons of cultured imagination who can interpret these works better for themselves than the educated actor can interpret them, though the stage will always seem to a few an imperfect if not an incongruous and absurd mimicry, the great mass of men and women can never read these masterpieces for themselves; the interpreter is a recognized mediator between the dramatist and his audience.

We have no doubt that the Puritans were substantially right in opposing, in the time of the Stuarts, the drama, the picture, and the novel; for these were all ministers to the lower nature, and the shortest if not the only road to purification lay through prohibition. But, in our judgment, the Puritan sentiment falls into a moral anachronism in endeavoring to close the doors of the theater against the children of the Puritans. It certainly is mistaken if it imagines that in doing so it is inflicting upon them no loss. The gain may counterbalance the loss; but the loss is both real and serious. The policy of prohibition shuts our children out from an art which includes all arts, an art which in its legitimate forms educates our taste for all arts, an art which especially popularizes painting, music, and literature, and presents them in forms which render them attractive to all minds. It is evident that he who insists that religion requires such a sacrifice has laid on him the burden of proof. He must make it clear to his own conscience that the moral well-being of himself and his child requires this exclusion. He must present the reasons which require it, and be able to state them both to himself and, if need be, to others.

We have already said that there are evils connected with the theater. What they are, how far they are incidental, how far indissolubly connected with it, we may consider hereafter. In this article we simply wish to enable our Christian readers to see that the theater is not evil, and only evil, and that continually; that there is real good in it; and that if they forego it, they must do it because of their intelligent appreciation of the higher good to be obtained by the self denial.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

TWO remarkable club dinners have been the features of the week. At the Vendôme the Boston Merchants' Association welcomed distinguished gentlemen from the Provinces and the United States Congress as guests to discuss commercial union and reciprocity. The best of feeling and polite kindness prevailed, but there was diversity of sentiment. The solid and progressive men of Boston listened attentively and with thoughtful discrimination to the speeches of their respected visitors. President Lane, of the Association, in his address of welcome asserted that the organization does not believe in the "let alone policy," nor that the last and best word has been said yet. He is no fanatical free-trader, and there is no occasion to hurry the march of events in the world's progress; but he looks forward to the time of a federal system of home rule from the North Pole to the Gulf of Mexico, beginning, perhaps, with some kind of commercial union, which shall grow into ultimate relations of one great American people, the hope and home of all mankind. Mr. Wiman, of New York, drew a graphic picture of the advantages of commercial union, taking down the barbed iron fence, four thousand miles in length, of restrictive trade, when, without drawing a sword or the shedding of a drop of blood, or expending a dollar, the area of the trade of the United States would be doubled. Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, who regretted the absence, because of illness, of his colleague, the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, saw in the meeting signs of hope of something better than diplomacy. If the barriers to trade were taken down by commercial union, the manufacturers of New England would have access to the great market of Canada. This is a question of business, and the solid merchants of Boston should consider it as such and not as a political question. The Hon. John MacDonald, of Toronto, held that, while it would not be just to suddenly sweep away the barriers of legislative enactment, the larger the market the more remuneration for the fisheries. He looks forward to reciprocity which shall command the respect of all mankind. "National union means discrimination against Great Britain, and this Canadians will never agree to." Attorney-General Longley, of Nova Scotia, observed that his people are not agitated over the question of fish, for they rise above this "wretched consideration," and asked whether they would continue to buy manufactured goods from Montreal if they had the privilege of open trade with the United States. The voice of a Montreal drummer would not be heard in the land, for "we should send our goods here and take back your goods in return." Congressman Rogers, of Arkansas, looked at the question from the stand of the agriculturist, who seeks the greatest good for the largest numbers. He would take the treaty-making power from the Senate and President and lodge it in the House of Representatives by an amendment of the Constitution. The Hon. Peter Mitchell, of Montreal, while a natural "free trader," has been forced to high protective measures to offset the American tariff. "But the same curse has come to us that came to you—the tariff created a band of men whose interests are in the maintenance of the tariff. Protection has created for us, as it created for you, an *imperium in imperio* which it will be difficult to remove, and it will require the greatest courage and the greatest efforts of intelligent minds to resist the influence of the money employed by that power to corrupt the constituencies." Congressman Dingley, of Maine, insisted that maritime reciprocity is embarrassed by the conduct of the Canadian Government toward American fishing vessels. By denying our vessels the comity that inheres in the right to fish in deep waters and to trade in Canadian ports they have acted contrary to the comity of the nations. He hoped the Canadian Government would remove these restrictions, which "rankle in the heart of every true American."

The Hon. Mr. Snowball, Member of Parliament from New Brunswick, had not clearly defined ideas on commercial union and reciprocity, but would favor as much of free trade between the two countries as is compatible with the interests of the young country in which he lives. In allusion to Mr. Dingley's remarks, he complained that the Americans, in pursuing the seine fishing, come within half a mile of the coast and even into the rivers, and, in their haste to draw in their seines, sacrifice four out of five of the "haul," which are wasted. He could not say whether fifty vessels have been seized, but thought the hardship is slight, and should advocate the mitigation of all such grievances, doing all he can to further a wider exchange of products between the two countries. Congressman Breckenridge, of Kentucky, contended for the removal of the trammels to trade—no bounties, no bonuses, no subsidies—the "honest yard given for the honest dollar, and not because it is worth sixty cents of wool and forty cents of protection and legislation." Congressman Kenna, of California, opposed reciprocity and advocated protection, vehemently remarking that if the merchants of Boston agreed with Mr. Breckenridge they are the most unconscionable robbers in the world. The foregoing outline reveals the divergent feeling, and also the deep interest in the question, which is complex. It is significant that Maine and California spoke from the same outlook.

On the evening following the merchants' supper the Tariff Reform League met at the Brunswick. This organization has been in existence several years, claims to be non-partisan, and is in hearty sympathy with the position of President Cleveland's message. James Russell Lowell presided, the distinguished gentlemen from a distance being Senator Morgan, of Alabama, Representative Breckenridge, of Kentucky, and Representative Wilson, of West Virginia. The rush for tickets was remarkable, two dining-rooms being filled, and yet the demand was beyond the capacity. It was an assemblage of a rare quality; bank presidents, manufacturers, merchants young men and old men, men of wealth and men of influence. There was no divided sentiment; the talk ran one way, and it ran strong. Enthusiasm from the start rose to a high pitch, and continued till past midnight. The first mention by Mr. Lowell of the President's message evoked rounds of applause and hearty cheers. I noticed several "silver-topped" manufacturers who took the deepest interest in the discussion and expressed great satisfaction with the idea of revenue reduction. The address of Mr. Lowell was charged with bright thoughts, as when he pictured partisans in this glowing color: "If our politicians would devote to the study and teaching of political economy half the time they spend in trying to agree so as not to agree with the latest attempt of the Knights of Labor to improve the nature of things, they would be far less harmful to themselves and to the country." Of the surplus he said: "Never before has a Pandora's box so full of the germs of infectious demoralization been offered to any people as to us in our growing surplus." Of the President he said: "Personally I confess that I feel myself strongly attracted to Mr. Cleveland as the best representative of the higher type of Americanism that we have seen since Lincoln was snatched from us." He observed that "a country worth saving is worth saving all the time, and a country with such energy as ours, with such opportunity and excitements to grows rich, and such temptations to be content with growing rich, needs saving all the time." Senator Morgan and Congressmen Breckenridge and Wilson discussed the revenue reduction with marked ability. The drift and conclusions were that the accumulations of the Treasury are dangerous, and also unjust and burdensome to the people. On problems of manufactures and exports the position was that with free raw materials we can compete with other nations. The Hon. George M. Stearns set the tables in a roar by his wit and sarcasm. Speaking of the woolen business, he said from the talk in certain quarters one would think the whole basis and structure of our national prosperity rests on the fleece of wool, and suppose that whole droves of sheep are bleating on every plain and hillside, while at every schoolhouse door a hundred lambs are waiting patiently for Mary to appear. He ridiculed the idea that tobacco is a necessity.

On this woolen problem, Mr Robert Bleakie, of Hyde Park, one of the largest, if not the largest manufacturer of blankets in the country, wrote, saying: "My acquaintance with the woolen industry in this country leads me to the conclusion that an important step towards its complete independence will be found in the removal of the duty on raw material. I have been for forty years engaged in manufacturing wool, and am perfectly familiar with the history of the business. The industry was established under a low tariff, and had its greatest prosperity then. There has not been, in my opinion, nearly the development in the woolen manufacturing industry during the last twenty years of high tariff that there was during the ten years of low tariff just before the war." It is now evident that the message of the President has aroused thought, and the business people and manufacturers are preparing to grapple with the question with all their might. Material is gathering from the various industries with which to lay facts and arguments before the people. Visiting Congressmen are busy in this work. The issue, as I hear it discussed, is not free trade, but reduction of the revenue mainly by taking duty from raw material. There is no mistaking the enthusiasm which has been aroused. OBSERVER.

A FEW DAYS IN PORTLAND.

BY GEORGE TALLMAN.

THE writer recently spent a few days in Portland, Me., and, while there, had an indefinite number of random talks with various types of individuals on the old question, How far does prohibition prohibit?

My first point of observation was the hotel. At dinner the first day I noticed that there were no wine cards and that no one was drinking wine. But the favorable impression which I thus gained did not last long. Early in the evening I happened to be in the basement of the hotel, and noticed quite a procession filing through a closed door into a side room. Following the crowd, as any constable might have done, I found a regular bar-room, poorly fitted up, but exceedingly well patronized.

The next afternoon I called at the City Liquor Agency. Here I found in charge a former constable, who was a ready talker, and seemed to take a good deal of pleasure in telling about the ins and outs of Portland prohibition. The room occupied by the Agency was in one of the public buildings, and paid a rent to the city of $1 000 a year. This is the entire revenue which the city receives from the traffic. As the room might easily be rented for several hundred dollars to some private business house, the slur sometimes made that the taxpayers of Portland are themselves reaping a profit from the liquor business is extremely feeble.

My conversation with the constable was subject to frequent interruptions. There were often four or five customers in the store, and the constable had to help look after them. I was much interested in noticing what these customers called for and what questions were put to them. Generally they asked for some hard liquor—brandy, whisky, or rum; only a few inquired for wine, and none, so far as I noticed, for beer. Generally they were very respectable-looking people, and were merely requested to give their names, which were registered in a book nominally open to inspection. Occasionally, however, a doubtful-looking specimen entered and was catechised a trifle more closely. Here is an example. A young Irishman of about thirty or thirty-five, dressed as a day laborer, came up to the counter and called for a gallon of whisky.

"Anybody sick?" asked the constable.

"Yes. My father isn't well."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well, I guess it is old age as much as anything else"

"Does he have a doctor?"

"Once in a while."

"When did he have one last?"

"About a month back."

"What is your name?"

(Given.)

"Where do you live?"

(Given.)

Here the constable turns to his assistant and says: "All right, I guess; let him have the liquor."

I asked the constable whether he would sell to a non-resident—for instance, to a commercial traveler. "That would depend," he replied. "If he looked like a toper,

I couldn't sell to him, unless he was actually sick. But if he looked like a man who would use the whisky as it should be used, I should certainly sell him all he wanted."

Practically, then, the chief aim of prohibition in Portland is, not that no liquor shall be sold, but that no liquor shall be sold to be drunk on the premises. In other words, it is an anti-saloon movement.

But this, of course, is not its only aim. Should any one apply over-frequently for liquor, it would not be sold him, and he would be obliged to import it from outside of the State. This can easily be done, not only in Portland, but in all the cities of the State. In the hotel one day I met the express agent of one of the interior cities who was a Prohibitionist, but not a very rigid one. He told me that according to law these packages could be seized, but that they very rarely were, and that the express agent was in no way liable unless the goods were marked "liquor." However, if one end of the barrel was marked "Whisky" and the other end "P. Duffy," he would not be allowed to claim ignorance as to the contents.

But the poorer classes in Portland do not import their liquor, but buy it of the saloons. How many of these there were I had no means of judging, but the drinking men I met told me that there was no difficulty about finding them. They complained, however, that the whisky was bad and dear. They said that beer was comparatively hard to obtain, as it was so bulky that it was difficult to conceal it.

Walking along the street one day, I went into a restaurant, and asked the proprietor what kind of drinks he kept. With a perfectly sober face he replied, "Lemonade, ginger ale, and mineral water." "No beer?" I asked. "No," he replied; "nothing but temperance drinks." "But what it is that smells so much like beer?" I continued. "Oh, that is just some malt in the next room." As our conversation continued, he gradually became quite communicative, and told me in how many ways prohibition was a curse to the town, how it drove the liquor business into the hands of women in the tenement houses. When I asked about the sentences which the courts imposed on the liquor dealers who were caught, he said; "Oh, they generally give us anywhere from thirty days to six months." The "us" was inadvertent.

The drug stores are not allowed to sell liquor, even when it is prescribed by a physician. The city liquor agency has the absolute monopoly of the legalized traffic. Nevertheless, the drug stores, some of them at least, do sell to customers who are known. One drug clerk, who told me that they sold no liquor whatever, confessed, in answer to an inquiry, that they kept a United States license. When I asked why they went to the expense of getting a license if they sold nothing, he said with a smile that he "didn't know."

The last day I was in Portland, I had another chat with the city liquor agent. He was quite at leisure this time, and we seated ourselves upon whisky barrels in the storeroom, and went over the whole situation. He told me that what the drinking men had said about the ease of getting liquor was substantially true, but that, in spite of its being true, the amount of drinking in Portland had been very greatly decreased. He said that a large minority of the factory workers were in favor of the prohibition law, and that among the middle classes almost every one was in favor of it. The only reason that it was not better enforced was that the liquor men managed to wield a considerable political influence and carried on a system of bribery.

The longer I stayed at the hotel the more I was impressed with the recklessness of its disregard of the law. One morning at breakfast a table companion told me that wine would not only be sent to the rooms when ordered, but would be served at the table. Talking with the waiter a little later, I found that this was true. There was no wine list on the *menu*, but wine cards would be furnished to any one who asked for them. This same waiter, by the way, was a teetotaler, and did not speak of himself as an exception in being so.

Talking with men who had been all over the State, I found that their testimony was substantially unanimous as to the enforcement of the law outside of the large cities. In some of the small towns it was impossible to buy a drink anywhere. Commercial travelers who were regular patrons of certain hotels could perhaps get access to the landlord's private bottle; but the landlord would generally refuse pay, and consequently practically no drinking was done.

As I left Portland I summed up the results of the Maine law somewhat on this wise:

Outside of the larger cities, prohibition means prohibition; in the large cities it means restriction. The quantity of liquor sold is less, the quality of it more injurious. In the cities there is practically the free sale of liquor not to be drunk on the premises. The chief advantage, therefore, which the city derives from the act is that it very largely restricts the retail traffic to rum-holes, where the liquor is bad, the prices high, and social attractiveness is wanting.

SUNDAY RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

VIEWS OF RAILROAD MEN.

THE topic of Sunday railway traffic was discussed in an article in a late issue of The Christian Union. Some further interviews on the subject had with a representative of this journal are given below.

Mr. Warburton is the Superintendent of the Railroad Men's House, on the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. For several years he has been interested in religious work among railroad men, having had charge of a reading-room in the Grand Central Depot, where devotional meetings were held daily. He was shown the letter, published in the issue of The Christian Union referred to, of the railroad man who complained that he was obliged to work every Sunday or give up his position.

"I do not think," said Mr. Warburton, "that the New York Central Company requires any of its office men to work on Sundays. It does require some trainmen to work."

"Is there not considerable freight work done on Sundays?"

"There is some; certainly some one has to do that. But the work is so arranged that fewer men work on Sundays than on any other day. And none of them are required to work every Sunday, though there may be one or two exceptions. As a rule, the men have their Sundays at home. And more than that: I have known a number of men who have gone to their superiors and said they had conscientious scruples against working on Sundays, and they were relieved from such work. I do not believe that the letter you have just shown me is fair to the railroad company; I venture to say there is something back in reference to the action of the officials about this man."

"What do you think is the general opinion among railroad men about Sunday work?"

"I think there is a growing sentiment on the part of railroad officials against Sunday work. So far as I know, the individual opinion of every prominent railroad official in the New York Central is against Sunday work altogether. But there isn't any question but that they are forced to do some things officially to which personally they strongly object."

"Do you think that the larger part of the Sunday work done at present is the result of the great growth of business—that commercial enterprise and ambition to make money is so great that Sunday has been pressed into the secular service of the merchant?"

"I do not believe that Sunday work can ever be absolutely done away with. To a certain extent, I believe it is a necessity in the state of civilization in which we live. This work is especially necessary in the case of handling perishable goods, and in the transportation of passengers. Take, for instance, a man going from New York to San Francisco—a trip I had occasion to make this last summer. It is not every man who can stop on Sundays, as I did, at different points along the route, and I could not have done it but for the fact that I was able to make myself of some use on Sunday. My time was not wasted. But I can see that, with business men who have no convictions on this subject, it would be utterly impossible to get them to make what sacrifice of time was necessary."

"If you hold a devotional meeting here on Sundays (as I suppose you do), do you find that railroad men who want to attend are prevented on account of their Sunday work?"

"Yes, we have a religious meeting Sunday afternoon, and there are some men who cannot get to that meeting because of their Sunday work, though the number is small. The majority of our men live in small towns along the line of the road, and hence are kept from coming, not because of their work, but because they reside out of the city."

"From your long intercourse with railroad men, what do you believe to be their sentiment in regard to working on Sunday?"

"I think most of them prefer to spend Sunday at home with their families. I think there is a low tone of public sentiment on this Sunday question, which affects the very men who are most inconvenienced by it, and they themselves accept it as one of the necessary evils that cannot be avoided; it is simply their misfortune that they have to suffer more than somebody else."

"Is the question of extra pay an inducement to a man to work on Sunday?"

"As matter of fact, the men in the regular train service are paid so much, even if they do not work Sunday; *i. e.*, a conductor receives so much a month, and he works all the time that the company requires him during the month; there is no extra pay for Sunday work. With some class of railroad employees that is not the case—they get paid for overtime and for Sunday work; but men in the train service, engineers and firemen, are paid by the mile, so that the larger number of miles they run the more they would be paid."

Mr. Theodore Voorhees, Assistant General Superintendent of the New York Central Railroad, was seen, and, in answer to questions, expressed himself as follows:

"I cannot say that there is any diminution of late years in Sunday freight traffic. We do not take any local freight on Sundays; it is only through freight that comes to us from the West; that we have to receive and carry forward. There are stock trains and perishable goods that necessitate a certain amount of Sunday service, and I do not think that can be done away with. If any of our men had conscientious scruples against working on Sundays, we would not oblige them to perform service, and we so arrange the running of the trains that a man gets one day off each week for himself, and he could get Sunday for that day if he wanted it. Men in the freight service are paid for the days that they work, and they can arrange to work six days in the week. I do not think it is possible to do away with Sunday work entirely. The local passenger service on Sundays is increasing rather than diminishing. Some may go out for pleasure, but some people ride to church. I do not believe, however, that there is any marked increase in Sunday freight traffic. Of course we discourage it as far as we can, and do not take any more business than we can help, but there are certain kinds of freight that must be taken."

Mr. Robert Harris, of the Union Pacific Railroad, was also interviewed.

"In the first place," he said, "I cannot give my assent to the proposition that there is any sin in running trains on a Sunday. If there is, then there is a sin in driving a horse five miles to church in the country on a Sunday; and there is a sin in riding in the horse-cars, etc., etc. I dispose of the question when it is presented on that basis; no matter whether it was a sin a hundred or fifty years ago, it is not now, and the fact is, it never was then. Next Sunday will be, to me, a day of liberty and rest. Now, if I hold a position that enables me to extend that same liberty to my fellow-men, I am perfectly willing to say that I owe it to them to extend it. On Sunday transportation practically stops in the city as to all matters of traffic which are in active operation about us this minute. What is the essential difference that makes that eminently proper, constituted as society now is, which does not attach to transportation by railroad between New York and Buffalo? How are you going to draw the line?"

"Do you think that the railroads take an extra amount of freight on Sundays?"

"It is not true that they take an extra amount of freight because they can the better handle it on Sunday. As a matter of fact, there is no extra labor; it is not quite up to the six days' average. It is not true that freight trains are run often on Sunday because the tracks are free of passenger trains. If you ride from New York to Albany you must be impressed with the idea that you see scarcely any freight. The fact is, most of the freight gets up and down the Hudson River road at night. Why? It arrives here in the daytime and starts away at night. It comes down so as to be here in the morning. In going to Albany or Buffalo, all the passenger trains are on two tracks, and the freight trains on two other tracks, so that the carrying of freight does not interfere with the passenger trains. Nearly up to the time of the war there was no freight business done on Sundays. What has made the change since 1860, when it was practicable to get along without Sunday freight trains, but impracticable to get along without them now? Is it because of the development of steam, machinery, etc., so that our wealth is growing in a manner that we have never seen before, and, forsooth, we have got to work 365 days in the year instead of 313? If you ask me what I would do if I had the right to manage a road, I would let a man start, say, on Sunday night, for London, and so travel there and back that he could say he had not stopped once over night during the journey. It is fifteen years ago since the roads from Chicago to Omaha ran trains alternately on Sundays; now a passenger on those lines can take one road or the other. If I had my way on the Central road, I would run a train to New York on Sundays. I would not ask a man, 'Are you going to church?' That is nothing to me. 'I simply will bring you in on the road so as to keep up the communication.' That, in a general manner, is desirable. The system may be misused, but I cannot help that. But somebody says the Delaware & Lackawanna doesn't run Sunday trains. We will not inquire if such action on that or any other road has been inspired by the highest motives; but if the community wanted Sunday trains on such roads the companies would run them. In regard to freight trains I believe that the business world would be perfectly content if the trunk lines were to announce that next Sunday—not Saturday night or Sunday night, but during the day, next Sunday—all freight trains would stop except those connected with mercy and humanity. A man says he wants his merchandise in a hurry, by to-morrow morning. I say, 'Never mind your hurry, and be content not to get it until to-morrow night.' I submit that anybody that has a store in New York has

no right to demand that his fellow-man shall work for him on Sunday when the store is shut up and he is off enjoying his liberty. Of course, most of my experience has been in the West. I simply know as a matter of fact that freight trains were not run out there on Sundays for many years, and we succeeded always in getting a very generous living."

Mr. Samuel Sloan, President of the Delaware & Lackawanna Railroad, said that the coal trains on that road started out on Sunday night. He said that some would like to have Sunday passenger trains in operation, and expressed his surprise at receiving a call from a Roman Catholic priest who urged that such trains should be run for the convenience of persons who wanted to attend church. "In regard to the general question," said Mr. Sloan, "it should be settled by the Trunk Line Commission. The advisability of giving up the freight trains should be discussed by the prominent railroad men who form that commission, and they are the men who can see that their views are carried out."

Three years ago Mr. Sloan presented his views on this subject to the public in the following letter:

"It seems to me that all railroad managers must sympathize with efforts to diminish 'Sunday labor,' now, I regret to see, on the increase.

"In my judgment the *necessity*, so much urged, does *not* exist, nor do the public demand from railroad management more work than ordinary labor. Railroad men have a right to rest one day in seven and to observe the Sabbath as much as any other of our fellow-citizens. It must be, and is conceded by all interested, that health and good discipline are promoted by this rest. Without repeating the excellent suggestions made by prominent railroad officials in the foregoing communications, I think that it would be an easy matter for the Trunk Line Commission to take up the subject, and refer it to a committee to report some regulations or agree upon certain trains that may be deemed *necessary* to meet any reasonable demands of competing interests or the public wants in regard to perishable property."

Recent reports of the New York Sabbath Committee contain some information on this subject. The president of a Kentucky railroad states that there are five hundred thousand men in the employ of the railroads of the country, with probably one half of them doing some service on Sunday. He adds: "Men within my knowledge are every Sabbath day compelled to do work in direct contravention of their religious scruples. When you consider how these men, from fear of losing their places, are compelled to do this labor (much of which is totally unnecessary, and is the result of indifference or cupidity on the part of the managers and stockholders), it becomes a monstrous wrong against the religion and family rights of these employees."

The President of the Wisconsin Central Railroad admits that it is practicable to prohibit Sunday work. The President of the Michigan Central says: "If all railroad companies competing for the same class of traffic from and to common points were in accord, it would be practicable to a very large extent to abandon the running of railway trains on the Sabbath day." Other prominent railroad men express themselves as believing that work on Sundays should be curtailed, and that the number of trains run on Sundays could be reduced "if all roads would combine to do it." From Massachusetts, Colonel Wright, of the Bureau of Statistics and Labor, claims that Sunday trains are not run for profit but to meet the public demand, and "the only way to diminish the Sunday trains is to diminish the patrons. The engineers, one and all, do not wish to work on Sundays; they desire to have the day rather than the wage."

A railway telegraph operator reports that he works twelve solid hours each day of the week, the year round, and asks if there is any reason for astonishment when the cause for a railroad wreck is given as "man asleep at his post." In Connecticut, according to a law passed recently, trains are prohibited from being run between sunrise and sunset on Sunday, except for necessity or mercy; but between 10 30 A M and 3 P M the mail train and certain trains specially authorized by the Railroad Commissioners are permitted. The fare on Sunday trains must not be less than the highest week-day fare, and commutation and season tickets are not good on Sunday trains.

SUNDAY QUIET ON RAILROADS PRACTICABLE.

Rev. Lyman Abbott:

MY DEAR SIR,—Yours of 16th inst., in which you state your intention to follow up the question of railroad Sunday traffic, is before me. I have not received The Christian Union since the 8th, and consequently am not advised what further it contains upon the subject. It was not my intention to suggest to railroad companies the method of conducting their business without Sunday trains in detail. That would involve adjusting their rolling stock and making time-tables adapted to such service. What I thought probable was that the companies, in defending Sunday service on the plea of necessity, might be successfully answered.

I now submit to railroad managers these general propositions:

1. The traffic will be substantially the same per week whether moved in 168 or 144 hours.

2. That it can be moved in 144 hours.

3. That the extra cost will be fully compensated by improved service.

4. That there is no public necessity requiring Sunday service.

I apply these propositions to all service in times of peace—passengers and freights. I have considered mail service, movement of perishable freight, live stock, milk, and every kind of traffic. The roads and the public will be put to temporary inconvenience in conforming to this service, but the roads will soon be convinced that it is feasible, and the public will acquiesce and the better part heartily approve. A. S. DIVEN.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

HERE is a little book, in most modest guise, which has been published in a half-private way in England, sold to whoever wanted it, but in no way urged upon the public, under the title "Lines, by L. C. S." There is that in it which speaks so deeply to some hearts that a series of extracts from it may perhaps be offered to the readers of The Christian Union. There is no impropriety in saying a word about the writer. She was the wife of the author of two books, somewhat widely known in the world of religious thought twenty-five or thirty years ago, "Thorndale" and "Gravenhurst." The author was a man of fine genius and rarely pure and sweet character. His wife was wholly worthy of him, and there was in her a beauty and a charm not to be fully characterized in a brief mention like the present. She was entirely without literary ambition, and her verses were written sometimes, as she said, "to turn an honest penny"—for the means of the pair were of the smallest, and they were an example of "plain living and high thinking"—and sometimes as an outlet to her thoughts and feelings. After her death, six years ago, one of her friends gathered into this little book the fugitive and the unpublished poems. It is not as works of art that they are to be read, but as perfectly genuine expressions of personal feeling. Most of those given here are chosen as depicting successive phases of the true marriage of a true woman. The coming together of the two lives is not represented. It was a beautiful story, but it left no record in poetical form. What is pictured here is marriage and—I will not say widowhood; let me say rather marriage in its two stages. All that need here be added of external fact is that the man and woman met first when both were in mid-life; that for ten years they enjoyed together a singularly perfect happiness; and that the wife outlived the husband nine years. The order in which the poems is given indicates nearly enough their succession in time. They belong not to art, but to life. It was my privilege to know her who wrote them, in her later years—though I never saw her—and her nature was one of the highest, in its nobility and sweetness. There was in her a singular *life-giving* quality—a power to communicate to those who knew her an impulse from her own best. It is because something of this quality seems to me to be in her verses, and because they were written out of some of the deepest experiences of human life, that I offer them to a wider audience than they have reached. I think they will make dear to some the name of Lucy Caroline Smith.

I climbed the hill, and looked around—
The prospect stretched out wide;
Green vales, rich woods, and shining sea—
Beauty on every side!

So fair, so far, so boundless all!
My spirit was oppressed;
My glance roamed round, now here, now there,
And knew not where to rest.

Then from my finger, half in play,
My wedding ring I drew;
And through that golden circlet small
Looked out upon the view.

I saw a wreath of cottage smoke,
A church spire rising by,
A river wind thro' sheltering trees,
Above—a reach of sky.

This little picture I had made
Both cheered and calmed my soul:
True, I saw less, but what I saw
Was dearer than the whole.

More vivid lights, more solemn shades,
Such limits seemed to bring;
My portion of the world be still
Framed by my wedding-ring!
—[Suggested by Lines of Grün.

If I had never met thee, my beloved,
As in this world, where so much waste is seen,
Or seeming waste, might easily have been,
I wonder what my nature would have proved!

I am so much thy work; thy thoughts rule mine,
Give them direction, lift from what is low;
What grasp or play of mind I have I owe
To the strong happiness of being thine.

I catch thy tastes, enjoy what pleases thee,
Learn what is beautiful from thy delight,
Wait on thy choosing to decide aright;
'Tis but thy shadow, any praise in me.

To love, to pity, to forgive with ease,
In others' hopes and fears to claim a part—
Are but the o'erflow of a blissful heart,
And, having *thee*, how should I fail in these?

If thou shouldst leave me!—in that utter woe
I wonder what of life could still be mine!
Would mind be quenched, and heart grow cold with thine?
O God! forbid that ever I should know!

In the band of noble workers
Seems no place for such as I;
They have faith where I have yearning,
They can teach where I but sigh;
They can point the road distinctly,
Where for me the shadows lie.

Lofty purpose, high endeavor,
These are not ordained for me;
Wayside flower may strive its utmost,
It can ne'er become a tree—
Yet a child may laugh to gather,
And a sick man smile to see.

And I, too, in God's creation
Have my little proper part;
He must mean some service, surely,
For weak hand and timid heart,
Transient joys for my diffusing;
For my healing, transient smart.

Just to fling a ray of comfort,
O'er life's downcast, dreary ways!
Just to fan a better impulse
By a full and ready praise!
Pitying where I may not succor,
Loving where I cannot raise!

It does not show much in the hair, I allow,
Nor does it perhaps very much in the brow;
But it shows, ah! of course, it must show in the skin,
Tho' it shows not at all in the feelings within;
And it shows in the teeth which are no longer white,
And it shows in the eyes which are losing their light;
It shows in the waist which is no longer small,
It shows in the shoulders e'en seen thro' a shawl!
It shows in the lines round the lips that begin—
And it shows—oh! ye pow'rs, *how* it shows in the chin!
What shows? Never mind; there's no need to explain;
All see it—*he* sees it, will see it again;
But he never has *said* it, that true heart of gold;
And so long as his arms his beloved one enfold,
So happy a creature can never be old!

Only a burst of sunlight,
To shine through a budding tree,
Only leaf-stars on the noon-tide blue,
Yet a thrill of ecstasy!
And this is the spell works such wonders, beloved—
'Tis the eyes of *two* that see.

Only the firelight flicker
On our plain green walls at play;
And we, well shut in by storm without,
At close of our third wet day.
"Can comfort, can cheerfulness, go beyond this?"
So *two* happy voices say.

Only the same sweet life—
Nothing startling, strange, and new;
But we find fresh meaning and delight
In the smallest thing we do;
And the secret of this we have long agreed
Is that everything's done by *two*.

One lonely creature dragging thro' her life,
Weeks long as months, and months stretched out to years,
Waging with sorrow an unending strife,

Counting for sweetest solace unchecked tears;
All impulse, energy, and motive gone,
Nothing on earth to call or feel her own,
Nothing worth doing, since 'tis done alone.

This is the lot of one of that glad two!
The other's lot—but hope grows voiceless here,
Though ever straining for some nearer view
Of *his* high being in that "further sphere;"
And pressing to her heart, thro' sharpest pain,
The thought that *he*, for all his present gain,
Waits for the hour will make them *two* again.

My sorrow is my throne!
It lifts me from the dust of earthly care;
'Tis calm and peaceful, though so cold and lone—
And wider prospects stretch before me there.

My sorrow is my crown!
A glory round the worn and aching brow;
I would not lay its thorny circlet down
For any flowers earth has to offer now.

Yet sometimes I could deem
I heard *his* voice, loved voice that guides me, say,
"The earth we loved must never trivial seem,
Although our joy has passed from earth away.

"Go down, at my behest,
The smallest, humblest, kindly task to do;
I see the thorn-prints; hide them from the rest;
Because thou lov'st me so—love others too."

All I would wish from my loved one to hide,
Take thou away, Lord, take thou away;
Meanness of jealousy, madness of pride,
Take thou away!

All I would be in that cherished one's sight,
Make me to be, Lord, make me to be;
Faithful and loving, and true to the light,
Make me to be!

Just as he lived, free from blame before all,
Grant me to live, Lord, grant me to live;
Loyal to duty, whatever befall,
Grant me to live!

Just as he died, on the heart he held dear,
Give me to die, Lord, give me to die;
Meek, patient, calm—without shadow of fear,
Give me to die!

Sweet, you were very far above me here,
And yet you loved me in those by-gone days!
Not only fostering by your smile's bright praise
Such germs of good as might in me appear,
But, with large insight, also holding dear
My native, untaught, and impetuous ways.
Now you are higher still; oh! would you raise
Me if you might, to share your "further sphere"?
My only loved! I sometimes dare to think
Such boundless joy would make me worthy thee,
That from thy side I should not fall or sink,
Knowing thee happier thro' sustaining me.
Grow, blessed thought, grow strong! then on the brink
Of death, at least, I shall be anguish-free.

From the still sphere where dwells my highest hope,
Stand off, I pray you, nor disturb the air!
Lest, while you boast it living, it should die,
And I lose all, whose all is centered there.

Bring me no arguments, no reasoned proof;
How if their weakness cloud that sacred trust?
Leave it to God alone to mark its growth
And keep it deathless—till I turn to dust.

Nor is this all—though more I dare not say—
Words would but marshal thoughts to endless strife;
Enough, if, cherished in my being's core,
The silent hope may mold the lowly life.

How well within the reach of all
Life's precious things indeed!
The kindly word, the offering small,
The slight, spontaneous deed.
What "New Year gift" could leave behind
A sweeter trace than this—
A sudden impulse, good and kind,
A country-woman's kiss?

The words exchanged were very few,
Mere simple talk, no more;
But each one's heart the other knew,
A common garb we wore.
Her train came first, she took my hand,
Held fast, and, saying this—
"We'll meet no more on earth," she gave
A widow-woman's kiss!

Light the candles one by one,
God's great work is but begun;
Some were lighted long ago,
Caught at once the sacred glow;
Others still unlighted stand,
Out of reach of mortal hand;
Faculties undreampt of still,
Vaster knowledge, purer will.
These our faith may surely deem
Meant to catch the heavenly beam;
When these kindle on their height,
Wide indeed the spread of light!
In the glory then displayed
Lights now prized may seem to fade;
Let not this our hearts dismay,
One the source and *one* the ray.
"Diverse" but in place and name,
One the purpose of each flame;
Light the candles, one by one,
God shall end what God begun.

A LITTLE LEAVEN IN A BACK STREET.

By Helen Ainslie Smith.

ONE hundred and forty-six Forsyth Street is an ordinary East Side tenement. It is, however, distinguished from every other of its kind in this great, overcrowded city, as being the location of an interesting social experiment. A neat brass sign on the basement gives the information that here are the rooms of

THE NEIGHBORHOOD GUILD,
consisting of
A Young Men's Club,
A Young Ladies' Club,
A Boys' and a Girls' Club,
and a
Free Kindergarten.

This Guild, with a round membership of nearly a hundred young people, mostly factory workers, is the outcome within less than a year of the modest efforts of one cultivated young man, who had pledged to himself to give his best where he should find the truest need for it.

The rooms which comprise the entire basement are fitted up attractively but inexpensively. The curtains are pretty, the lights are bright, and the casts and photographs on the walls are reproductions of works of art. There is no magnificence here to present a discouraging contrast to the homes of the members. On the contrary, the boys and girls have received here practical hints in taste for their own home decoration.

It is a new undertaking, a personal work, this Neighborhood Guild—the development of an idea that has grown up in the heart of its founder. A year ago this fall, Stanton Coit, a graduate of and one time an instructor at Amherst, and a Doctor of Philosophy by the degree of the University of Berlin, hired apartments in this tenement, moved in his books and pictures with the rest of his household gods, and settled himself to live. Here he hoped to make friends in time, and unostentatiously, without preaching, to do good. He came with no cut-and-dried plan, but waited to see what the circumstances and character of the persons immediately about him would naturally suggest. But the idea which inspired his undertaking is no less than the thought and hope of a complete reorganization of the social life of the people, starting with the family as the moral unit and reaching out to the neighborhood as the next wider social group. With no more detailed plan in mind, he first opened a free kindergarten, engaging two of the best teachers of the city, and drew to it the children most closely bound to the family. Then clubs for the older children were started, and naturally the parents have become interested, and it is hoped soon to form them into a Neighborhood Improvement Society.

Dr. Coit spent much time with the people he had resolved to cast his lot in with, in their various other conditions, before he decided to begin this work among the homes. He first supposed the factory would be the point of union for the working classes, but he found the forces against him there, and turned, as to the proper place for beginning a social reorganization, to the home and neighborhood about which concrete humanity naturally gathers. It is his conviction that all modern attempts to rally the working classes about the factories as the center of co-operation tends to disintegrate the family life, and that any industrial co-operation must be preceded by intellectual and spiritual reorganization. Such a work as this must be in the hands of wise and cultivated men and women of leisure, and he hopes to interest such in his plan.

But, firm as were his convictions, this scholarly young doctor felt that he had no right to obtrude himself and his scheme upon his neighbors. As a stranger, he would approach them with the same deference and reserve as though theirs were the highest social position. Accordingly, it was only after three months' residence in the neighborhood that he felt his purpose justified him in making any advance toward a nearer acquaintance with the people about him. He then called upon two boys who lived over the way, and invited them to meet with him for the purpose of forming a Boys Club. They came, and brought friends with them. At the second meeting thirty-eight lads presented themselves, while on the third meeting there was a swarm of fifty eight applicants. This was a dilemma, as Dr. Coit had expected not more than a dozen for the first few months. But, with ready tact, he reorganized the Club on a new basis, limiting its number to thirty, and taking as the charter members six boys who were already known in the neighborhood as the Lily Pleasure Club. Not only were the officers of the little band retained in the new club, but its name was also adopted. Soon a Girls' Club was organized in a similar way, and another for small boys.

The members of all the clubs look upon themselves simply as friends of their leader, helping him in the good work for others. The clubs together constitute the Guild. Its primary object is to develop the social instincts, and the best means of attaining this is believed to be, at least at first, through social recreations—such games and exercises as demand unity of thought and sentiment, like musical drill in gymnastics, artistic marching, singing in chorus, spelling matches, and debates. But recreation is not simply a means to the end in moral culture. The innocent pleasure which accompanies it is a worthy object in itself, even if nothing further is obtained; for the members of the Guild are mostly factory workers who have long hours and severe toil. Accordingly, the stamp of wrong is not set on pleasures that are not essentially harmful. More than recreation is provided for, however. On certain evenings lessons are given in wood-carving, clay modeling and drawing, writing, declamation, history, and literature. Very often there are short talks on people and things, and practical lectures on the duties of daily life, by Dr. Coit or some one of his regular co-workers. All the clubs are organized on parliamentary principles, have their constitution and by-laws, their strictly conducted meetings, various committees, and regular dues. The older boys—young men they are called by their leader and themselves—have the rooms at their disposal Tuesday and Friday evenings. Dr. Coit believes the moral impression is more vivid from two evenings a week than it would be from six, and the smaller number makes it possible in the same rooms to conduct three clubs a week instead of one.

The leader of the Guild is a member of Felix Adler's Society for Ethical Culture, but his associates in this work are of various religious beliefs, as are also those who contribute to it financially. Some are Christians, while others love and live by the teachings of Christ without recognizing the theological interpretation of him. The work itself is purely humanitarian. Dr. Coit puts much reliance on personal influence; therefore his helpers are earnest young men and women who donate their time and strength. Some of the teachers are paid, but the Neighborhood Guild is under no organization. It pays no salary to its leaders, and does not afford even a living to anybody. Nor is there any stamp of charity in its work. With all that is done care is taken that no pauperizing influence should be exerted on its members. The Clubs themselves, however, are interested in their own charities, and from the first the Girls' Club has conducted a flower mission, bearing fruit and books and flowers to the sick. The boys have from the first voted one-fourth the Club's entire revenue, which is four dollars a week, to some stranger or friend in need.

The Young Ladies' Club—the youths ruled out "Young Women" as not respectful enough—was organized soon after the Young Men's Club was well started. It has been named by themselves the Lady Belvedere Club. This, too, is regularly organized. Tuesday and Thursday evenings are assigned to them, when they have their own "girl-times," their business transactions, their hours in embroidery, wood-carving, singing, and elocution. Their regular meetings are conducted according to Cushing's "Manual," and the special work of the Club is assigned to committees. It is hoped that by their experience in their weekly meetings they are being prepared for the larger duties of citizenship. The same methods are used with them as with the boys, so that they, some of whom are already nineteen years old, may soon be able to take an intelligent and active part in reorganizing the industrial and social life of workingwomen.

On Saturday evening both the older Clubs meet together, and there is singing, recitation, marching, dancing, charades. For Christmas time they are getting up the little play of the "Cricket of the Hearth;" but not simply for the pleasure of it, but to give them

selves a training in expression of voice and feature, and in the pronunciation of English.

The little leaven has already begun to spread. Many persons have visited the Guild with the purpose of gaining practical suggestions in starting similar ones both in New York and in neighboring cities. Dr. Colt has been invited to lecture on his peculiar work before a citizens' meeting in Philadelphia, and before the class in Social Science at Johns Hopkins University.

THE SUPREME COURT.

By Edward P. Clark.

THE Supreme Court is the most novel feature of the Government established by the Constitution. That acute student of institutions, Sir Henry Maine, pronounces it "a virtually unique creation of the founders of the Constitution," for which "there is no exact precedent, either in the ancient or in the modern world." A very small body of men, never exceeding nine in number, has now for almost a century exercised the power of deciding whether the action of the legislative department shall stand or be annulled, and of bringing State Governments to book when they transgress their just bounds. The experiment has proved a wonderful success, and no portion of the Constitution has more signally vindicated the wisdom of its framers.

That the vast power conferred upon this tribunal should be properly wielded, it was necessary to select as its members men of the highest character, and then to make their position so independent that they could always do their duty without fear of the consequences. The first end was secured by having the judges nominated by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. The selections of the Executive have almost invariably been worthy, and when Grant was floundering around hopelessly for a successor to Chief Justice Chase in 1874, the Senate did the Nation a service by thwarting his wishes until he made the happy choice of Morrison R. Waite. Judicial independence was assured by the provision that members of the Court should hold their offices during good behavior, and that their compensation should not be diminished during their continuance in office. A judge who behaves himself may thus keep his place for life, and no partisan majority in Congress can ever starve out a bench which is objectionable to it by cutting down salaries.

It is rather odd that no provision was made in the Constitution as to the age at which a man might become Judge, considering that rules in this matter were laid down for Representatives, Senators, and Presidents. "No person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years;" a Senator must be thirty; and a man is not eligible to the Presidency until thirty-five. But a man may be made a Judge at any age, and in our early history very young men were more than once appointed. John Jay, whom Washington made Chief Justice on the establishment of the Court, was but forty-four, and James Iredell, one of his associates, only thirty-nine, while the average age of the members was a trifle under fifty. Adams improved on Washington's example by appointing Bushrod Washington at thirty-six, while Jefferson and Madison reduced the limit still lower by selecting respectively William Johnson and Joseph Story when they were only thirty-two.

There has been a great change in this respect since the days of the earlier Presidents. No lawyer in the land now would dream of getting a place upon this bench at thirty-two, or of being made Chief Justice at forty-four. The present Chief Justice was fifty-eight at his appointment, and his predecessor fifty-six. Ten appointments have been made since Grant's accession to the Presidency (including Cleveland's recent nomination of Mr. Lamar); and Mr. Harlan, at forty-four, was the only one under fifty, while one was sixty-one and three were sixty-two. Mr. Lamar is no older than was Mr. Blatchford in 1882 or Mr. Strong in 1870, while of the eight whom he finds upon the bench one is seventy-four, three seventy-one, and the others sixty-seven, sixty-three, fifty-nine, and fifty-four, respectively. The tendency through the century has thus been more and more to make it a court of old men.

That the judicial life is conducive to longevity appears clear from an examination of the record. Marshall was in his forty-sixth year when Adams made him Chief Justice in 1801, yet he served in that position for thirty-four years, being almost eighty at his death. Taney, who succeeded him in 1836, was then in his sixtieth year, yet he served for twenty-eight years, being well along in his eighty-eighth year when he died, in 1864. Catron, who became one of Taney's associates in 1837, was only a year his junior, and as he survived the Chief Justice a year, he also sat upon the bench for twenty-eight years, and lived into his eighty-eighth year. The spectacle presented during the latter portion of their careers, of two judges who had served in the same court for more than a quarter of a century, and were nearing the age of ninety without losing their faculties, is probably without precedent in the history of any nation. It is the more noteworthy when the fact is recalled that a hundred years ago the Constitution of New York made sixty the age at which a judge must retire from the bench, on the presumption that after that period he would be incapable of efficient service, and that some people wanted a similar restriction inserted in the Federal Constitution. Such a clause would have been a bar against both Taney and Catron, who nevertheless proved good for nearly thirty years of work after passing this limit.

It is easy to see why the position of a Supreme Court judge should tend to prolong the life of the incumbent. Excitement and anxiety are the two worst foes for an aging man to encounter. The bench is free from the distractions which beset the executive and the legislator; its very atmosphere breathes calm and repose. The bench, moreover, relieves a man from apprehension as to his comfortable support in old age. Few things are more pitiable than the sight of a Representative or Senator as he nears or reaches threescore and ten fighting with younger men for another term because he needs the salary of the office to preserve him from distress. A judge of any United States court, on the other hand, knows that he can retain his place as long as he chooses, and that if, when he reaches seventy, he prefers retirement, he can withdraw, providing that he has then served ten years, and receive his salary ($10 000 a year for a Supreme Court judge) the rest of his life. This privilege was granted by the law of 1869, and before that a judge had to remain on the bench in order to draw any pay, so that Duval, who was almost as old as Taney and Catron on his appointment in 1811, and served a quarter of a century, received no pension during the eight years which he survived after his resignation at the age of eighty-four. That the chance of a pension will not necessarily tempt a judge to avail himself of its privileges is shown by the fact that Chief Justice Waite and Justices Bradley, Miller, and Field, who might all have retired, Bradley four years ago and the other three in 1886, show no disposition to abandon work.

Three Presidents have left an enduring mark upon this branch of the Government. Washington created the first court. Jackson, during his two terms, made it virtually a new court. It consisted then of a Chief Justice and six associates. He appointed a Chief Justice and four associates, and, although he left the White House in 1837, one of his appointees, McLean, served until 1861; a second, Taney, until 1864; and a third, Wayne, until 1867. Lincoln also gave the court a new Chief Justice—Salmon P. Chase—and four associates, of whom two, Miller and Field, are still in service. If Cleveland should have a second term, it is quite likely that he, too, would appoint a new majority of the court, as the four judges who are now past seventy will probably not be found upon the bench in 1893.

The appointment of Mr. Lamar marks an era in the history of the Court, as the first selection of a representative Southern man since the period before the war. The late Justice Woods was credited to a Southern State, and had lived for a number of years after the war in Alabama, from which State he was made a United States Circuit Judge in 1870; but he was quite as much an Ohio man by birth and affiliations as his associate on the Supreme bench from the latter State who was appointed about the same time, Justice Matthews, and was always regarded in the South as a carpet-bagger. Justice Harlan, of Kentucky, had always lived in that border State, but he, too, was really an Ohio man in his political sentiments, so that the South never felt as though he was properly credited to that section. Mr. Lamar, on the other hand, comes from the very heart of the South, like the last Southern appointee before the war, Mr. Campbell, of Alabama, who went on the bench by Pierce's appointment in 1853. It is interesting to note, by the way, that Mr. Campbell, although now well along in his seventy-seventh year, is still vigorous enough to plead before the Court, and, if he had not resigned when his State seceded, he would already have served thirty-four years, as Story and Marshall did, with a good prospect of beating those unrivaled records.

During the *ante-bellum* period the South controlled the Court, and thus secured an interpretation of the fundamental law in accordance with Southern ideas as regarded the slavery and State rights issues. Washington took the original six judges equally from the free and the slave States, but thereafter until the war the slave States had a decided preponderance. The chief-justiceship was held by a Virginian from 1801 to 1835, and then by a Marylander, while of the thirty-one associate justices appointed up to 1861 no less than eighteen had been selected from the slave States. When the Dred Scott decision was rendered in 1857, five of the nine judges were Southerners, trained in the Calhoun school. The dominance of the North during the past quarter of a century may thus be considered as only restoring the balance between the two sections.

It is most fortunate that the old issues have been so thoroughly settled that patriotic citizens may regard with indifference the question whether a new judge comes from the North or the South. This could not have been said at any previous time. If Tilden had assumed the duties of the Presidential office in 1877, and the Democracy had continued in power, the Supreme Court would before this have had a majority of Democratic judges. Those Democratic judges would undoubtedly have decided the grave constitutional issues involved in such cases as the "Kuklux Act," the Civil Rights Act, and the Virginia debt question precisely as the Republican judges have done, but the reception of their decisions would have been very different. State rights were at stake in each of these crucial cases, and in each case State rights were sustained. The "Kuklux Act" and the Civil Rights Act were passed by majorities in Congress which believed that the new amendments to the Constitution had vastly increased the powers of the Federal Government, and in equal measure diminished those of the States. But as early as 1872 the Supreme Court gave notice, in what are known as the Louisiana slaughter-house cases, that "we do not see in those amendments any purpose to destroy the main features of the general system" as it had existed before their adoption and before the war. The Civil Rights Act was based upon the idea that the Federal authority could be invoked to secure any rights of a citizen within a State, whether the infringement of those rights came through the positive action of that State by its passing a law, for instance, denying negroes equal accommodations with whites on a steamboat, or whether it happened because the State neglected to secure equality. In the decision of 1872 the Court had confessed its belief that the "powers for domestic and local government" which the States held "included the regulation of civil rights," and the annulment of the Civil Rights Act eleven years later should therefore have caused no surprise. The same principle forced the decision, about the same time, that the "Kuklux Act" was unconstitutional, and a month ago dictated the decision sustaining the State of Virginia in the debt controversy. In these cases strong motives urged a stretching of Federal authority—in the Kuklux and Civil Rights cases, the desire to protect the weaker race in the South; in the Virginia case, the impulse to secure the honest payment of a debt; in all, the fact that the judges were Republicans, and that their decisions must run counter to the general opinion and wish of their party. But such motives were disregarded, and these Northern Republican judges rendered just such opinions as Southern Democrats would have put forth, because they considered the emphatic assertion of State rights their duty.

Questions must always arise on which Supreme Court judges will differ; but the greatest issue of all, the one which always disturbed the Nation until it precipitated the war, is settled. Justice Miller, the typical Northern Republican appointed by Lincoln, and Justice Lamar, the typical Southern Democrat appointed by Cleveland, are in agreement on this fundamental point. If there be any timid souls who are still disturbed by the ancient bogie, they may be reassured by these words in a letter written by Justice Miller a few months ago: "So far as the question of 'State rights' in the old Calhoun sense of the phrase is concerned, it is no longer a partisan question, and in the Supreme Court the best conservators of State rights in the true sense of the words are Republicans."

Believers in "Cleveland's luck" find another illustration of it in the circumstances which attended the nomination of Mr. Lamar. The President was to propose for a judge of the highest tribunal a Southern Democrat, whose selection would give opposition demagogues a chance to fool the ignorant and thoughtless with the howl of "State rights." But on the very eve of the President's action the Supreme Court, still composed entirely of judges appointed by Republican Presidents, rendered a decision the news of which in Richmond caused men to toss up their hats and cry, "Hurrah for Virginia! Hurrah for State rights!" It was, of course, useless to talk about the danger of "the State rights heresy" being established by a bench of Democratic Lamars when the capital of the Southern Confederacy was rejoicing over what a Richmond dispatch said was "regarded by all classes as a fixed and final triumph of State sovereignty" from a bench of Republican Waites and Millers.

It was, indeed, "Cleveland's luck" to have things happen in so altogether ideal a way. But it was more than the good fortune which seems to attend a successful man. It was another illustration of the development of our history in a way to strengthen our institutions and to inspire confidence in their perpetuity. The time had come when the South ought to reassume its place on the Supreme bench and again to share in the work of interpreting the Constitution. But it could not be expected that the North would view this change with equanimity until the old controversy was seen to be finally and forever settled, and events were so ordered that this fact was made clear to the dullest apprehension.

THE DAYS AND THE YEARS.

By Mortimer A. Warren.

I SAW a white swan flying,
Blue-fading 'mid the grays;
I heard a sweet note dying,
Far-dying down the haze.
Now what was I
That I should try,
With anguished cry,
To hail them back?
Alas! Alack!
The Days! The Days! The Days!

But apple-blossoms come and go,
They come and go with tears;
And swinging swift, or swinging slow,
And answering Yes, or answering No,
The rounded whole appears.
I hush my cry—
The song doth die—
But always nigh,
In season meet,
O Love, O Sweet,
The Years! The Years! The Years!

ON THE BORDERS OF ARDEN.

By Rose G. Kingsley.

BLESSINGS on St. Luke, physician and penman, for his short October summer, that we enjoy with an intensity engendered of fear lest every hour of its loveliness may be the last! Never has St. Luke been more gracious to us in England than in this year of grace 1887. Never has Warwickshire looked more stately than on these still, sunny days, following frosty nights that give a keen freshness to the air. And granted a radiant autumn afternoon, a charming companion, the most comfortable of little village carts, the most tractable of Exmoor ponies, and the gem of Shakespearean houses as the object of our drive—what more could heart desire?

So we thought as we trotted gayly through our village, along smooth gravel roads, across the broad highway from Warwick to Banbury, with its wide strip of turf on each side, delightful for hunter's hoofs, past Oakley Wood, that labyrinth from which the fox never breaks if he once reaches its fastnesses, and into a rarely used lane with fresh-plowed fallows on either hand, hedged by hawthorn crimson with haws, by the bronze leaves and purple fruit of sloes, by yellow maples, by brambles whose foliage displayed every shade from dark green to pink and orange, by wild roses garlanding the hedgerows with scarlet berries. At the top of a little rise the whole of the vale lay below us. The well-loved Avon flowed tranquilly through flat meadows, its windings shown by the silvery green of its matchless willows. There among the great elms rose the four pinnacles of Hampton Lucy church tower; beyond it the high-lying farms of Switterfield, where Shakespeare's uncle Henry lived. The obelisk against the sky marked Welcombe Woods above the poet's birthplace. And the lines of the landscape, rounded and softened by our noble hedgerow timber and by a tender blue haze, carried the eye away for miles and miles to Meon Hill and the Cotswolds, all bathed in misty sunlight.

G.'s enchantment knew no bounds. A duke's niece though she is, the night superintendent at the oldest and most famous of hospitals in the city of London gets but rare holidays; and every moment of them is precious. As we quickly covered the ground, so well known to American travelers, between Barford and Charlecote, the half-timbered barns and farmhouses, two and three hundred years old, the comfortable modern red-brick cottages with their well-filled gardens, the exquisite little church by the roadside, all gained fresh charm from my companion's delight. But Charlecote Park, however often one may see it, needs no extraneous aid to kindle one's enthusiasm. The glorious elms, turning to pale gold at the ends of their branches, while nearer the trunk the foliage is dense, deep green; the gray deer-paling, made all of split oak fastened together with wooden pegs as it was in the days of Shakespeare; the flat stretches of the park, with its herds of deer, red deer and fallow; the Avon running under the windows in wide curves and still reaches; the soft red brick and white stone of the house—a perfect specimen of Elizabethan architecture, with its turrets and balustrades and mullioned windows and wrought-iron gates; all this combines to make Charlecote the loveliest and most lovable of all our Warwickshire houses.

Should we see the red deer? we had wondered as we came along. Yes, indeed! and hear them too. As we stopped to open the park gates, my poor little Sir Walter—he came from Raleigh—showed unmistakable signs of fear. He pricked his ears, trembled all over, and burst into such a sweat of terror that his close-clipped coat looked as if he had been through a horse-pond. Then a frightful sound reached our ears—an unearthly moaning bellow, that honestly made one's blood creep even in broad daylight. Two of the largest and oldest of the stags had separated themselves from the herd which was quietly feeding a quarter of a mile away across the water. Just inside the gates these two grand beasts were challenging each other to combat, each proud head high in air with its enormous weight of antlers, each great throat swelled with pride and anger under its winter ruff, each chestnut coat glowing in the warm, low sunshine. No one was at home in the beautiful house; and as we turned out of the stable-yard G. cried, "Stop! the deer are going to cross." We were in the shadow of some enormous trees. The splendid creatures had all congregated on the further bank of a side stream that joins the Avon just below the house. And presently, sure enough, a hind took a plunge into the deep water, swam over, followed by her calf, and on landing shook a blue mist out of her russet coat and galloped up and across the road not fifty yards in front of us. Over came all the herd, one by one, hinds and calves, "brockets" and "staggarts," then the "warrantable deer," the rear brought up by a magnificent old stag.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,
Bearing his branches sturdily."

And as he stood "belling" on the further bank, while the herd crossed before him, we agreed he was a splendid sight, though each fierce note of defiance to his compeers sent a shudder of horror through my poor pony.

The red deer keep wholly to themselves. The fallow deer are completely ignored by them; indeed, they seem not to recognize their existence. In only one case have they been acknowledged, and then it was merely as an inferior order of beings. A stray hind, which had escaped from a park in Worcestershire, was presented to Charlecote. The red deer each year allow her to stay with the herd till her calf is fit to wean. They then take possession of the calf, bring it up as one of themselves, and drive the poor stranger mother off to feed for the rest of the year with the fallow deer. As we turned out of the park at last, we saw the fallow herd scattered far and wide over the gentle rolling glades—dainty, graceful creatures, looking like playthings after the huge red deer, who by this time were feeding behind us under the lofty trees.

Another broad road through flat, well-tilled land, some in farms, some in laborers' allotment grounds, brought us to the pleasant village of Wellesbourne, whose charming old red-brick houses, with white window frames, built early in the last century, stand, covered with creepers, among tall cedars of Lebanon and limes, chestnuts and beeches, smooth lawns and gay flower-beds. Wellesbourne is a large village. Some half-dozen gentlefolks' houses make it quite an important place. It has its lawn-tennis meeting every Monday in the summer, and its cricket club, to which all who wish may belong, from peers to plowboys; and the Wellesbourne matches are duly recorded in the county papers. It has its historical distinctions, too, for under the horse chestnut tree in the middle of the village, Joseph Arch held the first of those meetings of the Laborers' Union which made so much mischief in this county without doing the slightest good to the workingmen. But on our sunny autumn day neither laborers nor agitators were gathered about the chestnut tree. Again our friends were out; and we drove on, hoping for better luck and a cup of tea on our homeward road.

All this country lies just outside the limits of the ancient Forest of Arden, which, according to Dugdale's map, was bounded on the south by the Avon. But the abundance of timber in hedgerow and pasture, the great woods which still remain in this part of the county, show that, if not in the forest, we are close upon its borders. And when from the first rise we looked over the wide landscape, beyond the near fields of rich, soft, purple-red earth against which yellow crabs and maples and young elms shone like gold, we seemed to see nothing but trees—trees—trees, turn where we would.

Fate was kind. A couple of miles on the way home brought us to another pleasant house, standing at the top of a sloping park studded with elms so large as almost to rival those of Charlecote. Here was a snug stable for the pony; for us a yet more snug old sitting-room, its windows with wide window seats sunk in thick walls, a blazing fire, modern photographs and precious heirlooms mixed pell-mell on the tables, a pretty young hostess in neat tailor-made gown, and three or four neighbors. And as we drank our good hot tea and ate delicious apricot-jam sandwiches, and mourned with our young hostess over the want of work that weighs like a nightmare on all of us who live in the country in view of the coming winter, we thought it would be a bad day for the English laborer if such houses were abolished: houses where the young generation steps into its elders' place, assumes their duties and responsibilities, lives on the land knowing every cottager as it knows its own relations, visits the sick, teaches in the Sunday-school, often helps the rector in the night school, finds places for the boys and girls who are going out into the world, tries to provide work for the parents, and when it cannot do that tries to persuade them—generally with but poor success—to emigrate, and does all this in the simplest possible way, as part of the natural course of things.

The sun had just set when we left this hospitable house. A group of massive elms, the tall chimneys, steep roofs, solid ricks and barns of a large farm, stood out quite black against the wisps and streamers of delicate, brilliant pink that flared up into a pale blue sky. A great fallow field of madder red rolled up to the low hedge on our left, and the green meadow between farm and fallow floated in a film of blue haze, while to the east the russet and golden woods glowed in the reflection of the sunset.

It was getting dusk as we reached our own village and found an admiring group of children watching the struggles of the rector and the clerk on a high ladder, endeavoring to mend the school bell-rope. And as we turned in at our own gates, the last pink streamer had faded, the new moon hung clear in the south, we turned our money in our pockets, and wished—for what? Perhaps for just such another day.

A VISIT TO ABERDEENSHIRE.

[*From the Diary of James Ramsay.*]

By Alice Chadbourne.

IN the old Scotch journal from which I have previously sent extracts to The Christian Union,[1] I find an account of a vacation visit of young Ramsay to the vicinity of Aberdeen. On this occasion, although Walter Scott, his fellow-apprentice as a writer, is not his companion, yet the glimpses his narrative affords of the life, manners, character, and customs a century ago make it, it seems to me, of sufficient interest to be reproduced in print:

"Edinburgh, August 27, 1789.

"You will be, I suppose, my friend, not a little surprised when I tell you that on Saturday I mean to set out for Aberdeen. When you understand the way in which I am to travel, and the cause of my going there, I am pretty certain your surprise will not be much abated. I cannot help observing, before I go farther, that there is a kind of chance, as it appears to us, which disconcerts our plans and produces changes in our situation which no knowledge or sagacity could foresee; in so much that I hold it impossible for any one to know he is fated to misery, to be certain that his affairs will not take such a turn as to render him yet comfortable and happy; only let him watch against being his own tormentor.

"But to return:

"You must know that a gentleman coming to attend the General Assembly brought a letter to my mother from a distant relation who is settled near Aberdeen—a Mr. Stronach.

"This letter my mother answered, and gave me her reply to carry to the gentleman. With all that inattention for which I am remarkable, and without once thinking what I was about, I put this, with a number of Mr. Scott's letters, into the post-office. As it was in vain to attempt recovering it, I thought I could do nothing better than write the Parson myself, informing him in my letter of the fate of my mother's. I did so, and in answer received a very kind and hearty invitation to spend some part of my vacation at New Machar. There was but one great and substantial obstacle, namely, the want of cash. We were sorrowing over this misfortune when the thought struck us of going by sea. On enquiry, yesterday, we found a ship was to sail on Saturday; price of a passage on board of which was just a neat half-crown. The time just suited, and, above all, the price was wonderfully convenient. All now a wanting us was Mr. Scott's leave; this I yesterday, after many fruitless resolutions, obtained. Napier's master was going to London, so that he found no difficulty. The hopes of fun on the voyage, the pleasure of being so long in the country near a companion intimate as Napier, the recollection I had of Mr. Stronach's good nature, joined to many an hour's persuasion from my fellow-traveler who was set on the jaunt, made the leave I received before dinner, you may well believe, very acceptable; the more so, too, as all my fellow-sufferers, or shopmates, were gone but Mr. Scott's son, which, increasing the difficulty, added much pleasure to the success of my application. Napier, whose impatience could brook no delay, gave me strict charge to send a chairman, post haste, to him the moment I should get leave. I went myself, on my way home, but found him out. I sat down to inform him on a card, but my spirits were greatly too high to permit of my doing that in dull prose; in verse I could not do it; there was nothing then for it but scrawling whatever

[1] In our issues of April 15 and September 30, 1886.—[Eds. C. U.

came uppermost, and you may figure to yourself what sort of mood I was in from the following specimen:

"'Rejoice, O ye waters, for ye shall bear the mighty sons of the quill! Sing for joy, O ye dolphins, for you shall behold their greatness! When the proud bark, high towering over the sea, shall glide through the waves of the north; when thy yellow locks, O Napier! shall wave to the wind on her prow; then shall our way be marked on the waters; then shall men say, "There come the mighty sons of the quill!" The blue-eyed niece of Eldrich shall welcome us from the seas. Her eyes shall roll on thee in secret, for she has seen thee, when absent, in her dreams, and has tossed her white arms in the air. Happy is the maid of the North, for her love cometh. Sing, therefore, O Napier, and rejoice, for thy friend is victorious!' The blue eyed maid is heiress of £700 a year, whom Napier keeps a lookout after, and about whom I always joke him since he came last from Aberdeen."

Our young writer had need of all his elation to carry him successfully through the disappointing week that succeeded, and of which he gives the following somewhat amusing account. How our rushing tourists of to day would rebel against the delay and dilemma to which these young gentlemen were subjected!

"NEW MACHAR, 19th Sept., 1789.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon of the Saturday on which our ship should have sailed, Napier, Greenlaw, Guthrie, and your humble servant came down to Leith. We had laid our account with sailing, without fail, that evening, and had taken leave of our friends. When we came there we found our noble Captain had not cleared at the Custom House, and was not to sail till next tide. Never before accustomed to consider the wind in our excursions, we were not a little out of humour at Mr. Milnes' composure when he gave us this information. All Sunday Napier spent his time in attempting to settle, in reading for a few minutes, or in walking to every corner of the house seeking some place where he could find rest. I did all I could to spend this day agreeably with my mother at Leith. On Monday we again visited Mr. Milnes, yet he was not cleared with the Custom House; but told us he was to sail '*to morrow night, expressly—yes yes!*' On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday we paid our devotions regularly at the shrine of our noble captain, and were still favored with an answer precisely in the same terms, till it became 'to morrow morning, expressly—yes, yes, yes;' for he had a custom of always repeating the last word at least twice. He was positively determined to sail at three on the Sunday morning. We waited on him faithfully, and, after spending about two hours on board, were informed that he would 'wait till next tide—yes, yes.' This piece of information, you may well believe, we were very ill pleased to hear. Luckily, time, which cures many things, had lessened the violence of our impatience, and had taught us to hear the last response with more ease than the first one. Had Napier's impatience increased in place of falling away, on the repetition of 'to-morrow night, expressly,' Milnes would certainly have fallen a sacrifice to his fury before three days had elapsed. You can hardly imagine a more disagreeable situation than that in which we were during these days. Freed from masters we durst not see, from fear of being brought back to our stools; without a clean shirt but what was on our backs, they being all on board of the 'Friendship;' perfectly at the mercy of the elements and an Aberdeen skipper more changeable even than the wind, we spent our time in staring at the chimneys; in gaping incessantly, like children, at the smoke, watching every turn of it that seemed to indicate a change of wind, and in walking like two miserable vagabonds, or half-pay officers, totally without employment. I was deprived even of the pleasure of your company, Guardian, for the sheets on which I now write were squeezed into my portmanteau.

"At last—for every evil must have an end—we were all ready; every passenger was on board and had taken his or her respective seat on a wool pack. We were clear of our moorings, and nothing was a-wanting but our most noble Captain; he, it seems, was enjoying himself over some gin toddy, which he was willing to prefer, at certain times, to ship, cargo, and all together. He, at last, this mighty man, commander of one mate and one boy, made his appearance, and about three o'clock on Sunday, the sixth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, we set sail, after being jeered to death almost by Colonel Napier, of whom I took leave six times, about our Admiral, as he called him.

"While we were waiting this noble personage, I had time to speculate among the crew and passengers, in doing which I spent my time by no means disagreeably. Our ship was about thirty feet long and, I suppose, about ten broad; the sides were hung round and round with large packs of wool, with which also the decks were almost completely covered. The boat was fastened in the middle of the deck, and was filled with a great quantity of spare sails, bandboxes, and bundles of all kinds, colors, and denominations. In the middle of these, wrapped up in a gray cloak, the hood of which was drawn over a long, lean, complexioned visage, sat an old woman of sixty-nine; she prayed fervently with shut eyes and her hands clapsed in one another. Behind her stood the pilot, and, had we been going to cross the Styx, we could not have had a more blackguard-looking rascal to steer us. Behind this good old woman were seated two young women, who drew my attention from the trim neatness of their dress and from a particular kind of sneer, which our good pilot's conversation every now and then extorted; this, while it showed an attention to his edifying discourse, seemed also intended to express a squeamish prudishness and delicate disgust, which would have been fully as well expressed by silence. Beside these damsels was a young man, at a respectful distance. He was dressed in a gray, creditable great-coat, and had on a complete suit of brown clothes, the coat of which, in spite of the present fashion, which almost prevents you from seeing the nose but in front, displayed not the smallest vestige of a cape. From this circumstance, from the size of his hat and its round uniformity—for it had never been required to salute either male or female—from the sleekness of his untied, unpowdered hair, and from his manner altogether, I soon found he was a Quaker.

"With this company we sailed out of Leith Harbor, and for half a hour moved only by the help of the pilot boat, it was so calm. The evening was most delightful, and as the motion could not make any on deck the least uneasy, we all got into very good spirits."

But as night came on the weather grew colder, the wind rose high, the passengers were most of them ill; the accommodations were of the most meager description, and our two scribes, though fortunate enough to escape seasickness, found their pleasure excursion to be little worthy of its name. This part of it, however, came to an end after a passage of eighteen hours, and, as James continues—

"We reached Aberdeen Bay at nine o'clock Monday morning, and, after paying two and sixpence for sailing one hundred and thirty miles, and giving sixpence to two boys for rowing us from the ship to the shore, we made all the haste we could to Wilkie's new inn, where our sea expedition may justly be said to have ended.

"NEW MACHAR, October 2nd.

"After landing, Napier conducted me to the best inn in the place here. You may well believe we made a hearty breakfast, after which we got the barber, as much to tell us news as to lend his hand in making us somewhat comfortable. Unaccustomed as we were to the sea, the motion of the ship had the effect of making everything appear as if it were moving before us. In vain did we attempt to remove this by the barber's assistance. A good dinner even, and a bottle of port, that sovereign cure of all disagreeable sensations, could not produce this effect; every glass, indeed, to use a fine phrase, added, or seemed to add, an irregular to a rotatory motion. At last, Sleep, that blessed daughter of Heaven, sent on earth to support men under their cares and anxieties, paid us a friendly visit, and with her gentle influence made us forget Milnes and all his disagreeableness. Our eyes forgot the motion of the sea, and we became certain about seven next morning, and not till then, that we were once more on *terra firma*. We procured hacks with some difficulty, and, after breakfast, set out for our prospective habitations. As I knew nothing of the road, and as we were very unwilling to separate, Napier carried me with him to New Hills. I left there in the evening and came to this place, which is about ten miles from Aberdeen, about eight o'clock. When I arrived I found that the minister was from home, so that I had the pleasure of spending near two hours *tête-à-tête* with his *cara spoza*, of whose sweet comeliness and agreeable manners I had heard much at New Hills. I found her appearance and manners equal to my highest expectations. She is a young woman about two-and-twenty; she has a fine person, a face truly feminine, a dark complexion, a pair of the finest blue eyes I ever saw, a skin without anything tawny in its appearance, and so delicate that you seem to see the blood moving in her veins, and, above all, a smile when she is pleased, which is, in my opinion, fascinating beyond anything I ever beheld. Mrs. Stronach's manners are not polished, but, guided by a native kind of delicacy, are to me far more pleasing than the finest turns of fashion.

"About eleven o'clock Mr. Stronach came into the room; he is a pleasant, sharp-looking little man, is remarkable for a shortness in one leg, is always joking, except for about half an hour before sermon on Sunday, and is very fond of playing Scotch reels, at which, in my opinion, he has become a great proficient. He is an excellent farmer and indulgent parent, and makes a fond and attentive husband.

"October 10th.

"Such are the people I have come to live amongst, and I need hardly tell you that I am as happy as possible with them. Their attention to me is very great. I have the new-laid egg with the minister, live on cream when I ask for milk; in short I dare hardly ask for anything lest they take too much trouble to procure it for me. I spend my time in strolling about with Mr. Stronach; in helping him with his hay or corn harvest; in now and then disputing with him; in helping him to small bowls of most excellent whisky punch, every day after dinner, which never fails to introduce a long talk about the ladies, introduced in general by my drinking Miss Creedland, who is my toast always in this part of the world; in doing all I can to return the civility and attention of the ladies—for Mrs. Stronach's mother is also here; in giving little Fan a 'showdy,' as it is here called; in dancing, commonly by myself, while the parson plays; in now and then walking six miles across the country to see Napier, and, though last not least, in perusing with much pleasure Robinson's 'History of Scotland.' Such are my employments, and if health, peace of mind, and sober living, joined to a continued exertion on my part to please those who are kind to me, can bestow happiness, I certainly enjoy it. Upon the whole, I never was more satisfied of the possibility of being happy without riches, and never wished more for a snug settlement than at present. The minister possesses but about eighty or ninety pounds a year; he drinks, in general, fair, unadulterated whisky, which, let me tell you, is no bad drink made into toddy; has a snug house, sees his friends, preaches once a week, is liked, has a handsome wife, and wants ambition. Is not this a happy man? He lives equal, if not on a higher line, with those people who generally get the name of honest countrymen, of all people those whom I most admire. They are unadulterated Scotchmen, and have a good deal of that pride for which we are remarkable. In them, however—for they are happy in wanting family titles to boast of and to mislead their notions—it is attended with no bad consequences. To it they have been indebted for a good education; it prompts to industry, for it stirs up a spirit of independence. Employed in cultivating, sometimes with their own hands, a soil that never flatters, and in studying the changes and nature of a varied climate, they have acquired a strong and masculine sagacity and an amazing acuteness; while the cares of a family and the incidents of domestic intercourse polish without softening the character. They have learning enough to be able to convey their knowledge to others and to make their company, in my opinion, much to be courted. It must have been from such men that Rome found her generals when, as we are told, they were taken from the plow; it was to men of their moderation that she consigned even a dictator's authority without fear.

"I am led into these reflections from the many different customs which prevail in Aberdeenshire—some better, some worse, than those we find in Mid Lothian. They have here a kind of active spirit which we want, and which seems to have given rise to a most indefatigable industry. Of the countrymen here I have already given you a specimen. The women seem no less remarkable for diligence in their departments. They all spin with double-handed wheels, and do twice the work of those who use only a single wheel. They never walk but they are employed, even on a journey, in knitting stockings. The same spirit will in time make this a beautiful and a rich country. Most places seem to want such men as are calculated to carry on improvements with success. Patience and attention may, in time, produce wonderful changes on the face of a country; but without genius be joined, the work must go on but slowly. Men who, in the retirement of a college, receive fine educations, have naturally vast undertakings, are fond of theory and unacquainted with practice; they leave the execution of their designs to inferiors; the plans which, perhaps, have wanted only their attention to make them succeed, commonly fail, and, with them, their projectors. The men here, on the other hand, have too much practice without theory. What attention can do they perform; what others invent they follow, when they are certain that it will succeed; but they want that general knowledge of the subject which, when it sees the effect, inquires after the cause, which adopts no plan without reason. They are perfectly unacquainted with that patient attention which tries cautiously to discover what are the reasons why the plan does not succeed, or that it is attended with more than common success. A failure is followed by a total disregard for the method and principles of the plan. Success, again, makes men fall into it so keenly that they are generally disappointed. A person of a character something between the two, who has humility enough to see his plans faithfully executed, and who tempers an active genius with observation and liberal enquiry, is the man whom the country ought to cherish. The manner of speaking here is singular, even to a proverb. They have a tone which neither time nor change of place can remove. They are wonderfully hospitable to strangers, have much liberality in their religious opinions, and are not troubled with over-strained delicacy. The worthy family are all in bed, though it be yet hardly ten, and have left me by the side of a snug peat fire to enjoy the pleasure of chatting with you."

The Home

A SHORT TALK ABOUT POVERTY.

By Elizabeth Cumings

"I WAS born to a hard fortune," one of my father's hired men often complained to me, as he tied up flowers or cleaned the paths. "My mother allays d I come to town of a Friday, an' I know I was born to a hard fortune." After long and careful observation of the habits of some of the poorer classes, I am compelled to believe that certain men and women are born o a hard fortune, and that nothing can be done for hem that will vitally better their condition, just as ertain varieties of wood will not take on a high polish with any amount of rubbing and varnish.

Industry, frugality, and the ability and willingness to take trouble will always win rewards. No Union is necessary to the man who possesses them. His rights are safe in his own hands. It is the many who have not these qualities, who, finding no upward path from poverty, raise a bitter clamor against their employers, and who call the man who, by dint of hard work and natural endowment, has in fifty years or more secured a fortune, "a gold aristocrat."

It is a hard fact that a certain number of people are born into this world "tired." They take to laziness as a duck takes to the water. There is also an ingrained envy, a bitter resentment toward all superiority, in some souls. From causes I need not name, poverty gives birth to a large percentage of the "tired" and cross-grained, and from them comes the "soldier," the workman who studies to save himself effort, whose sole aim is, like the slave's, to make an appearance of industry. "Soldiering" does not always make a man incapable of industry for himself, but it has that tendency, and when he is once discovered, as he surely will be, he is not in the line of promotion. The finer work and better pay are given to the man who, like Adam Bede, takes pride and delight in his work.

Unhappy the housekeeper who has a "soldier" in the kitchen! No matter what wages she offers or bargains she makes, the "soldier" will do only what she elects as her work, and if sickness or extra duties threaten, the memory of past kindnesses innumerable will not keep the "soldier" to her post. A friend of mine who has a house containing nine rooms, with halls and closets, gave up housekeeping for a year, and with her husband took her meals across the street. It would be easy, she thought, to find a girl to wash, iron, and sweep, and who would in intervals of leisure do the mending and coarse bits of sewing. She paid the highest wages, and offered unusual privileges, but found it impossible to obtain a servant who would use a needle the three days in the week she was almost wholly unemployed. When a guest arrived Bridget departed. "The place is spoiled, mem," she said; "I can't stay if ye have company. I won't wash for another bed." A true "soldier," this servant had wandered through half the kitchens in the city, never staying long, always dissatisfied, "born to a hard fortune."

Though the power to take trouble may be cultivated, much depends upon natural endowment; for its lack is as apparent in the management of the worker's personal affairs as in his management of his employer's. In all work the painstaking way is invariably saving of time, money, and discomfort in the long run; but to obtain servants who will learn the best ways and hold to them, is the despair of the housekeeper. It is equally difficult to teach small economies and neatness, because they, like the best way, cost trouble. For instance, the wear and tear of carpets, soap, brooms, and scrubbing-brushes, are appreciable items in a year's expenses. A mat guards every outer door in my house, but neither precept nor example can induce the servants to use one. The windows are polished with the best towels, and the finest soap is used to scrub the hearths the moment my back is turned. A fine damask napkin does duty for a dish-rag, and another is used to clean up my toilet articles. Repeated warnings and stern rebukes failed to frighten Bridget out of stirring up her fire with coal oil. We buy the best we can find, but I one day opened the kitchen door just as a quantity of ashes and burning coals were blown from the stove upon the floor. The flames flashed dangerously near Bridget's cotton gown, and I said, gravely:

"You see you came very near suffering this time for disobeying my orders."

"Nobody ever heard of any one wearing scapulaies burning up," she said, confronting me with fine disdain. "O' course Protestants don't understand it, but I ain't afraid!"

I understand the virtues of a key. I have locked up he coal oil. The kindlings cost Bridget a little more effort to get, but they are safer and cheaper. When first began housekeeping, I prepared a quantity f house-cloths and dish-towels, and put them in the ervants' care. To my dismay, they disappeared like frost in the sun. "Worn out," Bridget said. After much quiet poking about I discovered a grimy heap in the coal shed, that on investigation turned out to be some of the "worn out" articles. I fancy the rest were burned, to *save* washing. These are all small matters, but it is the margins of waste in housekeeping which makes or mars a small income, and the servant who habitually seeks to save herself trouble at the expense of her mistress will be quite as ready to take the easiest, most wasteful way when she has a house of her own. Old dresses are almost invariably thrown into the rag-bag by servants, instead of being put to other uses. Underclothing is purchased ready made, and garments are flung about, and so rarely cleaned or cared for that they last little time. Patching, darning, and brushing are sordid cares fit only for mistresses. I have tried hard to excite habits of industry in my own, and have cut out garments, giving cloth, needles, buttons, and thread, and found, after I had squandered my time, the work was carried to a seamstress, and Bridget spent her leisure as before—on the streets, or whispering to the servants next door that four dollars a week scarcely kept a rag on her back.

The worker who shuffles through a day cannot feel toward the money he has earned exactly as a man does who puts his best effort into his work. He has gotten it as easily as possible. He spends it easily. I well remember carrying a bundle of clothing my mother had spent hours over to a negro who got a living by what he called "gin'al bizness." The poverty of his home was indescribable, but he and his family were dining on lamb, green peas, and strawberries, then the most expensive dainties in the market. One spring, while boarding, I had several boxes of strawberries given me. They were thirty five cents a quart, and I had not had any. Wishing to share the treat, I offered my laundress a box. "I'll take 'em if you don't want 'em,' she said, coldly; "we've had 'em ever since they come to market." I gave a hat to a servant a few weeks ago. It was exactly as I had worn it, and expected to wear it, till sympathy got the better of me. But the shape was not the latest, and Bridget had to spend three dollars to make it presentable.

The city in which I live is a manufacturing center, and I have been told by grocers, butchers, and bakers that the working people buy the highest-priced goods. I know that weekly the opera-house and concert halls are crowded by men and women who have not a dollar laid by for a rainy day. Beer is sold by at least one-half the grocers, and saloons and tobacconist shops do a thriving business. Shorter hours of work and higher wages for the artisans would of course benefit a certain per cent. of the workers, but all purveyors of gross indulgences and amusements would wax fat at the expense of the classes "born to hard fortune."

Not far from where I live is a little mining town. The average wages of the miners are four dollars a day, yet it is hard to imagine more squalid poverty than that in which these men live. "It is not so bad as it was when coal was high," explained the superintendent to me. "It was dreadful when the men had more money to spend." Now, the average professional man does not earn much more than four dollars a day—the preacher certainly does not—yet his children are brought up with refined and gentle habits, and he does not strike, or curse God or the world for his poverty.

Any one who has been thrown in contact with the class I have attempted to describe knows they are extremely difficult to influence, and equally difficult to teach. In their eyes, money makes all the difference between men, and they bitterly resent their own lack of it, unconscious that they neglect every means by which it can be obtained. There is little help for the adults of this class, but something might be done for their children if our public schools taught hands as well as heads, or, speaking more correctly, the hands and head. The man who can do "a good job" has a powerful incentive to do and live his best.

STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.[1]

By Mary B. Willard.

PERHAPS I can do no better service as a foreign correspondent of the Western Association of Collegiate Alumnæ than to translate from "Die Frau in Gemeinlı zigen Leben"—a quarterly magazine for German women—the story of the struggles and triumphs of a young Finland girl at the University of Helsingfors. At the time I first read the article I was so fortunate as to meet Herr Professor Dr. Sinnaberg, a professor in this University, who was spending his summer vacation in Berlin. He gave additional testimony to the success of Miss Aestrom, as well as information concerning the general state of woman's higher education in Russia and Finland.

From him I learned that there is no prohibition of women students in Helsingfors University, though each candidate must secure permission before she can enter. There are very few women now entered there, mainly because of the lack of provision for proper preparatory training. Efforts are now being made to increase the number and improve the character of preparatory schools to meet this want. The latest progressive step in this direction is a co-education school in Helsingfors, with an eight-year course of study preparatory to the University courses. Women are now entering this school in greater numbers than ever before, showing its adaptation to a real need.

But to give you the story of Emma Aestrom, I must go back to the magazine.

The year 1882 marks the first step of progress in woman's higher education in Finland, as during this year the first degree of Doctor of Philosophy ever conferred upon a woman was given to Miss Emma Aestrom by the University of Helsingfors. This first step has, however, a double significance, because it includes, not only the triumph of an idea, but of a personality as well, which may be taken as representative of the character of the people, for of this young woman it can be truly said, "She froze, hungered, and conquered."

Emma Irene Aestrom, born on the 27th of April, 1847, in Kirchspiel Zafsala, is the daughter of a civil engineer. The daughter was first instructed at home, but her later studies were neglected, as there was no school in the neighborhood. She helped in the house, the yard, and the barn, and drove, in summer, the cattle to pasture, where she sat hours long thinking and dreaming.

Her feverish desire for learning, which began to tell upon her health, reached such a point during her confirmation lessons that by her well-considered and thoughtful replies she attracted the special attention of the clergyman giving the instruction. He succeeded in inducing her parents, who had already care and anxiety enough in life, but who had no understanding of her suffering and wants, to send her, in the autumn of 1865, to the Seminar or Normal School at Jyvaskyla. Of the Finnish language, in which all instruction here was given, she had little knowledge, being only self taught, but was at once accepted for three years as fourth among forty-six young women. Here began a new life for her; no labor was too severe, and often she sat wakeful a nights, while her school-fellows slept, and thought over all she had learned during the day, but took so little notice of her immediate surroundings that after several years she scarcely recognized her mates in class. After a few months in school she received news of her father's great poverty through the loss of a lawsuit and the self-imposed task of paying his father's debts. Her anxious face—for now she thought her studies were forever over—impressed the director of the school very deeply, and finally, by sympathizing questions, he drew from her the truth. From this time on she possessed in Dr. Cygnaeus, the director, a second father, who, so far as her sensitive nature and her extreme self denial would permit, provided for all her wants during the three years in which she was a student in the Seminar. During the fourth year, when she was obliged by the conditions of the school to reside outside, her means were so small and her poverty so great that oftentimes she had nothing on which to breakfast but a little *snow* on her way to the Seminar! Her dinners were always taken at the home of Dr. Cygnaeus. Another teacher, knowing her passionate desire for knowledge, gave her extra lessons in algebra, and aroused in her the ambition to take a degree—a goal toward which she had aimed from childhood, but now seemed to her unattainable. However once more awakened, these thoughts gave her no rest, and as she finished the Seminar course, standing first in her class, and accepted a position as teacher, she felt that she must learn still more, particularly Latin, the limit of her highest wish.

Scarcely, however, was her ambition known in the small city, than from all sides friends, counselors, and dissuaders swarmed about the young girl. Most zealously of all with few exceptions, the women tried to convince her of her unwisdom. They called it intellectual pride, refined selfishness, which set her own development before the devoting of the gifts already received to the good of her fatherland and the instruction of the poor and unlearned about her. They warned her of poverty, of debts, and consequent moral degradation; they reproached her with insufficient ability, and painted the disgrace of defeat and the liability to illness through overwork, together with all the possible dangers and temptations of the future.

In short, there were no social, moral, or physical evils which the feminine acquaintances of Emma Aestrom did not set before her in the hopes of dissuading her from her insane freak. But the silent little teacher let them talk, battled in lonely hours and sleepless nights her natural fears and those awakened by her friends and finally, in the autumn of 1870 journeyed to Helsingfors, there to prepare for her student's examination. Without recommendations, and with scarcely twenty dollars in her purse, the savings of her last year of teaching, and with little more wardrobe than she

[1] A paper written for the recent annual meeting of the Western Association of Collegiate Alumnæ at Ann Arbor, Mich.

wore, she arrived at the seat of the University of Finland. She found a lodging in a room with three of her old Seminar schoolmates, and when these three went home for the Christmas holidays she worked on in the unheated room, although the mercury fell to 30 degrees below zero (Celsius thermometer), and there was not a corner of the little room free from wind and cold.

She paid her rent (about fifteen dollars) for the entire winter beforehand, and now the remaining five dollars must provide for all her living besides. On her arrival in September she bought four breads—hard, dry loaves resembling hard tack or ship's bread—and so divided them that a small piece was allowed to every day till Christmas time. Her dinners were still given her by Dr. Cygnaent, who had moved to Helsingfors at about the same time of her own arrival there. Under such circumstances as these she prepared for her student's examination, and tried above all to learn Latin. She was soon convinced, however, that it was useless to study Latin without a teacher. One day a Lector in the Normal School who had heard of her called her to him and asked her the reason of this intense desire for Latin.

She answered that she could not live happily nor die peacefully without having learned this language; whereupon he offered to teach her, upon the condition that her lessons should be entirely subject to his convenience. They agreed upon two lessons a week, but often they had only two in the month. In all she had only forty lessons. Her first exercise included all the declensions twenty-four pages of grammar, and several pages of extempore writing.

But she recited her lesson in a few days absolutely without failure, and her joy was so great that all her hunger and privations were as nothing. On account of the Nihilistic sympathies of young lady students, the Russian Government had denied all women the right of examination in the Russian and Finnish universities. The endeavors of the Chancellor availed, however, to obtain the permission for Miss Aestrom. She passed her student's examination, and then undertook lessons in several schools in order to get means for taking her doctor's degree.

In the summer of 1874 she was called from her unwearying studies home to her sick and despairing father, and during the month's nursing which followed she fought the hardest battle of her life. She knew that her mother and her three brothers, the eldest of whom was only ten years old, would have from this time no other support than herself, and as her father died her decision was made. She would deny herself the completion of her studies and the fulfillment of her hopes, and devote herself to earning their bread.

Again Dr. Cygnaent came to the rescue, and gave her a year's rest in his own home in the country, and at the end of this time she returned to Helsingfors, threw redoubled strength into her studies, besides giving lessons which she continued till just before her doctor's examinat on in the spring of 1882.

Now, having gained success, Miss Aestrom received on all sides the congratulations of the women who had been her critics.

In this experience Emma Aestrom is not alone among the promising women of the age. Both men and women now united in a national testimonial of 3 500 marks—about $700—which enabled her to pay the few debts of her last year in the university, and honored "the silent, patient worker" (as Topelius called her in a festival poem) with tokens of all kinds, as the first woman in Finland to reach this goal, and remain just as simple and modest as in the time when she prayed for death in order to gain knowledge.

After this promotion she went on with her teaching, devoting herself to the education of her brothers, and continued study. In the spring of 1885 she was chosen Lector in the Seminar of Ekenas, a place never before occupied by a woman in Finland.

It is a rather sad commentary on such exertions that, after all her struggles, she says that scientific studies have only taught her *what the truth is not*, and that truth itself is not to be found in any one system of learning. Such a nature, however, will not rest till some restful truths are found and appropriated, and it is a glory to the women of her country that so steadfast and brave a soul has opened the way for their own advancement.

HOW I WOULD MANAGE MY CHILDREN.

By a Spinster

NUMBER I.—YES AND NO.

I OPEN these papers by saying that I consider no one so well qualified to discuss any subject as he who knows nothing about it. His fancy is not hampered by facts, nor are his broad and beautiful theories brought to naught by rude, disillusionizing experiences.

But I cannot for myself wholly claim this peculiar adaptedness to the work in hand, having in a philosophical spirit studied the management of many parents, wise and otherwise, and having also at different periods held the reins over the backs of sundry wild colts belonging to others.

While these were not the ideal beings I should expect my own to be, but mere ordinary—and sometimes extraordinary—"young ones," they have served to disturb many traditional beliefs on the government of the young, and have done much to convince me that the actual is not always so convenient and soluble as the theoretical. In fact, I have, by the agency of these cherubs, sometimes in impish presentment, been brought to a point of sympathy with that young mother who exclaimed, "I wish I knew half as well how to bring up children as I did before I had any." Nevertheless, I do not find myself wholly bereft of opinions, but have still on hand a curtailed but more carefully assorted stock, some of which have survived and some of which have been evolved from the experiences and observations of years. The first of these is a conviction that so far survives the wreck of time that I should attach a certain fixed value to my "yes and no."

For instance, when assailed by the incessant 'Can't we do so and so?" of the restless schemers, I would try to form a habit of checking the almost instinctive reply, 'Oh, no, I'd rather you wouldn't," until a moment's reflection showed me whether my objection was founded on solid reasons, or only on a slight inconvenience or trifling preference for which it was not worth while to deny the child or subject myself to a contest. Having decided, I should adhere to my refusal in a manner, however genial, to foreclose teasing, or yield my consent ungrudgingly and sympathetically, not dampening the pleasure of the permission, which on the whole I think it best to give, by manifesting the partial reluctance which I inwardly feel.

I am far from advocating that the decision of matters should lie with the judgment and will of a child, but it is surprisingly common that a child's eager desires are baffled when a little study of the subject and a little patience in considering the case would have shown the one in authority that it was practicable and wise to gratify them. This, too, will be in keeping with the strictest authority and the most unquestioning obedience in those cases where a refusal or command is, on the whole, called for. Indeed, it is the one who lets hasty judgment the oftenest says "no" who vacillates and the most frequently ends by yielding a consent with such dignity as she can command, and whose "no" has a corresponding importance in the estimation of those shrewd mind readers, the babies.

To tell the truth, the policy of certain parents by which a purchasing power, if I may so speak, is given to bad behavior, has always been one of the inscrutable mysteries of maternity which I could not be expected to fathom.

For instance, Tommy, in his high chair, sweetly and persuasively asks for more jam. Mamma says, 'No, Jam isn't good for little boys." The child protests with increasing vigor, until, the comfort of the family having been destroyed and Tommy's capabilities of temperfully revealed, mamma says at last, "Well, I don't know that it will hurt him any, after all," and yells, kicks, and thumps subside under the soothing influences of jam.

The point of mystery to the uninitiated is, why, if the sweetmeat is to be given at all, it should not be freely granted in response to the pleasant and suitable request in the beginning, in place of being reserved as the reward of a scene.

Perhaps, however, there may have been a faint impression on the mother's mind at the outset that she was not going to let Tommy have the desired article at all. But where this species of contest is common, it strikes an on-looker that it would be wise for the parent to do some quiet reflection, and, as it were, take account of stock, accepting the fact that Tommy is the possessor of the master will. Then let her by all means give him the laudanum bottle, or the peachblow vase and hammer, but let her do it promptly and cheerfully on first demand, when she can carry the impression of granting the request of an equal, and not at the end, in the character of a subordinate who has entered into an unavailing contest with a superior and been beaten.

NOT BREAD ALONE.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS. One pint of cold boiled milk, one-half cup of yeast (or, if compressed yeast is used, one-half cake), one quart of flour, a little salt, and butter the size of a walnut. When mixed, let it rise as it is; when it is light, knead it. Then wait two or three hours and knead again; then, when light, knead and cut with a round cutter, putting a little butter in the middle, and lapping one side over the other, to make the shape like that of the ordinary French roll.

French Toast. Take one pint of milk, a pinch of salt, and one egg well beaten, and stir all thoroughly together; cut a stale loaf of bread in slices, dip in this custard, and fry in butter in a frying-pan. Serve piled on a napkin, as you would hot buttered toast. It is very nice.

Bread Fritters are made by taking out a lump of dough from the bread which has been rising over night; roll and cut into little diamond-shaped pieces, let rise about an hour, then fry in a kettleful of hot fat, as you would doughnuts. They make a very nice variety for breakfast.

Buns. Two quarts of flour, three tablespoonfuls of yeast, and milk enough to make a stiff batter. Let rise over night; in the morning stir in two-thirds of a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, a little nutmeg or cinnamon. Let it rise four or five hours, shape the buns, put in the crown of each a lump of sugar (cut) that has been dipped in milk, and a good-sized piece of citron. When all are baked, glaze the tops with moistened sugar.

Pop-overs. Two cups of milk, two cups of flour, two eggs. Bake in cups for breakfast or tea.

An excellent rule for Yeast. One quart of hop water, poured over four or five grated boiled potatoes, one cup of sugar and one large teaspoonful of salt, one pint of cold water, and one cup or one cake of yeast.

Waffles. I believe it is considered by some a very difficult matter to make good waffles. I have never known the following rule to fail if followed carefully: Two eggs, one pint of flour, one and a quarter cupfuls of milk, one even teaspoonful of baking powder, butter or lard the size of a walnut, a little salt. Beat well; bake immediately. Heat your waffle-iron, which must exactly fit your stove. Tie a cloth around the end of a fork, have a little cup of melted butter, dip your fork into this, and quickly grease your iron as you cook each waffle. They will not brown handsomely or taste well if you use lard instead of butter. For variety add sometimes a half-cup of boiled rice, thus making rice waffles.

Sandwich Rolls. Bake a common-sized loaf of bread very carefully, so as to secure the lightest brown crust possible. On taking from the oven, roll in a cloth tightly wrung out of water, with a large bread-blanket folded and wrapped around all. Let cool three or four hours cut lengthwise of the loaf (not using the outside piece), first spreading lightly with good, sweet butter, then cutting in slices not more than a quarter of an inch thick, using for this purpose a sharp, thin knife; lay on cold boiled ham cut in very thin shavings, roll up very slowly and carefully, and place where they will not unroll. Always spread the bread with butter before cutting. Serve on a napkin piled in pyramid style, row upon row and they like look nicely rolled dinner napkins. They must be made and served the same day.

Fried Hasty Pudding for breakfast. Sprinkle cornmeal into well-salted boiling water, cooking it well. The next morning cut in slices, each slice dipped in egg and bread or cracker crumbs, and fried in boiling lard.

Excellent rule for Bread. One half a cake of National yeast in one pint and one-half of warm water; in that put one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, and one-half tablespoonful of lard. When dissolved, stir in flour, making a batter stiff as for griddle-cakes. Do this about three o'clock in the afternoon, set in a moderately warm place, and let stand until evening; then add enough flour to knead out on the board, and knead until it does not stick to the hands; then put back in bowl, and let stand over night. In the morning take from the bowl and divide into two portions, mold into shape with the hands, and put it in tins. Do not knead. Let stand one hour. Bake one hour.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WATERMAN RANCH.

A STORY OF PLYMOUTH.

By Frances A. Humphrey.

CHAPTER XII.

WESTWARD, HO!

I see the living tide roll on;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy cape of Labrador,
The Spaniards' "land of flowers"
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern shores;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The continent is ours! —[O. W. Holmes.

TEN days passed, and on the evening of the eleventh Dick had a letter from his mother. As I have said, he had a letter every day—he and Suzette. A little personal letter always, and every fourth or fifth day a joint letter, a kind of journal of what took place daily at the Ranch, with messages from Ch'quita and Pepito and the dogs. As soon as the mother had sent off one journal letter she began another, just as Thackeray says Dean Swift did, who wrote so many letters to Stella that they quite fill a big book. "He cannot bear to let go her little kind hand, as it were," says Thackeray.

And so it was with this mother far away in Colorado. She could not bear to let go the hands of these two.

But this letter was a special letter to Dick, written after she had heard about little Bess. For Suzette, with many tears dropping upon the paper, had written her mother all about her falling asleep.

It was not the first time, as you may suppose, that she had heard of her or of Teddy. For Dick and Suzette had kept a kind of journal too, telling what they did and where they went, what they said and heard said of the many interesting places and things about them. And Dick, who had a capital knack at drawing, illustrated this journal as they went along, with pen-and-ink sketches, and so Mrs. Richard knew exactly how the small gray house looked, and the dolls, and Colonel Yell, as well as the site of the old Fort and Pilgrim Spring, and other weightier matters.

And she had thought and planned many things concerning Teddy. For she had written to Doctor Tom and Aunt Penelope, after she had heard of his motherless condition, to ask about him, and Uncle Tom had replied in a long letter, in which he had told her that although a rough he was by no means a bad boy, and had "the making of a man in him."

He had told her, too, as he did Suzette, that little Bess's life of pain was nearing its end, and he almost dreaded the effect of her death upon Teddy. "For she seems to be the only creature the poor little fellow has to love, and I often wonder what will become of him when she is gone."

And so, after the arrival of Suzette's tear-stained letter, Mrs. Richard sat down and wrote to Dick; and here is the letter, which is a model mother-letter, for the true mother never forgets that there are other children in the world besides her own:

'*My Dear Dick:*

"I have heard with sorrow of the death of your little Bess, and with joy too. You are old enough, I think, to understand what that means—how we may have sorrow and joy at the same time and about the same thing.

"There is joy for little Bess because her pain is over, and in the new life which has now begun with her there is to be no such loss as she suffered in this. We do not know just what that life is. But we do know that this beautiful world is only a faint type of that into which she has gone, and that there God wipes away all tears from all eyes.

"But my heart aches for Teddy. Poor little fellow! I wish I had him here this moment, that I might try, at least, to comfort him. And you must be very gentle and tender with him, my son. Remember that he has never had a mother to love him and bear with him."

"Just as if I could ever forget that!" said Dick to himself, when he got to this point in the letter. And he had to take out his handkerchief and wipe his eyes. Then he braced himself firmly and went on:

"No matter how he may act, do not think him strange. A wounded animal, you know, for you have seen that, creeps away by itself and wants to be alone with its pain. And that is the way sorrow affects many people, and especially does it affect children so—children who have no mothers to go to. So do not think it strange if Teddy should seem to avoid you."

"Queer she should know that!" thought Dick. "Mamma knows about everything."

"His heart is very sore, and even the kindliest touch hurts. He cannot bear it. But you must not let him go away by himself. You must seek him out and let him know you love him. Cheer him with kind words, so that he shall not feel that he is all alone in this great world now his little friend is gone. And choose your words well, my child. Do not talk about little Bess to him. If he wishes to talk of her he will do so.

"And now I have something to tell you which I think will help you to comfort him. Papa and I have been thinking long about the plan of having Teddy come home with you. Uncle Tom writes well of him, and if he comes it will be as one of our family—your brother, who will share everything with you."

"Hurrah!" shouted Dick just here, and so loud that Suzette, who was sitting upon the landing of the staircase by the tall old clock and weaving all sorts of fancies concerning the English carvings, ran in to see what he was about. "Mamma's a brick—a jolly brick!' he said, and then he read the last sentence over again to Suzette, and they finished the letter together.

"It is not without a good deal of thought that we have come to this decision, and it will bring a good deal of responsibility upon you as well as upon us. But I trust my boy is ready to take upon himself responsibilities and do his part in saving for a good and noble manhood this little waif. You have already come to love him, and to love everything is possible. You will have to practice self-denial and forbearance, to bring into daily practice the Golden Rule; and if you think you are not equal to this we shall have to abandon the scheme. But if you are, go to Teddy when you get this and tell him. And God bless you, my dear boy Dick!"

"Oh, isn't that good of papa and mamma!" exclaimed Suzette, as Dick both relieved and expressed his feelings by tossing the letter to the ceiling, only to catch it and toss it again. "I think we have the best father and mother in the world. Teddy going to Colorado! Oh, won't he like it! And he shall have Chiquita; he won't be afraid to ride Chiquita. And I can ride Sancho; I can manage Sancho."

"Oh, pooh! just as if Teddy can't ride Sancho! He'll make a splendid rider, he's so fearless. Oh, won't it be fun to teach him!"

"And I shall have two brothers," said Suzette, exultingly. "Only you'll always be the twin brother, 'heart of my heart,' as papa says. But *do* go and find him, and tell him, right off."

But this was easier said than done, for Dick had only caught two glimpses of him since the day little Bess died, and when he questioned Mrs. White concerning him she replied that she "didn't know nothin' about where he was, and, what's more, she didn't care; he was gettin' jes' good f'r nothin', and didn't earn his salt."

Dick looked all around his usual haunts, the wharves. He explored every part of Burial Hill. He walked along the shore road to the railway station. But he found no Teddy. Then he thought of the little grave in the cemetery, and he went there, and Teddy was sitting beside it. His head was upon his knees, and he did not hear Dick's step upon the turf. Dick sat down beside him, and put his arm around his neck. Teddy seemed to know, without looking, who it was, and so they sat for some minutes.

At last Dick said, cheerfully, "I've got a letter from my mother about you, Teddy, that I guess you'll like to hear. Mayn't I read it?" and then Teddy lifted his head, and Dick saw that his face was very dirty, and there were tear-streaks in the dirt. His hair was rough, too, and he seemed to have gone back to the old disorderly ways before he knew Dick.

And so Dick read the letter slowly and in a cheerful voice, and as he read a brighter look came into Teddy's hopeless little face—a look of bright astonishment.

"Wants me t' come home with you?" he exclaimed incredulously, as Dick finished. "I go to Colorado! Y' don't mean it!"

"That's about it," replied Dick. "And you'll have grand times, I tell you! There's Sancho to ride. He's a jolly pony! Jo trained him, and he can leap a ditch, and walk on his hind legs, and play 'whoop-and-hide.' And there's the sheep and the collies. I tell you, Teddy, it'll take you six years to learn all about the sheep! And there's mamma. 'Tisn't every boy can have such a mother as mamma for the taking."

"She must be awful good t' want me," said Teddy, solemnly. "I ain't good, I know I ain't; but I mean to be. I'll try, yes, I'll try awful hard. Mrs White has be'n jest as hateful! A-diggin' at me ever—ever—sence little Bess died. An' I know I'd oughtn't t' be'n sarcy, but she said little Bess was nothin' but a trouble an' a plague, an' 'twas jest as well that—that—oh, little Bess!" and, with a passionate cry and a flood of tears, he threw himself upon the mound, where the grass was already beginning to spring afresh above his little friend.

I do not think Dick would like to have me tell exactly what he did the next few minutes. Only I will say that he comforted Teddy in the spirit of our divine Lord, who you remember went near to those in affliction and laid his hands upon them.

With that burst of tears the bitterness seemed to be washed out of Teddy's grief, and he wiped his eyes at last with a more cheerful heart, and arm in arm the two boys walked away, the one tall, manly, well dressed, the child of good fortune, who had never known in his own person sorrow or want; the other not quite as tall, but equally as manly, shabby in dress, and whose short life had been one struggle with the ills and pains of poverty. And it would have been difficult to tell which was the happier, the boy who was to share his good fortune or the one who was to accept that share.

And so it was that when, on a day in late September, Dick and Suzette sailed away from Old Pilgrim Town, Teddy was with them, no longer ragged and unkempt, but neatly clad in a suit that Doctor Tom had given him—for he had insisted upon fitting out Teddy himself—and with his black, curling hair carefully brushed, and his hands carefully cared for with the toilet set Miss Penelope had bestowed upon him.

I cannot say that he was altogether cheerful as he watched the spires and towering trees of the town gradually fade in the distance, but he was profoundly happy, and the look he turned upon Doctor Tom, as the last faint outline disappeared, was full of gratitude. For Doctor Tom—now Uncle Tom to Teddy, as well as to the other two, a fact the recognition of which filled him with the utmost humility—was going up to Boston with them to place the three in charge of the friends with whom Dick and Suzette had made their eastward journey, and with whom they were to return Westward, Ho!

There is one Pilgrim story which has been awaiting its proper time and place, which seems to be just here, and that is the romantic story of the Bradford History—for so it is called, though it is really a journal of the Plymouth Plantation, covering the years from 1622 to 1646. Although for a long series of years this manuscript was lost, yet it was known there was such a one, because certain historians of that period, Morton, Prince, and Hutchinson, had made use of it.

It was last known to have been in the tower of the Old South Church in Boston, carefully kept there with other important papers till the time, in 1775–76, when the British soldiery were in that city and made use of the Old South Church for a riding school. It then disappeared, together with Governor Bradford's Letter-Book, and it was thought they had both been destroyed. But James Clark, a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, came across it by chance in a grocer's shop in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and sent it to the rooms of that Society in Boston, where it is now carefully kept.

But no trace of the History was found till 1855, when the discovery was made that it was in the library of the Bishop of London, England, at his palace at Fulham.

There it still remains, though we must all agree with Suzette, who said, as she looked at the torn and defaced Letter-Book, that it was "a shame that the History was not there, too." It has, however, been carefully copied and printed, and so we have the history of those heroic times—heroic as the Trojan days of Homer, or as those of Roman story—from one who, like Æneas, not only saw them, but was a part of them.

How the History made its journey from the tower of the Old South Church in Boston to the shelves of the Fulham Library we shall probably never know. But we all have the liberty of speculating about it as we please, which Suzette did to her heart's content, at last suggesting, in sheer despair of any rational certainty, that it had been spirited through the air like the magic carpet in the Arabian Nights.

This story has been kept to the last, as the old Letter-Book of Governor Bradford was the last glimpse Dick and Suzette had of Old Pilgrim Town, and they lingered long over its time-stained pages.

They had left the Rooms, and were going slowly up Tremont Street, when a policeman, standing at the Parker House corner, fixed his eyes upon them. A broad smile illuminated his round and rosy face.

"Hullo!" he remarked, as he espied Teddy, who touched his hat with what might have been taken for a long-established grace. "Y' didn't come up as a stowaway this time, I'll bet!"

"No," replied Teddy, as Dick and Suzette moved slowly on, and speaking with great exactness. "I came up with them. I'm going home with them. I'm going to Colorado to live."

The policeman whistled. "Y' don't say so! Goin t' live t' Colorado! Well, well, I'm glad for y'. But how is little Bess?"

Teddy hesitated a moment. A soft mist came over his eyes.

"Little Bess?" he said, looking wistfully at the policeman. "Little Bess? God's took her."

Such is the force of habit and association! And I think if Teddy should live till the threescore years and ten, and should acquire the most cultured speech, he would still, in thinking or speaking of little Bess, go back to the language of those ungrammatical days.

[FINIS]

THE SCISSORS-BIRD AND HIS SOUTHERN FRIENDS.

BY MARY A. ROE.

NOT long ago I told the Northern children about some of the large insects of Texas. Possibly they may be interested in some things I have observed or heard about the Southern birds.

During May, June, and July, in the large peach orchard on my brother's ranch, there lived a great variety of birds, several entirely new to me. The first that arrested my attention was one as large as our Northern robin, with light, dove-colored wings, yellow breast, and two long tail feathers. They call him here the Scissors-bird, but in natural history he is known as the Forked-tail Fly-catcher. One was building a nest quite near the house, and while sitting outside with my sewing I had dropped some scraps of muslin. I was called in, but just as I was returning to resume my seat, this bird flew down and picked up a long, narrow strip, and was about to carry it off when a large, half-grown chicken, supposing it something good to eat, grabbed the other end. I stood a moment watching the struggle, which was very comical, as both were tugging at the rag with all their strength. But something startled the chicken, or he felt it was not worth fighting for, and the scissors-bird flew away in triumph, while I had the pleasure of seeing her weave the muslin into her nest.

They have a sweet song, but not equal to the mocking-bird. There seems to be a mutual antipathy between these two. Whether the former resented the perfect imitation of his notes I do not know, but I often

watched their battles, and saw the scissors chase the mocking bird from the orchard.

Many of you may have seen mocking-birds in cages. But their song in the South has a variety and sweetness they never learn when caged. During their nesting time the male bird seemed perfectly jubilant, and one perched upon the ridge-pole of our house would sing from early dawn till late at night, and, during moonlight, the whole night, till one realized it was possible to have too much of a good thing. They imitated perfectly the notes of all the birds around us, and some variations had evidently been borrowed from tropical b'rds.

There is another little stranger, with beautiful plumage, whose colors are almost as brilliant as the humming bird. It is the painted finch or bunting, called here the Mexican canary. Its notes are like a young canary when just learning to sing. There were a variety of larks, especially the meadow-larks, and song-swallows, that were tireless singers. Also quails and doves, who built their nests in the prairie grass. Some of the nests on the low trees were so beautifully decorated with long moss, grasses, and cotton, that I could hardly believe it was the work of the bird alone. In the woods you see the beautiful cardinal bird and, the Texas red-bird, whose plumage is not quite so brilliant. They are nearly as large as our thrush, and have a clear, peculiar song that is always recognized when once heard. They seldom build out of the timbers.

These are a few of the songsters that for three months made the air ring with their melody. Then, when their nesting time was over, they seemed to disappear. Whether they moved further South or North, or were simply resting through the intense heat in shady nooks, I do not know.

One of the greatest benefits to this country is the turkey buzzard. Wherever a dead body lies, there these carrion birds assemble; and soon only the hide or feathers and bones remain. They are disgusting creatures on the ground, but seen soaring high in the heavens their motions are the embodiment of ease and grace. They are valued so much as scavengers in this hot climate that there is a fine of fifty dollars for shooting one.

During August, when the grasshoppers were thick, large flocks of swallow-tail kites came to feed upon them. They are a beautiful bird, measuring four feet from tip to tip of wing. I saw one shot so he could not fly, and had a chance to examine him closely. His body and head were snowy white, with large, fearless black eyes, glossy purple-black wings and tail, having downy white feathers on the under part that showed beautifully when flying. These birds seemed always on the wing Day after day I watched them swoop down and catch a grasshopper in their claws, and while still flying place the insect in their bill and sail on till that was eaten and they were ready for another. Even when they went to the tank for a drink, they would just dip the tips of their wings in the water, then pass the wet feathers across their beak, never pausing for a moment.

There is another strange bird on the prairies called the butcher-bird. He kills mice, little birds, and insects, eats what he wants for the present, then impales the rest on the barbed wire fences for future use, as a butcher hangs up his meat in his stalls.

I have also been told of the curious habits of another bird called the road-runner, or the chaparral cock. If chased it does not fly, but will run very swiftly for miles, often following the straight road. A gentleman told me that these birds have such an antipathy to rattlesnakes that if they find one coiled up asleep they will collect the leaves of the prickly-pear cactus, which grows in great abundance here, and place them in a circle around the snake. When he wakes up and attempts to crawl away, the sharp spines of this cactus pierce his delicate skin so that he cannot pass over them, but becomes perfectly furious and finally kills himself with his own poison.

This gentleman first noticed the leaves in a circle with the skeleton of a snake inside, and finally observed the birds at their work.

I have been told that upon the plains in the western part of Texas are seen the burrowing owls, who live in company with the little marmots or prairie dogs. It is supposed that the owl occupies burrows forsaken by the dogs, but not very much is known certainly about their habits, for at any alarm the marmots and owl will run into the same hole, and often in company with rattlesnakes and lizards.

There are some other strange birds I have seen, but have not been able to examine them close enough to tell you much about them. Most all have now left us on their migration to a still warmer clime, guided by the unerring instinct God has so wonderfully bestowed upon them.

If tempted not to pray, pray the more. If tempted to postpone prayer, pray at that very time; most probably God has a blessing for you; Satan suspects he has, or he would not be so anxious to persuade you to put off prayer.—[Dyer.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

By Mattie B. Banks.

SIMPLE tableaux, charades, and acted ballads are favorite amusements with young persons. Those boys and girls who have exhausted their supply of these things may be glad to know of some new subjects that are suitable for such purposes. In the December number of "St. Nicholas" for 1884 is a little poem called "Sweet Miss Industry," which has been found to be very pretty and effective when acted out, and to require very little trouble and expense in getting up.

A curtain should be hung across one end of a long room, or a small room should be shut off in the same way. A large clothes-horse spread out and draped with any dark material should be stood on one side of the room, close to one end of the curtain-opening. On the opposite side there should be another clothes-horse in a similar position, except that space must be left for a way of entrance and exit. These horses must be connected at the back of the room by another in which the covering should be drawn aside in such a manner as to make place for a small window. Build a fireplace by putting a rather long, high table across one corner of this inclosure, and lining the whole space left beneath the table with something red, to look like painted bricks. A heavy bedquilt answers very well. Then place andirons on the hearth, and tie a large hook of some sort to a string passed over the top of the table, and hang a kettle on the hook. Cover the surface of the table with anything subdued in color; place a soap-box on each end of the table, and a board on top of the boxes. Over all these put some drapery in such a way as to hide the wood, stand a picture or a looking-glass between the boxes, and range artistic pottery on the board. On one side of the room there should be a desk, or something to look like a dresser. Arrange pretty china and bright tins on the shelves. A wooden bench holding a small wash tub, a table with ironing-board and irons, and a low chair, complete the furnishings. "Sweet Miss Industry" may wear any quaint, simple dress, with a cap and high ruff. The boy's costume may be as easily prepared. Long stockings, knee-breeches, a jersey (blue if possible), a sash, a ruff, a large hat with feathers, and a small red cape, will turn him into the picturesque young gentleman of the story. A little shawl folded and draped across a ribbon will make as fine an appearance as a real cape, a girl's hat and feathers will probably be readily lent, and the ruffs can be made of any stiff muslin or paper. A sword would be an addition In the first scene Miss Industry is sitting on a low stool before the fire, stirring porridge. The gay young prince comes slowly into the room, his hat in his hand; she looks up, surprised, and he says:

"Harkee, busy little miss,
Come and walk with me;
There are prettier sights than this
Kitchen pottery."

She answers:

"Thankee kindly, gentle sir,
But it may not be;
I must e'en the porridge stir
For my Gran'ther's tea."

He says then:

"Pardon, then, my busy miss;
May I call to-morrow?"

to which she replies:

"You'll be very welcome, sir,"

and he bows very low and says, "Good-morrow." She stands, curtsies, and responds, "Good-morrow," and the curtain is drawn.

SCENE 2.—The bench has been moved into the middle of the room; the girl is washing; the prince looks in at the window, smiles, takes off his hat, and addresses her:

"I have horses white as snow,
Sorrel, black, and bay;
Take your choice and let us go
Ride a while, I pray."

She replies, wonderingly:

"Really, sir, 'tis kind of you,
Yet I say you nay;
I have overmuch to do—
It is washing day."

He sighs, and says, as before:

"Pardon, then, my busy miss,"

and so forth; they exchange "good-morrows," and the young man retires.

SCENE 3.—The prince stands in the room, looking at the pretty ironer. He is earnest, she wistful. He points to his yacht, which can be seen through the window. A large toy boat leaning against a piece of blue muslin has the appearance of a yacht on the sea in the distance.

"Yacht and crew are on the sea,
And the weather's fine;
Will you, little busy bee,
Be the freight divine?"

"Sir, the offer flatters me,
Still I must decline;
Yachting may your pleasure be,
Ironing is mine."

"Pardon, then," etc. "Good-morrow"—"Good-morrow."

SCENE 4.—The girl walks into the room, followed by the prince. She has a rake, and wears a large hat. He carries a gun. He is eager, and she is doubtful.

"If you've time to answer, speak;
Tell me true, I pray,
Have you, during all the week,
Any leisure day?"

"Answer, sir, I quickly make:
Seldom do I play;
Now I sew, and now I bake,
Now I rake the hay."

(Here she pretends to rake.)

"Pardon," etc. "Good-morrow"—"Good-morrow."

SCENE 5.—Girl in a low chair, sewing. The prince comes in, and says:

"I have thought the matter o'er,
Sweet Miss Industry.
Busy maidens I adore—"

(Dropping on his knees, and taking her hand.)

"Will you marry me?"

"Marry, sir? I cannot say;
If your wife I'd be,
Would I then have time to play?
Truly?—"

(The prince nods and smiles)

—"Let me see."

"Ah, then, set the wedding day,
Ere I bid good-morrow."

"Oh, sweet sir, excuse me, pray."

The girl jumps up hastily. They both bow very low, and part with a sad lingering "Good-morrow."

A room exactly like this one, with the exception of the bench and the ironing table, may serve for "Dame Nature's Reception." This idea was also suggested by the "St. Nicholas," but can also be carried out by those who have not the magazine. Dame Nature should be dressed in a fanciful, flowered gown, a large apron, a white kerchief crossed in front, a frilled cap, mitts, and spectacles. She must have besides in readiness a cloak, a large hat, a hood, and a bright-colored shawl. Flower-pots, boxes of seeds, and gardening utensils may be scattered about the room. A slight alteration in Mother Nature's dress in the matter of wraps, hats, or caps will mark the change from one month to another. The months should be represented by two boys and two girls, so that one may make ready while the other is performing his or her part. The boys should be dressed somewhat alike; knee-breeches, long stockings, and a bright jersey make a good foundation. Over these January wears a long ulster or a fur cloak and a fur cap and gloves. February leaves off the cloak and ties a silk muffler around his throat. White canton flannel spotted with black worsted would make fine trimming for the bottom of the jersey and for the sleeves. An ermine robe for Mother Nature to wear in December's time may be furnished in the same way. March has no fur, but carries a horn, and has a bag slung over one shoulder.

The girls should wear, one a fanciful gown, the other a plainer one. April wears a poke bonnet with the simple dress; May, the picturesque robe and a fancy hat, and carries a basketful of flowers. June has roses, and is rather simple in appearance. July adds cap, kerchief, and apron, and bears lilies in her hand. August wears over her gay gown a bright shawl draped over her shoulders, and on her head a turban and feathers. September is a girl in a plain dress with yellow ribbons, and she has some apples. October is laden with grain or fruit. November is dressed for hunting, and wears a shooting jacket and cap. December has a long fur cloak and a velvet hat and feather. He brings to his mother her ermine robe. The months come in one after the other, and exchange with Dame Nature a little conversation appropriate to the season. If this performance should take place about Christmas time, it might be a good idea to have December introduce Santa Claus, who might make a short speech suitable to his character and to the occasion, and distribute gifts to the children. The scene should end by having one month from each season appear before the curtain, and having the four sing either a Christmas carol or a song in praise of winter, full of jingling bells, and reminding one of crisp snow, smell of hemlock branches, and clear, keen air. If acted at any other season of the year, any song complimentary to the hostess, Dame Nature, or to the reigning month, who should be the king or queen of the occasion, will make a pleasant conclusion.

Sunday Afternoon.

THE BROOK BY THE WAY.

By Mary Harrison.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up his head."

OH, pilgrims, who life's way have trod,
Its burdens had to bear,
Know ye the solace of your God
By quiet, trusting prayer?

Prayer drinks the waters from the throne
Which flow for traveling man:
Its draughts the thirsty make their own,
And have since thirst began.

When man's poor erring feet had gained
Those paths where sinners stray,
God turned the river which sustained
Man in his Eden day.

By man's new paths, its streams He gave
Unchanging care to prove;
To give him drink, from thirst to save;
To tell him God is love.

Man thirsts to know the Eternal Mind,
He faints to know God's heart;
God is the river he must find,
Whose waters life impart.

Jesus reveals the Pitying Love—
Your thirsty eyes may see—
His mortal life was lived to prove
What God to man can be.

Bow as the thirsty bows, in dust,
Upon the river's brink.
Humble thyself, His message trust,
Its cooling waters drink.

He knows the world that round thee lies,
The wrongs that lurk within,
The way thy weaknesses surprise
To foolishness and sin.

The desert paths through thirsty mead
His love has planned for thee,
Why shouldst thou trouble where they lead?
Enough that He can see.

He reigns above, He reigns below,
Whom Jesus brought to sight;
We know not what He does, but know
That what He does is right.

Strength comes to him who kneeling bends
Beside this desert stream.
Some praise His rain; the Truth He sends,
A better gift I deem.

Oh, Giver of our Elim springs,
Whose drinkers all are dead,
Life by thy Truth immortal sings,
Nor thirsts—as Jesus said.

—[Sunday Magazine.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.[1]

By Lyman Abbott.

IN order to elucidate what seems to me to be the essential spiritual lesson of this incident, I am compelled to deviate from the limitations which I have laid upon myself in these articles, and ask the reader to an attentive consideration of a somewhat doubtful geographical problem; doubtful I call it, because the debates of scholars have thrown doubt about it, though a comparison of the New Testament accounts with an ordinary map of the Sea of Galilee seems to me to make the narrative entirely clear. Christ fed the five thousand on the plain at the foot of the hills on the northeastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, at the point where the river Jordan enters the sea from the north, on the ruins of what was the ancient city of Bethsaida. According to Luke, Christ took the twelve with him into a desert place belonging to Bethsaida, whither the multitude followed him. According to Mark, after feeding the multitude he told the twelve to sail across to the other side, in the direction of Bethsaida.

From a very early period this supposed inconsistency between Luke and Mark was noted, and accordingly Reland, an ancient Biblical geographer, supposed that there was another Bethsaida somewhere on the western shore of the lake, in the vicinity of Capernaum; and this extraordinary hypothesis of two Betsaidas, within a few miles of each other, on the shores of the same body of water, has been generally adopted by the commentators since, without any independent investigation of the facts. It has no historical confirmation. It was invented to harmonize Luke and Mark. It is needless even for that purpose, and there is not even a suggestion that there are any ruins or any independent traditions to indicate the existence of any other Bethsaida than that which was undoubtedly situated at the entrance of the river Jordan upon the sea of Galilee. The invention of geographical sites for the sake of harmonizing the Scripture is at best a very dangerous process. In this case it is utterly needless, and even worse than needless, inasmuch as the effect of the invention has been to impair the significance of the narrative.

The facts, then, I suppose to have been these; they will be readily understood by any reader who will take the pains to look at a map of the Sea of Galilee as he reads this paragraph: Christ and his disciples left the western shore of the Sea of Galilee and sailed across its northern waters to the plain of Butaiha on its northwestern corner, in the vicinity of Bethsaida. After feeding the five thousand, and after the attempt of the people to compel Christ to accept coronation at their hands, he sent the multitude away and bade his disciples to row out upon the lake along the shore, in a westerly direction, until they should reach Bethsaida; that is, the mouth of the Jordan. He would walk across the country and would meet them there. They started in compliance with his direction. The river Jordan flows down from the Lebanon through a gorge cut by its waters between the hills, and this hilly gorge, leading up to the snow-capped peaks of the Lebanon range, makes a funnel down which the cold winds sweep with surprising suddenness and with great velocity. Dr Thompson, in "The Land and Book," gives some account from his own experience of the fierceness and suddenness of these wind-storms. On one occasion, when he was swimming, the wind came with such suddenness and such force that it was with great difficulty that he could regain the shore. Such a wind burst suddenly upon the lake and drove the boat before it in a southerly or southwesterly direction. The disciples turned the prow of their boat toward the mouth of the Jordan, *i. e.*, toward Bethsaida, where they were to meet their Lord and take him on board to continue their journey; but the wind was strong and the waves were high, and, do their best, they could make no headway against sea and wind. The night had nearly passed; it was already the fourth watch of the morning. They were still toiling at their oars against wind and sea, far from land, when they saw what they took to be a spirit walking through the darkness and the night, and drawing nigh unto them. They cried out with fear; he answered them with words that turned their terror into joy: "It is I; be not afraid;" whereupon they willingly received him into the ship. The wind went down as suddenly as it had arisen, they completed their contemplated journey, came into the land of Gennesaret, and drew to the shore.

If I read this incident aright, its lesson lies upon its surface. It is to be found in the fact that it was while the disciples were endeavoring to come to Jesus at the place and in the manner in which he had appointed that he came out upon the sea to meet them. They were striving to obey him—toiling, laboring, anxiously peering through the gloom. The storm which had arisen and driven them away from their Master they would not yield to; bravely they battled against it that they might fulfill their appointment with their Master. He conquered for them what they tried in vain to conquer for themselves, and so it turned out that the very storm which seemed to be driving them from their Lord, and hiding him from their sight, brought to them a new revelation of his power, and quickened in their hearts a new reverence and love for him. It is when we are seeking Christ that Christ finds us, and the storm which seems to drive us from him brings him nearer us, if we bravely battle on, that we may come to him, in spite of darkness and of difficulty.

It is worthy of note to the Christian disciple, the word of cheer which he speaks: "Be not afraid; it is I." One might almost say that this is the characteristic message of Christ to humanity. The religions of the world have been religions of fear, and, alas that we should say it! the religion of Christ has often been paganized and made a religion of fear. But Christ would not drive his disciples to their duty by terror. He would inspire them by hope and love. In the hour when he is first disclosed to them as the Messiah come to save, the angel message is what it was to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, "Fear not." In the hour when they are struggling with temptation, and are in circumstances which seem to hide and drive them from their Lord, he still speaks the same word he spake to these toiling and storm-tossed disciples—"Fear not; it is I." In the hour of greatest sorrow, when Christ himself seems to be dead, and all hope seems to have departed, his angel messenger brings them the assurance that the angel brought to the downcast and despairing disciples on the first resurrection morn, that he is not a dead Christ, but an ever-living Christ, whom death cannot hold, and cheers them with the same message, Be not afraid; Jesus which was crucified is risen.

Thus in the three epochs of Christian experience, the birth-day, the battle-day, and the day of seeming defeat but real victory, the Christ brings always the same message of hope, of cheer, and of courage: "Be not afraid; it is I."

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for January 15, 1888.—Matt., xiv., 22-36.

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

THE people insisted that the man who had fed them so miraculously must be that prophet that should come into the world; but he, when he discovered their determination to make him king, sent his disciples away from him and withdrew into the mountain alone, by this withdrawal showing again his divine character: to be made a king on earth would have robbed him of his kingship in heaven. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" In nothing does Jesus show his human nature so clearly as in this withdrawal of himself from contact with human beings, that he might bring his soul in close communion with the Father, from whom he received spiritual strength and nourishment for the work he had been sent to do. That the Father manifested his sympathy and consciousness of this need is shown in the voice from heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

What passed on the lonely mountain side that wonderful night, between the Father and Son, while the disciples struggled with the forces of nature and their own weakness, we do not know. This we know: he came to the help of the men he loved, a God walking on the waters, and a voice assuring them of a divine presence amid the tumult of their own souls and the tempest about them; a God whom the winds and the waves reverenced by becoming calm in his presence.

When Jesus commanded his disciples to get into a boat, and go before him to the other side, they obeyed reluctantly. The oarsmen pulled the boat from the shore with their minds still filled with the wonderful miracles they had seen, the burning words they had heard. "This man should be king, for who else can he be but the promised king of Israel?" Yet how he spurned the thought! He sent his own followers away, and would be alone.

All this was on tongue and in brain as the oars dipped and dripped in musical cadence. Softly the night came down over the beautiful inland sea, leaving the mountains' purple shadows. Night at last overshadowed them, and a ripple of wind colored the waters. The wind rose higher, and the oarsmen worked harder and harder, but made slow progress. Midnight came. The wind was now a gale, and the sea was boisterously dashing the boat about, and covering them with spray; and in spite of all their efforts the boat became the toy of wind and wave, and was blown toward the shore they had left. Every heart was filled with fear. The healing of the sick, the sympathy with the afflicted, the wonderful miracle of the hillside supper, when they were guests of the Son of God, all were forgotten. Plunging, pitching, rocking, was the frail boat with its hapless crew quivering with fear. A strange object appears upon the waters in the early morning light. As it comes nearer the outlines of a human form appear. There is a cry of terror from the boat. What could this be but the spirit of evil, which meant destruction? No thought of the watcher left on the mountain!

Sweet, clear, loving, above all noise of the tempest comes the voice saying, "It is I; be not afraid." Strange human ears not to know the voice of our Lord. Are they keener to-day? One man, true to his impulsive nature, cried out, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water!" "Come!" is the answer, and Peter steps out on the storm-tossed waters; and for a moment, while his heart was possessed to go to him he loved, he walked upon them, but when fear entered his heart he began to sink. "Lord, save me!" And the hand of him whose mission was to lift man up took Peter by the hand, and they entered the boat. The wind ceased, the sea became calm, and then, because of another wonder working, Jesus is worshiped as the Son of God. No thought of the tender ties of love and mercy! No remembrance of the earnest words calling them to higher things! They had no conception of the love that had not lost sight of them, but saw them toiling with the contrary wind, and, when strength and courage left them, came walking on the sea; he "who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters," even the Lord, he is their helper. Is his arm shortened to-day?

There are many thoughts for us in this lesson. The first is the necessity for meditation and prayer. A life that accomplishes a work for itself or others must have seasons of withdrawal for communion with the Father, and meditation on the purpose that animates and controls our lives. There must be hours of preparation away from the multitude, if one would gain that mastery over self that sinks all objects out of sight but that which one believes to be his share of God's work in the world.

Another lesson there is for us: But a few hours had

passed since the scenes and incidents of the preceding day, whose climax was the feeding of the five thousand with the lad's five loaves and two fishes. But all is forgotten in the hour of danger, and in fear and trembling the disciples sit awaiting destruction, instead of looking with calm assurance for the rescue that would come from him who had sent them on this journey, and who had never failed to show his love, sympathy, and protecting care. Are we not like them? Does not every new trouble drive out the thought of the past when the hand of God touched and healed us, body and soul; when he fed us with food that nourished body and soul, and we uplifted our faces heavenward in thankfulness and consecration, vowing never again to doubt? Poor human hearts! It is a divine Father who is our helper, and he remembereth our weakness. In the hour of rescue we acknowledge the divinely protecting care, only to cry out at the next shadow, "Lord, save, or I perish."

CORNELL UNIVERSITY SERMONS.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.[1]

By the Rev. J M Taylor, D D.[2]

"A throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."—Rev. iv., 2.

WHY is it that, while the scientific thought of our time has so emphasized the fact of universal law, its religious thinking has tended to limit the assertion of the divine sovereignty, and to exaggerate, as if opposed to it, the doctrines of divine grace? Many individual exceptions there may be, but undeniably the general tendency of our time, as contrasted with the times of our fathers, has been to remove the emphasis from the principle of authority, and to place it upon the contrasted principle of mercy. And a change of emphasis was doubtless desirable, though it may well be questioned whether the change has not been extreme, and, in general, harmful to the best interests of religious thought and life. For such a fact must have far-reaching consequences, and possibly guarded assertions of the schools have filtrated into minds in which they have become vague, unlimited, and dangerous sentimentality. The existence of the tendency is, indeed, of most serious import. It has resulted, religiously, in the cultivation of a sentiment, which finds its chief exercise in religious gatherings, which regards public prayer and public speech as cardinal evidences of spiritual character, and tests Christian life by statistics; which mistakes the "means of grace" for the ends of grace; which preaches only pity, mercy, love, and has no ear or heart for the messages of holiness and justice and authority which nerve the soul and invigorate it in the presence of life's temptations. But the results of this unique emphasis are not confined to the church. They are felt in all society. Social crime is readily condoned, the escape of criminals is connived at and encouraged by legal subtleties, the body politic is enervated until it is incapable of enacting and sustaining laws based on high, unselfish principle. When God becomes "too good" to assert his holiness, no wonder that society becomes lenient, and that men and women are found, not merely to pity, but even to make heroes of the most vicious and abandoned criminals! The strength of soul that can sustain law disappears with the respect for authority.

Our instincts do not deceive us. We must get rid of the idea of the sovereignty of a righteous God if we are to enable ourselves to make justice a sentiment, and life a scene of mere good-will. Russian Nihilism is right in its premises when it asserts that for its ends it must get rid of God, whom it calls the first great lie, and of right, which it calls the second. *Duty*, which shall hold life amid discouragements and temptations, and make it triumphant over obstacles; duty, which shall lift us above our selfishness and shall curb our sin; duty, which makes faithful citizens and develops strong spirits in home and church and State; duty, which renders great lives greater, and transfigures common deeds into the material of glorified character—duty can never be less than the echo of God's own sovereign will—"stern daughter of the voice of God." And that is the quality of life, of character, needed to-day in our homes, in our business relations, in the school and the college, in the church and the State—a vertebrate conviction that there is authority in God, a sovereignty extending to the very words and deeds of us all.

And that thought leads us again to ask the question with which we began—a question fraught now with new importance as we mark the breadth of the influence of the ideas of authority and sentiment. Why in our time, when law is the substance of the preaching of science, when law is discerned more clearly than ever before in the evolution of all life and society—why is it that the tendency to dethrone law has been so marked in the religious world? There would seem to be no logical escape just now from the assertion of sovereignty. Both consistent theories of the universe must lead to it. Do you recall the statement of them made by the eloquent French preacher of the Restoration, Lacordaire? "I believe in God, Father Almighty," the oldest confession of the church, he sets over against that oldest confession of Pantheism, "I believe in Nature, Mother Almighty." But both emphasize *law:* the one a blind authority, fatalism; the other a rational authority, appealing to a spirit of voluntary, filial obedience. The one encourages the stoical elements of character; the other interpenetrates these with a humaner spirit. The one is necessitarianism, tending, even in its highest products, a Marcus Aurelius or an Epictetus, to make machines of men; the other is the sovereignty of a perfect Will, tending, where it is understood, to lift men to sonship of God, to intelligent, rational, voluntary, and loving obedience. It is not for us to discuss which is the more rational principle to accept, when by the eliminating processes of thought we have reduced all to one Force, a Force with intelligence and purpose *personality*, or a Force unintelligent, aimless, and impersonal. "By their fruits ye shall know them." We pass rather to answer our question, to assert that the hesitation to emphasize the sovereignty of God must proceed from limited or wrong conceptions of God and law, from mistaken views of law, and from a misunderstanding of the nature of God.

The common conception of law has involved the idea of arbitrariness and even caprice. The scientific conception, on the contrary, emphasizes uniformity, and banishes altogether that of an arbitrary or any other will. It is perhaps inevitable that, as the two view-points are contrasted, and as the latter idea drives out the former, the result, too generally, shall be the loss of the former idea of authority, without the immediate gain of a broader and truer conception of law, which shall sustain an intelligent and voluntary obedience. For, in reality, theology has long been familiar with the essential truth in the scientific conception of law, and has given it its standing place. Law as unarbitrary, uncapricious, law as the revelation of the nature of things, is no new-comer into the kingdom of thought, and, forgotten though it has been by many a theologian and moralist, it has been the guest of the deepest thinkers of the theological world for many centuries. Let us, then, make our protest against all views of law which intensify the element of arbitrariness; but all the more shall we find law leading us to a personal Sovereign, as we see it to be the very revelation of things as they are, and ultimately, therefore, the expression of the nature of God. Law is uniform, exact, everlasting, precisely because it represents Him who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever;" "from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God." When that is grasped, and its bearings understood, we shall have less protesting against the divine sovereignty, as if it were the dominance of caprice.

And that leads us to the common misunderstanding of the nature of God. Let us not be of those who join the generally shallow outcry against theologians and theologies. We shall be saved from that if we remember that theologies are the results of the efforts of earnest scholars to solve the deepest problems and to meet the loftiest interests of the human soul. We may well object to being compelled to accept the statements of this or that teacher, but such dogmatism is, unhappily, not confined to the circles of our theologians. And surely it is not strange that in surveying the nature of God one temperament, one intellectual tendency, one environment, has led to an emphasis rejected by another. Is the history of the world, then, a calm, uniform progress? Has that been the history of scientific or political thought? Have other realms been free from the law of action and reaction, the law of spiral advance? Is it not now one extreme, and now another—now materialism, now idealism, in philosophy; now absolutism, now democracy, in politics; now authority, now sentiment, in theology; and the gradual union of the opposite at last in the eternal truth? And because Calvin was extreme, emphasizing ever the sterner aspects of truth, shall one forget to-day that his principles have given heart to the mightiest reformers, have sustained the courage of martyrs, and have been the germinating seeds of our own Republic?

And yet, John Calvin's doctrine of divine sovereignty has doubtless led to a reaction against the real sovereignty of God, not because it was not true, for the most part, but because it had the serious defect of so emphasizing the sovereign will as to create the impression of sheer arbitrariness. Read Jonathan Edwards, and you close his volumes with the same impression—that, as an Arminian critic puts it, God does what he wills only because he wills it. And in all these views of God there seems to be a lack of synthesis, so to say—the intensifying of a single attribute of God, as if *it* were God, the confining of the Godhead to directions of energy mapped out by the demands of our own systematic thought. One of the keenest thinkers of America says, for example, that "God may be merciful, or not, as he pleases, but we cannot say, God may be just, or not, as he pleases." And it is this narrowing of the divine power and authority, through exaggeration of a single attribute of the Infinite Nature, until it has seemed arbitrary and one-sided, that has led so much of our contemporary thought to neglect or reject the sovereignty of God, on which alone we can safely rest our ethical systems and the foundations of our homes and the State.

> "Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be;
> They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

It is as we strive to gather these broken lights into one again, as we combine these glimpses of many different systems and times into one broad view, that we learn what a true sovereignty of God must be. We catch, at a distance, separate notes, rich, deep, inspiring, but only as we come nearer are these lost in one ineffable harmony. Not our single idea of God is on the throne: *God* rules. His is a sovereignty of holiness, but none the less a sovereignty of love; a rule of absolute power, but also a lordship of infinite wisdom. We approach the Infinite Majesty now from one side and now from another. We set this attribute or that in the forefront of our system. We insist now that God is more holy than he is loving, and now that his mercy transcends his justice. Pictures of conflicts in the divine nature even have been vividly sketched by master hands and have held strong sway over the imaginations and theories of men, as they have come to us in the sublime verse of the Puritan poet, and the more rugged but scarcely less pictorial prose of many a Puritan divine. But we mistake, grievously mistake. God is one, an infinite harmony is his life. He is as truly merciful as just, and just as merciful. If he is infinite holiness, he is also infinite love; if infinite power, also infinite wisdom—and all of God is sovereign. He, in this harmony of infinite holiness and love and power and wisdom—he sits on the throne. It is the sovereignty of the whole nature we acknowledge—of him who is over all, in all, through all.

Our conception may seem vague, but that shall be also a sign of its truth. Definite, carefully limited conceptions of the Infinite! They are too suspiciously exact! Vague, indeed, may be the thought, for it deals with the immeasurable; and finite, for it has regard to a harmony of infinities; but none the less true, for that, is it, that *God* reigns, that his is the lordship of an all-powerful, all-wise, all-holy, all-gracious Will. The thought of arbitrariness has *no part* in the conception; we have reached back to the Godhead, and in him all things consist.

But my purpose in presenting this truth is not so much the discussion of a great doctrine as the indication of certain practical conclusions which find their basis in it. I am persuaded that the strongest character must be founded in the fullest acknowledgment of this Divine Authority, and in the heartiest assent to the law of duty; that no ultimate and satisfactory ground can be discovered for ethics outside of this, and that no guarantee can be given for healthful domestic life and enduring national life save the acceptance of this principle of authority. For these all rest in *truth*, and must therefore depend at last on harmony with the divine nature.

That sovereignty is not merely general, but also particular. It concerns every life, and involves a watchful care over each, a plan for each, and a control of all. Faith more readily grasps the general than the particular. It holds to the universal sway of God. It can accept the statements that the great movements of the cosmos are by him controlled, and that the broad outlines of history are the tracings of his plan. But it shrinks, often, from claiming more; from asserting that even as he rules over the universe, so he reigns over every life, and that all our diverse actions are in some way ruled and overruled by him, so that in his plan there is a place for every life. And yet the faith in the general carries that in the particular. There is no authority over all where there is not authority over each.

> "There is no great and no small
> To the God who maketh all."—(Emerson.)

And for every least thing in this universe, its Lord has care, as forming part of his plan for all. Not even the sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Indeed, who shall say which is the great and which the small? What little circumstances determine life's destiny, and what little deeds have been ofttimes the turning-points of history! In the ultimate purpose of God we all have part and place, and according to the counsels of his will all things are working together. True, there is here a cataclysm of nature, and order is shattered, and law, say men, is set at naught. But that, too, is law, and in later times men shall read the meaning of the sign in the world's development. So here is a life broken, drifted from its moorings, wrecked, gone—but

[1] Sermon preached in Sage Chapel of Cornell University, December 4, 1887.

[2] President of Vassar College.

it is absorbed in the general purpose of God, and has also fulfilled its special end—or been ground to powder in resisting it. Events are not happenings: *chance* has no place in life.

Where, then, is our liberty? If life is directed or swayed or overruled toward definite ends, why prate of human freedom? See here, on the flat banks of the lower Rhine, a grand cathedral, one of the most majestic of man's buildings, noblest of the Gothic type. Over six hundred and fifty years ago its foundations were laid, and it has suffered all that time, neglect, and worthless human hands could inflict upon it—now almost a ruin, now rebuilt, but struggling ever toward its finished type. But a few years since the original plan was discovered, and recently the cathedral has been completed according to the idea of its original architect. Through six hundred years the individual has worked in his own way, one at the carving of a capital, one at the shaping of a column, one at the painting of an arch; or now, with destructive spirit, one has striven to tear down the work and to defeat the plan. Each has had his liberty, each has done his work, but over all rises the completed Temple of God. And so is it with every little event in our own lives—as with the workmen in the great cathedral. Life is a mosaic work. Little stone is added to little stone, piece to piece, and the end is a pattern of some kind—perhaps a noble scene of battle, like that at Naples; perhaps a vaulted temple of the Holy Ghost, like the splendid Church of Venice. The great plan swallows up the imperfection of details. As they cast the great bronze statues, so life grows. One works now at an arm, now on a feature of the face, now on a hand. It may be poor work, scamped work, unworthy of workman or of plan; but it all goes into the great whole, which the Master Mind would finish well by us, but will also finish well despite our failures. In the most perfect orchestra there are failures of accord—evident only to the practiced ear of the leader; the great sweep of the harmony forbids that they reach our ears. So shall all disharmonies be lost in the completed plan of God. Thus has every life a chance in the great purpose of God, and thus is the hand of the Lord over it all. We never escape from his sway; there is no place in his universe from which his throne cannot be seen

And yet sovereignty does not imply harmony with the sovereign. The throne is God's, and all shall be wrought into union with his purposes. But we may resist his purposes. But if we do, that will concern us more than God. His is the kingdom, and the life which resists the laws of the kingdom is a doomed life. We break a law of health, and we suffer. That is God's sovereignty. We form habits of indolence or carelessness, and our whole subsequent life is the weaker and less efficient. We allow habits of thought to be formed in our minds, and all the brave battle of later years will not uproot them. That is law. Unrighteousness is disharmony; sin is lawlessness; conflicts with the kingdom of night, in body, mind, spirit, forbode disaster. Out of harmony with God, we are out of harmony with his universe, in its best and fullest sense—out of harmony with ultimate truth and goodness and love. You choose not to follow God? But you must obey God. Nay, you will follow your own way. God will also follow it. Every nerve of your body, every molecule of your brain, obeys his law. If you yield to worldly lusts, the laws of the universe turn upon you in their wrath, and inflict the divine penalty upon your body and mind and spirit. If you choose a way of absolute self-seeking, the divine law is against you, and punishes you in narrowness of soul and in that blindness of heart that cannot even see what all others see. If you exclude the spiritual from your life, the poverty of your own soul in the day of want and care and trouble and grief is but the action of the divine law of being that life can find completeness and satisfaction only in the God from whom it comes and in whose life it lives. We talk of laws: it is God. We prate of forces: He is the Power. We tell of tendencies: His is the throne.

Nature is against the man who is against God—physical nature in its laws, mental nature in its products, spiritual nature in its needs. Men take counsel against the Lord, and no wonder that "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall hold them in derision." All the forces of his universe are working together for God and against his enemies. The stars in their courses fight against Sisera.

But turn at last to the brighter view. Here is the soul's rest. Because He is on the throne our hearts are full of hope and our souls are strong in confidence.

The very absolute sovereignty of God is our hope as we confront the sin of our natures and all its direful consequences. Some fancy the atoning work of Christ to be an abrogation of law, but it is the highest exercise of the divine rule. Whatever difficulties we may find in stating a theory of the relation of Christ's life and death to the sin of mankind—and we shall never gather all the truth into any single statement—we must certainly include in it the assertion that it neither excuses the breaking of law nor lowers the demands of law, but that it enables men to obey law, and thus to grow into the likeness of Him who was in all things found obedient to God. It is because it is always true that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," that there is hope in law and through law for men to reach the life of holiness, because the Christ-life itself becomes a new law in the members, driving out the law of sin and death. That profound saying of Goethe may have even here its application: "Only the law can give us liberty." Only the new life of obedience, born in Christ, the living Christ in us, the Law Incarnate in its demands and threatenings and hopes—only this breaks the power of sin and makes men free.

Here also is our confidence, and here only can we be truly optimists as we look upon the problems of the world's life. The world is advancing on the lines of His own purposes; behind its progress is a Will, and that Will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. We may cry, "How long?" but we *believe*. If the principalities and powers of darkness rise against His kingdom, if the blight of unfaithfulness ever smite his church, amid the darkness and gloom we may yet exclaim, *Thine* is the kingdom! and wait to herald the brightness of his coming with hopeful hearts. The might of unrighteousness shall not discourage us. "Mine is the kingdom," says a Pharaoh. "Mine," says Nebuchadnezzar; "Mine," the Roman and the Frank, but all pass into forgetfulness, and *Thine* is the kingdom. "*They* shall perish, but thou remainest." The *power* of evil may at times affright us and our hearts tremble for the kingdom of God; but God is in the still, small voice, in the unheard movements of nature's forces, in the silent workings of the souls of men, lifting the world as quietly and as surely as his sun and moon raise the tides against and over the obstructions of man's device. Our eyes are opened like Elisha's at Dothan; and we behold the unconquerable hosts of God. *Thine is the power.* We build, indeed, but the ivy of God's planting soon beautifies the ruins of our labor. Doubtless, as we take the broad view of history, its aim is Godward; or, if manward, then so far only as man finds his life in God. The praise of the heavenly host expresses the song that shall be universal: "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power, for thou hast created all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created." "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory."

We are seekers after truth, after ultimate reality. Our study all leads to that—to the putting aside unrealities, to the bringing thought and act into harmony with the constitution of nature. Nature is but the veil of God. Are we looking deeply enough into truth? Is the whole problem before us—the most profoundly significant element in the problem? Does the spiritual nature in us answer to reality? Is it at one with the everlasting laws of righteousness? Does your heart acknowledge its King? Surely every work of God is good, and every thought of God worthy of our fullest study; but, as we study his thoughts in history and in nature, let us not forget the throne and Him who sits thereon, who was before all things and in whom all things consist.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

PART III.

By the Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D.

"FOR once," he replied, "you are wrong. The difficulty which confronts me now is purely physical. I doubt if I could speak the words on my knees which you indicate as a form of confession in the presence of my wife and yourself. I have said I am a cautious man; I am even more a reticent one. I am a man of very few words. I have lived in this town all my life, and my voice has yet to be heard in any public meeting. Even if I should confess Christ here on my knees before you and my wife, I positively could not stand before a whole congregation and make a public confession, as you instruct your converts and insist upon their doing, and which I entirely approve of for those who have the ability to do so. You would not be satisfied with a private confession; neither would I. When I am ready to make a confession I ought to be ready to do it before all men; but this I cannot do."

I in vain endeavored to move him from his position. Every further word seemed to fix his determination against a formal surrender; so at last I gave over trying, and, with a sad and disappointed heart, I said:

"Well, Mr. L, I think I have said all I can. I thank you for your courtesy and patience in bearing with my long talk with you. I am persuaded that my ministry to you is at an end. I shall not speak to you any more upon this matter; not because I do not feel deeply for your salvation, but because to do so, it seems to me, would be useless. I leave you to God and his mercy. You must 'work out your own salvation,' or at least you must rely upon some other witness and minister than me. In the meantime I will be glad if you will call in your wife, and we will at least kneel together, and I will try and pray to God that he may lead you to himself, and that speedily, *for I believe that your days of grace are numbered.* I do not mean to be rude, but I fear that back of your declared timidity and physical inability to make a public confession of Christ there is a deep-seated pride which shrinks from what seems to be an avowal of sinfulness and need in the presence of men. But I will not argue the matter further. Will you call your wife?"

"Certainly; but I am sorry that you must go away having so poor an opinion of me. I do not think it is pride that keeps me back; yet it may be; you have swept me away from so many of my positions that I am not sure of any one that I take now. I may be wrong. But be assured of one thing: I am deeply grateful for your interest in me, and shall not soon forget all you have said to me. I will think earnestly over the whole matter, and I trust in the end it will all come out right."

With this he left me, and went in search of his wife, whom he found just inside the door leading into the next room, where she had been in prayer during all our conversation, though entirely without our knowledge. She came in at once. A swift glance of her eyes toward her husband's face and then toward mine, as if she would read the result of our interview, testified her deep and anxious interest. I think she read the result—saw that nothing was decided—for her eyes filled with tears as she took me by the hand. I greeted her, and then told her in a few words the drift of our conversation and the result which had been reached, and how sorry I was that it had fallen short of her desire. I told her, however, that Mr. L had assented to my proposition that we kneel together in prayer before I took my leave. She expressed her deep sorrow that her husband had not decided for Christ, and, with tears in her eyes and her voice all tremulous with emotion, pleaded with him not to reject the Saviour. She told him how all through the long years of their married life she had longed and prayed for his conversion, hoping against hope. Her tender words to him greatly shook him, but he answered not a word. Poor man! he could not speak. He had no answer to make. So we knelt together, and as God gave me utterance I prayed for him, especially giving thanks for the conversion of the son and daughter-in-law, for his believing wife and daughter, and for the blessings of God that had come to many of his neighbors. After this I shook hands with both of them and went sadly away. I felt that my work had failed. All the more disappointed and troubled because I had been so confident that the Lord had sent me to the man for his salvation, I hardly expected that my friend would make any further move toward the Light. The meetings would close after this and the next evening, and if he did not "come out" then, I feared his convictions would wear away and the habit of unbelief would dominate him to the end.

That night—the night following the day in which the interview just recorded took place—the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Every seat was taken, the aisles were filled with chairs and camp-stools, and every available foot of standing room was occupied by eager listeners. Mr. and Mrs. L had come in at the usual hour, but were not able to take their accustomed seats. In fact, I did not see them at all. They were hidden away in a corner to the left of the pulpit. I looked about for them for a few moments, and concluded that they had not come; fearing that he was unwilling to face further appeal even from the pulpit. Addressing myself to my sermon, I forgot Mr. L entirely. At the close of the address I made the usual appeal to those who, having heard the Gospel, believed it, and were ready to openly acknowledge and confess Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord, to come forward to the front form, where, after confession, we would kneel in token of utter surrender to God, in the solemn consecration of our whole spirits, souls, and bodies, and prayer would be made for blessing and the sealing of the Spirit promised to those who believe.

For a few moments there was a perfect and solemn silence; then a movement was made off in the corner to the left of the pulpit as if some one were with difficulty disengaging himself from the pack of people about him. All eyes were turned in that direction. Mine followed. To my inexpressible surprise and delight, I saw Mr. L. coming forward, all alone, to take his place as a confessor of Christ. To do this he had to face the entire congregation. Yet he came with a quiet and deliberate step, as of a man whose heart was fixed. As he took his seat, there was an audible rustle through the congregation, in which deep sighs of relief and subdued expressions of surprise were heard. Scores of men and women bowed their heads, and as many handkerchiefs went up to eyes suffused with tears. The coming of this man, so well known, so highly respected, so prominent in the business interests of the city, and so long connected with the city and the temporal affairs of the church, made a deep impression on the people. After that, one by one, from all over the house, came men, women, and children, until fully thirty souls were forward, and others

stood where they were because there was no more room about the front of the pulpit.

Before the prayer of consecration it was my habit to explain in a few brief sentences the nature of faith, the meaning of conversion, and the duty and importance of an open confession of Jesus Christ before men; at the same time stating that if any among those present were not clear in their own minds as to their faith in Jesus Christ, and God's salvation for them in him, not to make the confession. I then called upon any of those present who heartily accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour, and whose purpose it was to give themselves up wholly to God and his service, to arise in their place and make their confession in their own way.

I wondered in my heart whether Mr. L. would make the confession which a few hours before he said it would be physically impossible for him to do. I ventured to hope that, as others confessed, he might be strengthened to do so also, for he had told me, upon speaking with him, as I did to all, that he had fully decided to take Christ and give himself without reserve to God.

Another moment of pause, as there usually is, while one waits for the other, and then, to my further surprise and delight, Mr. L was the first one to rise up on his feet. He faced the congregation; hesitated a moment; cleared his throat, and then, in a strong though not loud but clear voice, in which there were signs of deep emotion, said in substance:

"No doubt many of my friends and neighbors are surprised to see me here, and will be more surprised to hear my voice in a public assembly. I have come here to confess my faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and as my personal Saviour, and to give myself up to God in unconditional surrender. This I do gladly, heartily, and deliberately. Like many of my neighbors, no doubt, I have thought much on this subject, but have never before acted. I had a mother, a godly woman, who prayed for me forty years. My wife had prayed for me during our entire married life; my children have prayed for me; and recently, the other evening, I witnessed my only son and his wife come forward here and give themselves to Christ. I have thought that it was time for me to do likewise. Therefore I am here to acknowledge Jesus Christ as my Saviour and to surrender myself to God in entire consecration, and this I do [repeating his former expression] heartily, gladly, cheerfully, and deliberately. I ask an interest in the prayers of all Christian people"

After that more than twenty others followed in open confession of faith in Christ.

It is needless to say that friends and neighbors, both professors and non-professors, crowded around him and wished him joy and godspeed. He found his speech and talked freely with many of them, urging those who were not Christians to become such at once. All noticed the remarkable change in his manner. His whole face was filled with a new light, and he moved about with a cheerful step and an erect carriage which had been absent from him before.

The next night, which was the last of the meetings, he was early on hand, taking an active part in finding seats for the people and in other ways manifesting his new and heavenly interest in men. It was past ten o'clock when the meeting was over, and, with a number of other friends, he was foremost in accompanying me to the station where I was to take a late train for New York. I shall never forget him. He is a man far advanced in life. His hair was white, but he appeared on that last night, in the midst of a band of young converts, as a young man, so bright and cheery were his words and his manner.

Thus ended the struggles of a strong man who had long delayed his decision for Christ. No doubt in his heart of hearts he had long ago made choice of the better part and was more or less controlled by his purpose to serve God. For years he had been standing, as it were, upon the threshold of the kingdom, but had lacked decision to take the next step—the step which put him "into Christ" and so into the kingdom of heaven. This case convinced me more than ever of the importance and necessity of an open confession of faith. Indeed, Mr. L. told me that it was not until he had decided the matter and made his confession that the whole aspect of the case appeared perfectly clear to him; but that the moment he had confessed Christ before men he saw him as never before, in all the strength and beauty of his person and work.

I learned afterward that his conversion led to the conversion of other men in the place who knew him well and who, like him, had been long delaying to make the final and saving decision. I relate this little story of the conversion of "a very cautious man," hoping that it may aid in bringing some other such an one to a decision for Christ.

The silence of the Scripture may be quoted as an evidence of its inspiration. It is silent by design. The subjects upon which Scripture is silent are precisely those which irreverent curiosity would fain probe to the uttermost.—[Dr. Punshon.

PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

By the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon.

WE are told the reason for the Saviour's delivering this parable at this particular time. He was going up to Jerusalem, and the ignorant and enthusiastic crowd hoped that he might now set up a temporal sovereignty. "They thought that the kingdom of God should immediately appear." Their minds were crowded with mistakes, and the Saviour would set them right upon this matter. To banish from their minds the idea of a Jewish empire, in which every Hebrew would be a prince, our Lord told them this story: I use the word advisedly, for his parable was also a fact. He would show them that as yet they were not to be partakers in a kingdom, but were soon to be waiters for an absent Lord who had gone to receive a kingdom, and to return. In his absence his disciples were to be in the position of servants put in trust with property while their Master was gone far away to receive a kingdom, and then to come again. He was now like a nobleman, who may be one among many citizens; but he was going away to a court where he would be invested with royal authority, and he would come back a King. They were to be put in trust with certain pounds till he should return.

I confess I never thoroughly saw the meaning of this parable till I was directed by an eminent expositor to a passage in Josephus, which, if it be not the key of it, is a wonderfully close example of a class of facts which, no doubt, often occurred in the Roman Empire in our Saviour's day. Herod, you know, was king over Judea; but he was only a subordinate king under the Roman emperor. Cæsar at Rome made and unmade kings at his pleasure. When Herod died he was followed by his son Archelaus, of whom we read in Matthew's account of our Lord's infancy that when Joseph heard that Archelaus was king in Judea, in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither. This Archelaus had no right to the throne till he obtained the sanction of Cæsar, and therefore he took ship with certain attendants and went to Rome, which in those days was a far country, that he might receive the kingdom and return. While he was on the way his citizens, who hated him, sent an ambassage after him—so has the Revised Version correctly worded it; and this ambassage bore this message to Cæsar: "We will not that this man reign over us." The messengers represented to Cæsar that Archelaus was not fit to be king of the Jews. Certain of the pleadings are recorded in Josephus, and they show that barristers nineteen hundred years ago pleaded in much the same style as their brethren of today. The people were weary of the Herods, and preferred anything to their cruel rule. They even asked that Judea might become a Roman province, and be joined to Syria, rather than they should remain under the hated yoke of the Idumean tyrants. It is evident that in the case of Archelaus his citizens hated him, and said, "We will not have this man to reign over us." It pleased Cæsar to divide the kingdom, and to put Archelaus on the throne as ethnarch, or a ruler with less power than a king. When he returned he took fierce revenge upon those who had opposed him, and rewarded his faithful adherents most liberally. This story of what had been done thirty years before would, no doubt, rise up in the recollection of the people when Jesus spoke, for Archelaus had built a palace for himself very near to Jericho, and it may be that under the walls of that palace the Saviour used the event as the basis of his parable. Those who lived in our Lord's day must have understood his allusions to current facts much better than we do who live nineteen centuries later. The providence of God provided that observant Jew, Josephus, to store up much valuable information for us. Read the passage in his history, and you will see that even the details tally with this parable. There is the story.

The Saviour, without excusing Archelaus, or commending him in the least degree, simply makes his going to Rome an illustration. Here is a noble personage who is to be a king; but to obtain the throne he must journey to the distant court of a superior power. While he is going, his citizens so hate him that they send an ambassage to oppose his claims; for they will not have him for their king. However, he receives the kingdom, and returns to rule it. When he does so, he rewards those who have been faithful to him, and he punishes with overwhelming destruction those who have tried to prevent his reigning. There is the story: let me further interpret it.

The Saviour likens himself to a nobleman. He was here on earth a man among men, and truly a nobleman in the midst of his fellow-citizens. It was his to become king, king of all the earth; indeed, he is such by nature and by right; but he must first go, by death, resurrection, and ascension, away to the highest courts, and there from the great Lord of all he must receive for himself a kingdom. It is written, "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance," and therefore Jesus must plead his claims before the king, and win his suit. The day is coming when he will return, clothed with glory and honor, to take unto himself his great power and reign; for he must reign till all enemies are put under his feet. When he comes his enemies will be destroyed, and his faithful servants will be abundantly rewarded.—[Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, No. 1,960.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

The Gospel of salvation is the world's only hope.

We bow to the man who kneels.—[Victor Hugo.

The Lord gets his best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.—[Spurgeon.

Every thought which piety throws into the world alters the world.—[Emerson.

Whatsoever we beg of God, let us also work for it.—[Jeremy Taylor.

One may live a conquerer, a king, a magistrate, but he must die as a man.—[Daniel Webster.

Men are won, not so much by being blamed as by being encompassed with love.—[Channing.

As long as the church is living so much like the world, we cannot expect the children to be brought into the fold.—[Moody.

Were the sun of prosperity always to shine upon us, we would soon forget our Father's house, our heritage above.—[Rutherford.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—[Bovee.

Christ says to every lost sinner, "Come;" to every redeemed sinner, "Go." Come and be saved; go and save some one else.—[W. S Aspey, D.D.

No man ever achieved anything for Christ who did not, when necessary, trample both self and selfish enjoyment under foot.—[H. Clay Trumbull.

There is nothing will make you a Christian indeed but a taste of the sweetness of Christ. "Come and see" will speak best to your soul.—[Samuel Rutherford.

It does not require great learning to be a Christian, and to be convinced of the truth of the Bible. It requires an honest heart and a willingness to obey God.—[A. Barnes.

God takes men's hearty desires and will instead of the deed, where they have not the power to fulfill it; but he never took the bare deed instead of the will.—[Richard Baxter.

Some things you may have without seeking, some you may seek and not find; but there are things, and those you most need, that you will never find without seeking.—[Mark Hopkins.

Christian, let the fact that the birds of the air have food, and the grass and flowers beneath your feet are clothed with loveliness, be an argument and token to you of the love of God, who will supply you with food and cover you with raiment.—[Stevenson.

It is as difficult to pray well as to live well. For prayer, rightly uttered, must reflect with perfect faithfulness the life of the pleading soul; and God can only judge when either the life or the prayer is such as to find acceptance in his sight.—[Rev. Peter S Menzies.

These very feet of ours are purchased for Christ's service by the precious drops which fell from his own torn and pierced feet upon the cross. They are to be his errand-runners. How can we let the world, the flesh, and the devil have the use of what has been purchased with such payment?—[F. R Havergal.

Christianity, wherever it has gone, and nowhere more so than in India, has promoted the dignity of woman, the sanctity of marriage, and the brotherhood of man. Where it has not actually converted, it has checked and controlled; where it has not renewed, it has refined; and where it has not sanctified it has softened and subdued.—[Lord Lawrence.

Truth lies in character. Christ did not simply speak truth; he was truth; truth through and through; for truth is a thing not of words, but of life and being.—[Robertson.

In what little, low, dark cells of care and prejudice, without one soaring thought or melodious fancy, do poor mortals forever creep! And yet the sun sets today as gloriously bright as it ever did on the temples of Athens, and the evening star rises as heavenly pure as it rose on the eye of Dante!—[Margaret Fuller.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SALOON.

YOUNG men are perpetually exhorted from the pulpit to shun saloons and kindred resorts, but what practical efforts, outside of our Young Men's Christian Associations, are our people putting forth to keep them away from these dens, and what substitutes has the church to offer them? Our churches are open to young men upon the Sabbath day and one evening in the week. Upon these occasions we preach to them and pray with them, and, having performed these solemn duties, the majority of us consider our obligations discharged. Five evenings in the week the house of God is closed to the youthful multitude who throng the streets in quest of amusement; and, were our sanctuaries open every night, is there any reason to suppose that young men would frequent them if the church offered them nothing but prayer-meetings? As yet the average young man has not attained this degree of piety, and never will. He must have and will have some form of diversion. If he cannot find this in the church he will seek it elsewhere.

Now, the saloon is always open, and takes good care to provide young men with amusements agreeable to their tastes. It uses ten-pins, billiards, and cards as so many kinds of bait, and catches the youth of our country by the wholesale. As a matter of fact, the saloons are full of young men; our churches are not.

What conclusion do we draw from these premises? Shall the church abandon preaching and prayer, and turn the sanctuary into a place of amusement? Shall we put billiard tables into the ladies' parlor, and convert the vestry into a bowling alley? No, that is hardly necessary. We believe, with the apostle, that all things should be done decently and in order. Let the church edifice remain true to its original design; but let the common-sense believers of the nineteenth century put their hands into their pockets and erect a building next door to every sanctuary which shall be devoted to the amusemental side of human nature, and where young people may indulge in all manner of innocent diversion

If the churches of this country would adopt some such practical method of competing with the saloon, they would give that institution a fatal stab. They would maintain their hold upon the young men, who at present are forced to seek their amusements outside of church lines, and too frequently within the acknowledged territory of Satan. Is it not wiser for the church to provide and superintend the pleasures of young people than to shirk their responsibility in this regard and leave the whole matter in the hands of the devil?

There is one church that entertains this opinion, and, following out this competitive policy, the Jersey City Tabernacle (First Congregational) has just erected an amusement hall and young men's reading-room adjoining their house of worship. This tasteful building runs back 125 feet, is well lighted, commodious, and attractive. Last week, Sabbath evening, upon Christmas night, this "new departure" in ecclesiastical practice was formally dedicated, and leading men in the State such as ex-Governor Bedle, Mayor Collins, and Major Z K Pangborn, made congratulatory addresses to an audience that packed the Tabernacle to overflowing After the service the building was thrown open for inspection, and it was a late hour before the janitor could manage to bolt the doors.

This Tabernacle Annex is expected to solve many vexed questions touching theatricals and other amusements. Our doctrine is that God's house should be reserved for spiritual purposes, but that Christian people should provide, control, and sanctify the amusements of the young. And now we propose to put our doctrine into practice.

JOHN L SCUDDER,
Pastor of Jersey City Tabernacle.

DEATH OF SECRETARY POWELL.

THE Rev. James Powell, D.D., died suddenly at his home in Brooklyn, of apoplexy, on Tuesday morning of last week. On Sunday, his forty-fifth birthday, he delivered two addresses in Brooklyn, one in Dr McLeod's church and one to the children in Dr. Meredith's church. He was a native of Wales, whence he came to this country at an early age. He was graduated at Dartmouth College and Andover Theological Seminary. He was for six years pastor of the North Congregational Church at Newburyport, Mass. In 1873 he was made temporary Secretary of the American Missionary Association for the district of Connecticut and New York. In 1874 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Chicago district and in 1883 he became the Assistant Secretary of the New York district. In 1887 he was made Corresponding Secretary.

Dr. Powell was an effective and often eloquent speaker, a wise counselor, and a devoted Christian. In spite of ill health, contracted in service in the South during the war, he was a most indefatigable and unwearied worker. In awakening a deep and widespread interest in the cause of the education and evangelization of the negro and Indian races, and in raising money for this work, he was without a superior, and his loss will be deeply felt by the Association and the Congregational churches, as well as by his associates in work and a large circle of deeply attached friends.

CALL OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

THE Conference lately held in Washington made a deep impression on the country. It was remarkable for its numbers, character, and earnestness.

There was an extended discussion of the dangers to our national life. The great resources of the Christian Church—so largely unused—were fully considered. All present felt that new and remarkable opportunities existed for bringing the practical teachings of Christ to bear upon the social problems of the times.

It was shown that active co-operation of all Christians was absolutely needed and easily possible, not only without interfering with the work of any church, but distinctly helping forward that of each.

A deep impression of personal responsibility grew out of these discussions, and the members left with the conviction that wise and prompt action should be taken.

We therefore venture to suggest that in each city, town, and neighborhood, pastors of all denominations, and such laymen as they may select, be invited to meet and carefully study the needs and problems of their special locality. This may include such organized visitation as shall give a certain knowledge of those who do not attend religious services, and as far as possible the reasons which keep them away. It is especially desirable to devise plans for winning the confidence of working people. Such visitation can readily include a knowledge of the sick and deserving poor, the number and location of saloons and places of ill-repute, and all the evil influences that affect the moral character of the community. Such study will draw Christians into closer sympathy, and will so reveal needs as to stimulate earnest and united action, by which alone the desired work can be effectively done.

As the value of the work will depend chiefly on its continuance, we suggest that permanent organizations be formed, and, in order that they may be mutually helpful and that they may co-operate in the prosecution of moral reforms and in the defense of cherished and endangered institutions, we invite such organizations to become branches of the National Alliance.

Documents will be furnished on application to the General Secretary.

JOHN JAY, Chairman Ex. Com.
W. E. DODGE, President.
JOSIAH STRONG, Secretary.
42 BIBLE HOUSE.

BANGOR SEMINARY.

A COMMITTEE of the last class graduated from Bangor Theological Seminary have issued a circular to their fellow-alumni setting forth the need of an improvement in the financial condition of the institution. They say:

"The interest from existing funds is entirely inadequate to meet the annual expenses. Added to this, if the Seminary is to be kept in line with the other theological schools of the country, it is also necessary that additions be made to its educational facilities, the library fund increased, and other pressing wants be met.

"If we, the Alumni, are not interested in the welfare of our Alma Mater, who else should be? Cannot we, nearly five hundred strong as we are, raise an 'Alumni Fund,' of say $25,000, to be permanently invested and the interest to be devoted to the working expenses?

"Many of the five hundred are pastors of wealthy churches, and it seems as if, with all propriety, these churches might be asked to devote part of their yearly benevolences, for at least one year, toward this object. Colleges and seminaries in the West send their circulars all through Maine, and it has been the excuse of many of our wealthy men that they could not contribute to the support of Bangor Seminary because they had given all they could afford to some of these 'foreign' applicants. It is now our turn to 'go abroad.'

"Brethren, we must help our Alma Mater in her need; we can do it if we will! Shall it not be done?"

We heartily join in the suggestion, and hope that the practical steps now being taken by the class of '87 may result in the needed increase to the funds of this old and honored institution.

THE "NEW HERESY" IN THE FOREIGN MISSION FIELDS.

THAT "the almost universal depravity of humanity" is apt to show its opposition to the "fundamental" doctrines of the Bible, anywhere and any time, can be seen from the following incident:

Last Sunday the lesson in our Sunday-school (the Second Evangelical Armenian Church at Aintab, Turkey), was on Matt xi., 20–30. Naturally, the sayings of our Lord in regard to Tyre, Sidon, and Sodom recorded in the 21st and 23d verses, became a subject for discussion, on which point one of the scholars, who is a thoughtful and intelligent person, though he does not know how to read even in his own language, and of course knows nothing about the controversy in America on the "New Theology," so called, remarked: "I believe that the inhabitants of those cities were destroyed, because God wished to prevent the evil in this world. But, as Christ intimated in his words, their salvation was possible, if they had the same privileges as Bethsaida and Chorazin had. Therefore God must have given them, and all those who lived before Christ, another opportunity in the life beyond the grave, that those who would have repented may repent. And I believe that God gives similar opportunity for repentance to those who die now without having the needed knowledge about Christ for their salvation. So that no one shall be condemned of whom it can be said he *would have repented.*"

Isn't this the gist of the "New Departure"?

I have read the reports of the annual meetings of the Board at Springfield with deepest interest. But I am sorry to say that I was disappointed to see so many good and intelligent Christian brethren express so much alarm and anxiety on the "hypothesis of future probation" as fatal to the cause of Christ. It seems quite strange to me, because it was from our American Christian brethren that we learned that Christianity had firmer foundations than the doctrine of "no future probation" and the like. But the "report of the Prudential Committee" and the anxiety and alarm of the "majority" seem as if the essentials of Christianity were at stake. It may be we were taught wrongly!

A NATIVE ARMENIAN.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" says: "A magnificent stained-glass window in memory of Milton will shortly be placed in St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who presented the drinking fountain to Stratford-on-Avon, and the beautiful window in honor of Herbert and Cowper to Westminster Abbey. At the request of the rector of St. Margaret's an inscription has been written for the Milton window by the American poet, Mr J. G. Whittier, who has sent the following lines:

"'The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure;
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.'"

A general assembly of clergymen, representing all Protestant missions in Mexico, will take place in the City of Mexico on January 31. This is the first time that such a union of the various Protestant sects operating in missionary work has been possible, but in the coming assembly representatives of the Methodist, Baptist, Quaker, and Episcopalian missions will be present, and addresses will be delivered by seven bishops from various sections of the United States. The Rev. John Butler, the head of the Methodist Mission here, has been actively engaged in bringing about this union of missionary workers.

The English Church paper, "The Rock," has been severely criticised for commenting not very favorably on the Truro cathedral. In a recent number it says, with apparent justice: "It was said of a certain eminent judge that when he was a barrister it was rarely necessary for him to get up his client's case, as it was quite enough for him to hear the counsel of the opposite side state his case. Then, by the ruthless exposure of the weak points of his adversary, he generally gained the victory. We have been reminded of this illustration by the very feeble arguments which we have seen advanced in the different party organs of the ultra-ecclesiastical school, defending the erection of a huge cathedral in the little town of Truro, which has only ten thousand inhabitants, half of whom are Nonconformists, the town having already four churches. Because we ventured to suggest that instead of spending 200,000*l* on a single building, about 20,000*l* might have been spent on a large, handsome church, capable of holding some fifteen hundred people, and that the rest of the money might have been put aside as the nucleus of a sustentation fund with which to supplement the incomes of the poor, hard-working clergy of the diocese, we have been howled down, and compared to Judas Iscariot, who suggested that the value of the ointment spent on our Lord should have been given to the poor."

The letter from the Catholic hierarchy of America to Pope Leo on the attainment of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, or Jubilee, contains this passage: "Deeply, in truth, were we rejoiced, most holy father, when lately, with such wisdom and success, you asserted the great and holy majesty of your See by reconciling discordant rulers and people of Europe. It seemed to us that those happy times had almost returned in which the Roman pontiff was looked upon as the father of all princes and of all nations who glory in the Christian name. In carrying through these transactions, such prudence was manifested by you, such benignity, such sincere love of peace and concord, that out of powerful enemies you made friends."

The Rev Samuel Reynolds Hole, the English Rosarian, whom the Queen has lately appointed to be Dean of Rochester, was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and graduated B A in 1844. He was ordained in the same year to the curacy of Caunton, near Newark, and has been vicar of Caunton since 1850. In 1873 he was appointed rural dean of Southwell, and two years later a prebendary of Lincoln. He was select preacher to the University of Oxford in 1885–86, and since 1883 has been chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He is the author of "A Little Tour in Ireland," illustrated by Leech, 1858; "A Book About Roses," 1869; "Hints to Preachers, with Sermons and Addresses," 1880; and "Nice and Her Neighbors," 1880.

The English "Liberator" for December calls special attention to the fact that the Earl of Lonsdale, the Marquis of Ailesbury, and the Duke of Marlborough, whose names have of late been prominent before the public in connection with the law courts and elsewhere, are each of them owners of patronage in the Church of England. The Earl of Lonsdale is stated to be the patron of no fewer than forty-three livings, being, in fact, the largest lay and unofficial patron in the country. The Marquis of Ailesbury, it seems, is the patron of eleven livings, and the Duke of Marlborough of nine, the names of all these livings being given.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

[The Editors will be glad to receive items of news for these columns.]

MIDDLE STATES.

—Dr. Jesse B. Thomas preached his farewell sermon on Christmas evening at the First Baptist Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., which he had served for fourteen years. His successor has not been named. Dr. Thomas has accepted no call to another church. He will fill Dr. Moxom's pulpit in Boston during January.

—The Ocean Hill Baptist Church of Brooklyn formally dedicated on Wednesday of last week their new edifice on Rockaway Avenue.

—It is said that there are one hundred thousand more inhabitants and eleven fewer churches below Fourteenth Street in this city than there were ten years ago.

—The Eastside Presbyterian Chapel of Germantown, Philadelphia, was dedicated on January 1.

—The Rev. H. B. Townsend, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, has resigned. Recently, at a church festival, the ladies filled a bottle with beans and offered a prize to the person guessing nearest the number, the object being to raise money for the church. The pastor opposed the scheme on the ground that it was a species of gambling, and his course led to a difference between the pastor and his flock.

—The Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright was installed as pastor of the Unity Congregational Society, on Sixth Avenue in this city, on Wednesday of last week. The Rev. Edward E. Hale, of Boston, delivered the invocation, and the Rev. Dr. William H Furness, eighty-six years old, of Philadelphia, preached the sermon. Dr. Furness preached for fifty-three years in one Unitarian church in Philadelphia, and was a prominent anti-slavery advocate. His voice is still full and round, and his sermon, which was nearly an hour long, was listened to with pleasure.

—The Rev. L. H. Munhall, the evangelist, has returned to his home in Germantown, Pa., after a very successful series of revival services in Ohio and other Western States.

—Evangelist B. Fay Mills will begin holding meetings in Philadelphia, Fifteenth Ward, about January 15. Ten churches will unite in the services—two Methodist, one Baptist, one Episcopal, one German Reformed, one Evangelical Southern, one Congregational, and three Presbyterian. February 20 to March 13 he will be in Providence, where two Congregational, two Methodist, and two Baptist churches will unite in the meetings.

—In the course of the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst's remarks in response to the toast, "The Nation's Debt to New England," at the Forefathers' Day dinner in the Pilgrim Congregational Church, in this city, he grew very earnest on the subject of restricted immigration, and received applause. He said: "The trouble is that this Nation has a lot of indigestible foreigners upon its stomach. We are getting a great mass of foreign population; they are coming in hordes, with no intention of adapting themselves to our laws. They are coming to this country without dropping any of their reprehensible customs and practices, and try to adopt them here. The Italian peasant comes here and is just as much an Italian as when begging in the streets of Rome. The German is as much a German, with his German notions, as when in Berlin. I do not believe in America continuing to be a cesspool of all the filth of Europe. What we want is men who can come here and imbibe American ideas and American principles; we want men to come here who can be men, who will be content to become citizens, and good American citizens. To all such we will extend a hearty welcome, and we can invite them to settle in the unoccupied fields for at least twenty five years yet."

—The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost was announced to deliver his farewell sermon at the Belleville Avenue Congregational Church, Newark, on Sunday of last week, at the morning service. He was, however, so overcome with emotion as to be unable to read his sermon without breaking down. The Unity Congregation, which Mr. Pentecost has started in Library Hall, Newark, met for the first time Sunday night. On Wednesday a meeting of the Belleville Avenue Church was held, attended by about 250 persons, to consider the selection of a successor to Mr. Pentecost. A resolution was passed to send a letter to Mr. Pentecost asking him on what conditions or under what arrangements he would return to his church. It is understood that a reply has been written, but it has not been made public.

—The public bequests in the will of the late Mrs. Astor are: $25,000 each to the Children's Aid Society, the Woman's Hospital, St. Luke's Hospital, and to the Episcopal Missionary Society of this city; $25,000 to the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute; $35,000 to the Young Women's Christian Association of this city; $10,000 to support the Avenue B Industrial School; $1,000 to the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; $1,000 to the Orphans' Home and Asylum of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York; $1,000 to the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Blind of the City of New York and Vicinity.

NEW ENGLAND.

—At Fall River, Mass., $5,000 has been subscribed for a French Protestant Church.

—The late Governor Bodwell, of Maine, was a pillar in the Universalist Church.

—Frederick Ferris Thompson, of New York, has offered to subscribe $25 000 toward a fund of $100,000 for erecting a suitable memorial building to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College. The building is to be erected on the college grounds and used for lectures, recitations, executive and other business. Funds are being contributed to liberally by the alumni.

—A new home for the aged and disabled Congregational ministers has been opened in South Framingham, Mass., by Robert L Day, of that place. The occupants are for the present charged $3.50 a week, when able to pay that amount.

—A Puritan Sabbath was thus described by Professor George Harris, D.D., of Andover, at a recent meeting of the Lowell Congregational Club: "Let us spend a Puritan Sunday together. It is Sunday morning in a village of forty or fifty houses closely together. Saturday night had been religiously kept, and every one had got up a little earlier than usual, which was necessary, as every one went to church at nine o'clock. A drum or a fife is heard or a flag is raised as a signal that it is time for church. There were no bells because they could not afford it. The people issued from the houses in groups, variously clad. In times of danger the men attended church with their guns and dogs. The congregation was seated in accordance with their wealth and social standing, those of the most prominence occupying the front seats, the men on one side and the women on the other. The pastor, the teacher, and the ruling elder occupied the pulpit. The deacons occupied a lower platform. The function of the pastor was to expound and explain, that of the teacher to preach the doctrinal sermon. The ruling elder had the office of administration, and the deacons served the communion and saw to it that the pastor's salary was collected. An order of deaconesses looked after the poor of the town, and kept the children in order. A fifteen minutes' prayer was made, all standing and saying amen at the close. Then a hymn was sung, which was lined out by the ruling elder. The pastor then read two or three chapters, and commented on it at some length. The pastor then preached his sermon, the hourglass being set up in full sight, and he was expected to preach until the sand all ran out. If he preached a shorter time he had his salary shortened. Then the notices were given and the benediction pronounced. In the afternoon a similar service was held, with baptisms, if there were any, and a collection was taken up. The congregation came up to the altar one by one, and it was pretty well known who gave and who didn't. The family were instructed in the catechism after supper. There were no religious services at the funerals, and weddings were solemnized by civic authorities."

—The Boston "Herald" sent to the various pastors of the city, asking them if they were in favor of abolishing Santa Claus, in favor of keeping him as he is, or in favor of telling the truth about him. The ninety-five replies received are classified as follows: For abolishing Santa Claus, 41; for keeping him as he is, 36; for telling the truth about him, 18.

—Thirteen persons recently united with the Congregational church at Bennington, N. H.

—The Rev. Dr George F. Pentecost, the evangelist, will begin union meetings at Lawrence, Mass., on January 1, in the city hall. The first week will be spent in several of the leading churches, and then from January 8 onward the work will be transferred to the People's Theater.

—Through the efforts of the Rev. W. W. Newton, of Pittsfield, Mass., a ministers' club is to be formed next month by the clergy of Berkshire County. The matter was discussed at a recent meeting in Mr. Newton's study, and the plan met with the approval of all present. The club will be non-sectarian, and its object is to advance the interests of pastors and churches.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—A correspondent writes: "There has been a work of grace at Medina, Ohio, during two weeks and a half beginning December 4. Bible readings and Gospel addresses were given by the Rev. Charles M Whittlesey, of Saratoga, N. Y. Mr. Robert W Swayne, the song evangelist, who resides in Lockport, N. Y, a man of God and full of the Spirit, was especially useful in the progress of the meetings. Between fifty and seventy souls, perhaps more still, professed conversion. The church has been greatly revived and quickened to lay hold of the truth as taught of the Holy Spirit."

—A new Congregational church has been organized in Kalkaska, Mich.

—All the churches of Baltimore are in a very satisfactory condition spiritually. The Young Men's Christian Association of that city has enrolled as members 2,000 young men, of whom a large number avail themselves of its educational and spiritual privileges.

—The Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Smith, of St. Paul, Minn., has resigned the pastorate of the First Methodist Church. Dr. Smith in his resignation says he is unable to continue as a Methodist minister because he cannot work in harmony with the principles of Methodism as laid down by the last General Conference. What is known as the time-limit is a great objection. Dr. Smith says he is not alone in his objection to the principle of the Methodist Church government, but that he is sustained not only by the ministers of St. Paul, but by the most prominent Methodists throughout the Northwest. The statement has been made that, if Dr. Smith went to the Park Congregational Church, or to any other, new or old, or decided to found a church of his own, a large number of the strongest members of the First Methodist Episcopal Church would go with him. Dr. Smith will for the present preach in the Grand Opera-House.

—Plymouth Church of Minneapolis has just made a Christmas offering of $13 000 toward the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association of the city. It had previously given about $15 000.

—Henry F. Williams, lately State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Minnesota, and formerly State Secretary of Ohio, has been appointed by the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations as its Secretary in the Railroad Department of its work, in place of Edwin D. Ingersoll, who for the last ten years has faithfully filled that position, and who has been compelled by the condition of his health to resign.

—The old brick church at Smithfield, Va., built in 1632, is still in use as a house of worship.

—The Bible Work Institute will hold a three months' term for ladies, in the Bible Work Room, Young Men's Christian Association Building, Chicago, Ill., beginning January 8, 1888. The course of study will include the following subjects: Bible exposition by books; Geography of Bible Lands and Mission Fields; Christian Evidences; Church History; Inquiry Room Work; Sunday-School Work. The instruction will be given by the Rev. E P. Goodwin, D.D., Professor W. G. Craig, D.D., Professor Hugh Macdonald Scott, D.D., the Rev. P G Henson, D.D., Evangelist E. W. Bliss, and others. Further information may be obtained from Miss E. Dwyer, Bible Work Room, 150 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

—At the Christmas entertainment of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Fairbury, Ind., a little cabin was placed on the platform to take the place of the pulpit. It was filled with presents for the children. The cabin, being built of cotton and other inflammable material, took fire from the lights, and caused a great stampede among the men, women, and children. Hundreds were trampled under foot and a good many badly injured, some of them probably fatally. The church was saved by a great effort.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—Henry Ketchum, of Menomonee, Wis., has received a call from Flint, Mich.

—W. W. DeGreer has received a call from the churches at Rockford and Ada, Mich.

—John S. Bayne was installed as pastor of the First Church of Hadley, Mass., on December 28. President Seelye, of Amherst preached the sermon.

—F A. Wilson has declined a call to Woodford's, Me.

—Ariel P Chute died at Sharon, Mass., on December 18.

—D L Eaton died at Lowell, Mich., on December 18.

—J O. F. Foss, of Bath, Me., has accepted a call to a church in Florida.

—J. Q Bittinger, of Haverhill, N. H., editor of the "New Hampshire Journal," has resigned the editorship of that paper.

—William Lusk, of North Haven, Conn., has received a call from San Diego, Cal.

—W. M. Mayhew was ordained and installed as pastor of the church at Whiting, Vt., on December 15.

—J. S. Ainslie, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., has declined a call to Middletown.

—Theodore Clifton has accepted a call from the Hanover Street Church of Milwaukee, Wis.

—D. J. Hibbard has accepted a call to East Sumner, Me.

—Nelson Green, of Detroit, Mich., has accepted a call to the church at Franconia, N. H.

—Spencer H. Bray, of the Humphrey Street Church of New Haven, Conn., preached his farewell sermon on Sunday of last week.

—L. W. Bacon, D D., is to supply the pulpit of the First Church of Waterbury, Conn., for three months.

—H. P. Peck, of Plymouth, N. H., has resigned.

—M L. Williston, of Davenport, Iowa, has resigned.

—L. L. Potter, of Hartford, Conn., until recently a Baptist minister, has received a call to the Park Congregational Church of Hartford (of which the late Dr N. J. Burton was pastor) and the North Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—W. E. Roe was installed pastor of the church in King's Ferry, N. Y., on December 20.

—Charles S. Lane, of the Congregational church in Unionville, Conn., has received a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Mount Vernon, N. Y.

—S. W. Beach was lately installed as pastor of the First Church of Bridgeton, N. J.

—C. T. Albrecht, of the German Church of Rahway, N. J., has resigned to accept a call to Philadelphia.

—W. G. Woodbridge, of the First Church of Chicago, Ill., has resigned.

—J. W Miller has been installed as pastor of the church at Harper's City, Pa.

—Duncan Kennedy, D.D., for several years pastor of the Westminster Church in Bloomfield, N J., died in that place last week.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—J F. Herrlich, of the Grace Episcopal Church of Elmira, N. Y., has accepted an election to the rectorship of the St. Paul's Church, Sacramento, Cal.

—Henry Baker, D.D., of the St. James's Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, has accepted the call of the Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, subject to the appointment of the Presiding Bishop.

—F. W. Tompkins, Jr., has begun his work as rector of Christ Church, Hartford, Conn.

—A. R Winfield, D D., editor of the Arkansas "Methodist," died at Little Rock on December 26.

—W. H. Stainer, of the Spruce Street Christian Church of New Bedford, Mass., has resigned to accept the pastorate of a church at Irvington, N. J.

—A. E. George has accepted a call to St. Matthew's Episcopal Church of South Boston, Mass.

—J. L. Campbell has been installed as pastor of the Ocean Hill Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

—James Brads, an old and prominent member of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Orange, N. J., last week.

Books and Authors.

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.[1]

The scholarship which is concerned with English literature has now become so vast that it is impossible for any man to master completely all its departments. A general and valuable history of English literature may still be written by one pen, but the history that is based on original research in all departments must hereafter be written by many pens. It is already beyond the power of any living scholar. Acting on this fact, the publishers of this volume have arranged for a History of English Literature in four volumes, to be prepared by four literary scholars who are acknowledged authorities in the various periods which they undertake to describe. Mr. Stopford Brooke will write on the "Earliest Period of English Literature," Mr. Saintsbury on the "Elizabethan Literature," Mr. Gosse on the "Literature of the Eighteenth Century," and Professor Dowden on "Modern Literature." In this way, and within the compass of four volumes of moderate size, a first-hand history of the literary development of England will be secured. The volumes are not to be published in chronological order, Mr. Saintsbury appearing first in the field with a history of Elizabethan Literature, which will take its place as the second of the four volumes of the complete work.

Mr. Saintsbury has recently been the subject of some rather severe criticism touching his intimate knowledge of French literature, and perhaps this criticism has had something to do with the statement in his preface that he shall not feel deeply convicted of sin if slight errors in his dates are pointed out. He does not undervalue accuracy of detail, but the emphasis of his effort is to give a clear, adequate, and sympathetic description of the writers and the works of the Elizabethan period. This period he has been studying in all its productions, great and small, for the last quarter of a century, and he endeavors in this volume, summing up his long studies, to give a complete and clearly arranged view of the literary performance of the century from 1560 to 1660. It is Mr. Saintsbury's belief that the minor, no less than the greater, authors illustrate the genius of an age, and in this volume he gives full, if not disproportionate, space to authors who are frequently passed by with a brief notice in a work of this kind.

Those who are familiar with Mr Saintsbury's writing know that it is, as a rule, exact and conscientious rather than luminous and sympathetic. In spite of the recent criticism which has been spoken of, his accuracy as a scholar is unquestionably high, and on this his reputation must largely rest. He possesses very little of the fine instinct for form of Matthew Arnold, or of the clear insight into literary genius of Stopford Brooke, or of the comprehensiveness of Professor Dowden. He is rather a painstaking and conscientious writer, who covers his ground with the greatest possible care, states his facts with the greatest possible clearness and omits little or nothing which is necessary to the completeness of his record. The story which he tells is one of the greatest in the intellectual history of the world, and a writer of even less natural eloquence than Mr. Saintsbury would occasionally be moved to the point of introducing color and feeling into his narrative. Mr. Saintsbury understands the marvelous fertility of the period with which he deals; he comprehends the tremendous movement of mind and of soul which it reveals; and if his treatment as a whole lacks something of the splendor which the opportunity offered, it does not fail on the side of comprehensiveness and adequacy. Within comparatively brief limits, the greatest century of English literary production is described with sufficient fullness to satisfy the student of English literature, and with sufficient interest to hold the attention of one who desires chiefly to get a clear conception of the general drift of the time.

It is not to be expected that his critical judgments of such a great number of strongly individualized writers will command universal assent; but, on the whole, his estimates are sound, and are, for the most part, in accord with those generally accepted. The question of the rank of such writers as Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, Milton, and Hooker is no longer open. One does not look for any marked dissent from opinions which are both professional and popular, touching the rank and quality of the work of these masters. It is only about lesser men that Mr. Saintsbury's judgment will be sometimes called in question; men, for instance, like Carew or Henry Vaughan. This latest history, when completed, promises to be the most satisfactory history of English literature that has yet been written.

—The memoirs of General Sheridan will be published early next year—probably in the spring—by Charles L. Webster & Co. They will fill two volumes, each of several hundred pages—in all more than a thousand pages.

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[1] *A History of Elizabethan Literature.* By George Saintsbury. (New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.75.)

AN ARTIST'S RECOLLECTIONS.[1]

Mr. Frith is neither a great artist nor a writer of literary distinction. Yet, exactly as he has succeeded so remarkably in pleasing multitudes of people by his great canvases—such as his "Derby Day," "Scene at a Railroad Station," and "Marriage of the Prince of Wales"—pictures crowded with figures or with portraits of celebrities, and abounding in incident—so in his briskly and agreeably written volume of reminiscences he entertains and interests by the number of men famous in art and literature recalled, the profusion of amusing anecdote, and the popular style of treatment. It must also be said that, unlike many similar books of recent years, it contains little that is ill-humored or likely to offend the susceptibilities of those talked about, if living, or of the friends of those who are dead. It is, in short, a good-natured, gossipy, chatty book, of no great importance in literary or art estimation, but agreeable reading for odd half-hours. For such a work a casual glance at some of the pleasant passages is more satisfactory than an elaborate criticism. We have accordingly marked a few paragraphs as specimens of the whole.

Among the many authors of high fame with whom Mr. Frith was intimate the most esteemed by him was Dickens, of whom he painted an excellent portrait. Frith talks of the great novelist with the warmest affection. How much Dickens esteemed him in return is shown by an incident. While Dickens was giving public readings Frith was strongly impressed with the idea "that the author had totally misconceived the true character of one of his own creations," that of Sam Weller himself, in reading whose jaunty utterances Dickens "lowered his voice to the tone of one who was rather ashamed of what he was saying, and afraid of being reproved for the freedom of his utterances." Frith says:

"When I determined to tell the great author that he had mistaken his own work I knew I should be treading on dangerous ground. But on the occasion of a sitting, when my victim was more than ever good-tempered, I unburdened my mind, giving reasons for my objections. Dickens listened, smiled faintly, and said not a word. A few days after this my friend Elmore asked my opinion of the readings, telling me he was going to hear them, and I frankly warned him that he would be disappointed with the character of Sam Weller. A few days more brought a call from Elmore, who roundly abused me for giving him an utterly false account of the Weller episode.

"'Why,' he said, 'the sayings come from Dickens like pistol shots; there was no "sneaking" way of talking, as you describe it.'

"'Can it be possible,' thought I, 'that this man, who, as it is told of the great Duke of Wellington, never took anybody's opinion but his own, has adopted from my suggestion a rendering of one of the children of his brain diametrically opposed to his own conception of it?'

"At the next sitting all was explained, for, on my telling Dickens what Elmore had said, with a twinkle in his eye which those who knew him must so well remember, he replied:

"'I altered it a little—made it smarter.'

"'You can't think how proud I feel,' said I, 'and surprised, too; for, from my knowledge of you, and from what I have heard from other people, you are about the last man to take advice about anything, least of all about the way of reading your own books.'

"'On the contrary,' was the reply, 'whenever I am wrong I am obliged to any one who will tell me of it; but up to the present I have never been wrong!'"

Of Thackeray Frith formed an unpleasant impression, having been unmercifully and, it must be said, uncivilly chaffed by the humorist at an after-dinner meeting, a rough playfulness that was never forgiven. Rogers he saw leaning on Dickens's arm, "so old," as Maclise said, "that Death seemed to have forgotten him." Disraeli sat to a friend of Frith, and the latter relates that after the first sitting Mrs. Disraeli, after seeing her husband to the carriage, returned to the studio, laid upon the painter the solemn mandate, "Remember, his pallor is his beauty," and without another word rejoined her husband. There are several anecdotes of Douglas Jerrold, but the famous wit's repartees lose by retelling. Mark Lemon, the editor of "Punch," was another of Frith's literary acquaintances. At a dinner given by Dickens, Lemon met Hans Christian Andersen, and was so amusing that the gentle Dane exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Lemon, I like you, you are so full of comic." The eccentricities of the gifted but erratic Cruikshank appear to have amounted, in Frith's belief, to something very like insane delusion. He says:

"Cruikshank labored under a strange delusion regarding the works of Dickens and Ainsworth. I heard him announce to a large company assembled at dinner at Glasgow that he was the writer of 'Oliver Twist.' Dickens, he said, just gave parts of it a little 'literary touching up,' but he, Cruikshank, supplied all the incidents as well as the illustrations. 'Mind, sir,' he said to me, 'I had nothing to do with the ugly name Dickens would insist on giving the boy. I wanted him called Frank Steadfast.' He also wrote the 'Tower of London,' erroneously credited to Ainsworth, as well as other works commonly understood to have been written by that author. My intimacy with Cruikshank enables me to declare that I do not believe he would be guilty of the least deviation from truth, and to this day I can see no way of accounting for what was a most absurd delusion. Dickens was very fond of Cruikshank, but he found him occasionally troublesome: he would see, or fancy he saw, a resemblance to an old lady friend of his in one of the characters in 'Chuzzlewit' or 'Nickleby,' or some other of the serials then in course of publication, when he would say to Dickens, 'I say, look here; Mrs. So-and-so has been to me about'—Mrs. Nickleby, perhaps—'and she says you are taking her off. I wish you would just alter it a little; the poor old girl is quite distressed, you know,' etc., etc. This Dickens told me, and added: 'Just imagine what my life would be if George was making the drawings for "Dombey" instead of Brown, who does what I wish and never sees resemblances that don't exist!'"

Cruikshank's fellow-caricaturist, Leech, was quite another sort of man, modest as he was clever. On being told that he was "the backbone of 'Punch,'" he smiled and said, "Don't talk such rubbish. Why, bless your heart, there isn't a fellow at work on the paper that doesn't think *that* of himself, and with as much right and reason as I should; but I think no such nonsense."

The author has many new and curious anecdotes of Turner. At a certain dinner-table, a salad being offered him, he remarked, "Nice cool green, that lettuce, isn't it? and the beetroot pretty red—not quite strong enough; and the mixture, delicate tint of yellow, that. Add some mustard, and then you will have one of my pictures." Frith states that Turner once declared his intentions of being buried wrapped in two of his finest pictures, now in the National Gallery. A friend hearing this morbid idea said, "Well, if that bright idea is carried out, we will dig you up and unroll you, as they do the mummies." Here is a speech of Turner's at the annual dinner of the Royal Association. It was, says Frith, not unlike the most incomprehensible of his later pictures, mixed up with the "fallacies of hope." He looked earnestly at the guests before he began, and then spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, I see some"—(pause, and another look around) "new faces at this—table—Well—do you—do any of you—I mean—Roman history"—(a pause). "There is no doubt, at least I hope not, that you are acquainted—no, unacquainted—that is to say—of course, why not?—you must know something of the—old—ancient—Romans." (Loud applause.) "Well, sirs, those old people, the Romans I allude to—were a warlike set of people—yes, *they were*—because they came over here, you know, and had to do a good deal of fighting before they arrived, and after too. Ah! they did; and they always fought in a phalanx—know what that is?" ("Hear, hear," said some one.) "Do you know, sir? Well, if you don't, I will tell you. They stood shoulder to shoulder, and won everything." (Great cheering.) "Now, then, I have done with the Romans, and I come to the old man and the bundle of sticks—Æsop, ain't it?—fables, you know—all right—yes, to be sure. Well, when the old man was dying he called his sons—I forget how many there were of 'em—a good lot, seven or eight, perhaps—and he sent one of them out for a bundle of sticks. 'Now,' says the old man, 'tie up those sticks tight,' and it was done so. Then he says, says he, 'Look here, young fellows, you stick to one another like those sticks; work all together,' he says, 'then you are formidable. But if you separate, and one go one way, and one another, you may just get broke one after another. Now mind what I say,' he says"—(a very long pause, filled by intermittent cheering). "Now," resumed the speaker, "you are wondering what I am driving at" (indeed we were). "I will tell you. Some of you young fellows will one day take our places, and become members of this Academy. Well, you are a lot of sticks" (loud laughter). "What on earth are you all laughing at? Don't like to be called sticks? wait a bit. Well, then, what do you say to being called ancient Romans? What I want you to understand is just this—never mind what anybody calls you. When you become members of this institution you must fight in a phalanx—no splits—no quarreling—one mind—one object—the good of the arts and the Royal Academy."

The Princess of Wales was one of Mr. Frith's royal sitters—he had not a few—and he has this little story to tell of the amiable lady:

"The first sitting can I ever forget? I did not dare to complain till after two or three more fruitless attempts. With downright failure staring me in the face, I opened my heart to the Prince of Wales. 'You should scold her,' said the Prince.

"Just at this time the Princess was sitting for her bust to the celebrated sculptor Gibson, R.A., in a room at Marlborough House. I was sent for by the Prince, and, before I was admitted to an interview, I was shown into the sculptor's studio, and found him waiting for a sitting from the Princess. The bust was already in an advanced stage. I did not think it was very like, and, in reply to Gibson, said so. 'Well, you see,' said Gibson, 'the Princess is a delightful lady, but she can't sit a bit.'

"Just at this moment I was summoned to the Prince, whom I found with the Princess; and I saw, or thought I saw, a sort of pretty, smiling pout, eloquent of reproof, and of half-anger with me. The Prince had something to show me—photographs, I think—and he led the way to Gibson; the Princess and I following.

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[1] *My Autobiography and Reminiscences.* By W. P. Frith, R.A. (New York: Harper & Brothers, $1.50.)

"No sooner did we find ourselves in the sculptor's presence than—after some remarks upon the bust—the Prince said: 'How do you find the Princess sit, Mr. Gibson?' 'Now,' thought I, 'If ever man was in an awkward fix, you are, Mr. Gibson; for after what you said to me a few minutes ago, you cannot, in my presence, compliment the beautiful model on her sitting.'

"The Prince looked at Gibson, and Gibson looked in dead silence at the Prince, and then at the Princess; he then looked again at the Prince, smiled, and shook his head.

"'There, you see, you neither sit properly to Mr. Gibson nor to Mr. Frith.'

"'I do—I do,' said the lady. 'You are two bad men.'

"And then we all smiled; and Gibson went on with his work, the Princess sitting admirably for the short time that I remained."

Frith was unmercifully treated by many, perhaps most, art critics, and, not unnaturally, had but a poor opinion of art criticism in general.

"One criticism on the 'Vicar of Wakefield' picture in a leading paper began thus: 'Mr. Frith is a rising artist, and he has already risen to the height of affectation,' etc., etc. This is all I can remember, but much more of similar severity followed.

"I would here advise all artists, young and old, never to read art criticism. Nothing is to be learned from it. Let me ask any painter if, when he wants advice upon any difficulty in the conduct of his work, he would seek it from an art critic. No, I reply for him; he would apply to an artist friend. But though, as I believe, no advantage accrues in any case to an artist from public criticism, much undeserved pain is often inflicted, and even injury caused, by the virulent attacks that sometimes disgrace the press. For very many years—indeed, ever since I became convinced of the profound ignorance of the writers—I have never read a word of art criticism. 'That accounts for your not painting better,' I hear the critic say. I think not; but I have no doubt saved myself from a good deal of annoyance."

The World and the Logos. By Hugh Miller Thompson, S.T.D., LL.D., Asst. Bishop of Mississippi. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Bishop Thompson, in the work before us, has asked two vital questions about this world: "Is it rational?" and "Is it moral?" Delivered before a concourse of theological students of Kenyon College, coming from a man venerated as one of the great scholars of the Church, these utterances fall with the weight of oracles upon men whose intellectual character is just gathering into final shape. "The World and the Logos" is a contribution to literature valuable for those already conversant with the recent progress of the science of evolution. It calls for a pause in the pursuit of human knowledge, and bids consider the philosophy of St. John. "Eternal Reason existed antecedent to all else. This Eternal Reason was with God, was God, and created all things. In this Reason was life, independent existence, and light, all illumination material and immaterial; and the Eternal Reason made a reasonable, rational world, a kosmos." This is what, in some form, nearly all thinkers have been forced to admit at the last. But there is one philosopher who believes in an accidental, purposeless world, developed without reason, and rushing on to its original "weltering chaos" again, and it is against Mr. Spencer that the main invective in these lectures is directed. True, Mr. Darwin passes under his criticism, also Sir Henry and Sir William Thompson. All this were well enough, did not the Bishop hold these men as the representatives of the science of evolution of our day. He declares the absolute impossibility of a reconciliation between science and religion, even would have us believe that a man cannot remain a Christian and be an evolutionist. After condemning the *a priori* method of Herbert Spencer, Bishop Thompson should have been cautious not to fall into the same habit. Evolution is not Darwinism, neither is Mr. Spencer the guiding genius of the science. As understood to-day, the term implies no more than the development of animals and plants from previously existing forms. Science is honest, else it is not science in the common sense of being *knowledge* set in order. Hence the true votaries must repudiate the ingenious theories that require assumptions of spontaneous generation of life, and many more improvables, to establish themselves, for they can and do go no further than the facts will warrant. The wiser ones cannot escape acknowledging the existence of Three Eternal Mysteries—creation of matter, life, and the human soul, which no human mind can solve. Again comes a statement that science is fatalistic; but then we must remember who the author takes as the exponent of modern scientific thought. An army of able students stands ready to maintain the freedom of man's will. To a limited degree environment determines the moral quality of our acts, but in man's relation to his Creator the material surroundings do not enter as a factor. With this the evolutionist has nothing to do. These lectures are written in the spirit of fairness and generosity, as shown in the courteous tributes to the genius of both Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer, but it is worth regretting that an appeal so eloquent, so teeming full of fire and poetic beauty, and which searches out so keenly the spiritual value of material things, should not have been made in the light of the truer teachings of reverent, honest, and cautious scientists.

Commentary on Paul's Epistle to Romans. By the Rev. John Miller. (Evangelical Reform Publication Co., Princeton, N. J.) An exegesis of some of the Psalms, published by Dr. Miller some years ago in the "Illustrated Christian Weekly," and his subsequent commentary on the Proverbs, which has been in our library since its publication, have awakened in us a commingled feeling of suspicion and of admiration—admiration for Dr. Miller's genius and scholarship, suspicion of his absolute soundness as an exegete. He is brilliant, original, suggestive; he refuses to be bound by traditional interpretations; he goes always to the original, and always with an apparently honest purpose to ascertain its meaning, whatever bearing that meaning may have on preconceived theories; and he has a real and thorough scholarly equipment at his service. But, on the other hand, he has apparently some ambition of originality, and this is perhaps as dangerous as subserviency to traditionalism. If most commentators have too much respect for the conclusions of their predecessors, and are too apt to be content simply to repeat what they have found in previous commentaries, Dr. Miller has too little; if most commentators subject the original text to an inadequate original investigation, Dr. Miller sometimes allows literalism to drive him to doubtful, if not untenable, conclusions. An illustration of this is afforded by his comment on the title of the epistle before us: not, he says, Epistle to the Romans, but Epistle to Romans; that is, to certain Romans, or to certain in Rome. But we are very much mistaken if the absence of the definite article in such a case will warrant any such conclusion. On the other hand, in chapter i., 17, where the definite article is wanting, and where the absence of it is certainly significant, Dr. Miller adopts the old version and gives to us "the righteousness of God" instead of "God's righteousness." The sample passages furnished in the preface illustrate in somewhat similar manner both the strength and the weakness of Dr. Miller as a commentator. On the whole, we do not think any student can safely take this book as the interpreter of Paul; but any student who is sufficiently familiar with Greek to make his own investigations, and sufficiently independent in his thinking and scholarship to make them for himself, will find a great deal that is suggestive and stimulating in Dr. Miller's exegesis, even in some of the cases where he may dissent entirely from Dr. Miller's interpretations.

The People's Bible. By Joseph Parker, D.D. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls.) The sixth volume of this remarkable work extends from the sixth chapter of Judges to the eighteenth chapter of First Samuel, inclusive. The author loses none of his freshness and alertness of mind as he proceeds with his toil. Similar incidents suggest new lessons from their changed personality and surroundings. Trivial events are shown to have important consequences. There is no evidence of impatience to complete the task which Dr. Parker has set for himself, but his progress is that of the student and the seer through a most attractive country. Analysis of character does not become monotonous, but discloses the needs of modern times. Negative men are shown to have positive relations, as when Tola of Issachar is studied. Dr. Parker finds that "the men of Issachar were wise men—men of solid head, clear brain, comprehensive vision; men who put things together, and deduced from them inferences which amounted to philosophies; they had understanding of the times; they were not fretted and chafed by the incidents of the passing day; they saw the meaning that underlaid the event, and they knew what Israel ought to do. Bless God for good leadership—in the State, in business, in the family, everywhere; the greater it is the more silent it may sometimes be." An increase in idolatry leads to wise remarks on the value of a revival of religion with enthusiasm to meet the frequent revivals of sin business, and politics. The author declares the right of the Book of Ruth to be in the Bible "by the right of human nature, by the right of kinship to the universal human heart," and he treats its beautiful story with great tenderness, while he presents the history of Eli with dramatic force. This volume sustains all we have said of those which have preceded it.

The Gist of It: A Philosophy of Human Life. By the Rev. Thomas E. Barr, B.A., with an introductory note by the Rev. D. S. Gregory, D.D. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.) Upon every mind the enigma of life presses for solution, and upon the intelligent and thoughtful with an importunateness that brooks no denial. Mr. Barr has solved the problem more or less to his own satisfaction, and has retained in his memory the mental states or processes through which he passed. He put the questions quite frankly, thus: What am I? Where am I? Whence am I? Whither am I going? What is my relation to my situation, my origin, my future? Here, then, is no "evasion of life's proof." The difficult questions of the validity of consciousness, the certitude of knowledge, the reality of the external world, are not ignored by Mr. Barr, but are fairly and candidly met. Mr. Barr does not claim to present any new philosophy of life, but only that this, his presentation, may be such as to help others to arrive at his conclusions, which are the postulates of the religion of Christ. Thus, in some portions, on account of the nature of the subject treated, the book becomes somewhat abstruse; yet, upon the whole, its clearness is admirable. A full and minute analysis of the argument is a valuable part of the work, adding no little to its practical usefulness. To be able to perceive what are the facts of life argues a clear sight and a comprehensive mind; to supply the interpretation of the facts, if that interpretation be complete and final, implie the highest wisdom. We are able to believe that Mr. Barr's argument may prove helpful to minds vexed with the everlasting problems of humanity.

Living Voices of Living Men; Practical Sermons by Bishops and Clergy of the Church. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.) *The Victory of Faith, and Other Sermons.* By the Rev. John Ker, D.D. (New York: Robert Carter & Bros.) *Sundays at Balmoral—Sermons.* By the late Very Rev. John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) *The World to Come.* By William Burnet Wright. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Four volumes and eighty-two sermons, preached in the ears of royalty and of the common people, appealing to each alike to come out of the shadow into the light, and enter a common door to a single heavenly home. A comparison of sermons like those of Mr. Wright, preached in Berkeley Street Church of Boston, and those of Dr. Tulloch, preached before the Queen of England at Balmoral, refutes the common idea that ministers trim their sentences for the high, but have little regard for the lowly. There is the same careful finish, the same directness, and the same solemn earnestness in both. There is much cheap criticism of the pulpit which the constant publication of sermons ought to silence. In the Church of England, among Nonconformists, wherever these sermons were uttered, there was heard bold, faithful declaration of the deepest convictions of these eminent men. There is nothing dreamy or visionary. Practical themes are discussed touching conduct, and the absence of polemics is the best testimony to the unity of the church in the pulpit. The vast Christian enterprises attest its unity in the field. It cannot do much harm if in magazines, reviews, and books the strife goes on, till by better understanding of each other and larger wisdom all the children of God shall see "eye to eye."

Mary, the Queen of the House of David. By the Rev. A. S. Walsh, D.D. (Illustrated.) This is chiefly an imaginative tale of Eastern life, in which Mary, the mother of Jesus, is the central figure. The story is written a little after the manner of that exceedingly successful book, "The Prince of the House of David." Traditions about Mary have been combined with what is known from the Bible, and the whole is woven into a consistent, natural, and womanly character. The story is picturesque and vivid, moves rapidly, and displays not a little research into Oriental customs, ceremonials, and literature. A tendency to old-fashioned romanticism in style is not a great blemish in a book of this character. The illustrations are from famous paintings of Raphael, Becker, Holman Hunt, and others. Dr. Talmage furnishes a fervid and sensible introduction. The book has been highly commended by many excellent critics of many denominations. It is free from superstition, and its religious tendencies are strong and genuine. (New York: H. S. Allen. $2.50. Sold by subscription only.)

LITERARY NOTES.

—The price which Messrs. Dodd & Mead have placed upon their collection of the first four folios of Shakespeare is $4,750. The four volumes are in fine condition.

—Mr. Ruskin has written for "The Magazine of Art" an article on "The Black Arts." It is to be illustrated with reproductions of three of his own original drawings.

—The author of "Eöthen," Mr. A. W. Kinglake, has just completed the great work on which he has been engaged for about a quarter of a century, "The Invasion of the Crimea."

—Among the Americans whose writings have been translated into Danish this year are Edward Eggleston, Fenimore Cooper, Miss Alcott, P. T. Barnum, Henry James, Lew Wallace, and D. L. Moody.

—In Boston last week a local association to co-operate with the Authors' Copyright League of New York was formed. Many notable authors, publishers, and newspaper men were present. President Eliot, of Harvard, was elected President of the Association.

—Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in press for immediate publication an authorized translation, by Nathan Haskell Dole, of "Maximina," the new novel by Don Armando Palacio Valdes, whose "Marta y Maria," translated under the title of "The Marquis of Peñalta," was received with universal favor.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the well-known Bostonian, has just celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday. Colonel Higginson is in robust health. He has retained his vigor by devotion to outdoor exercise. He rides a tricycle in summer, and spends a good deal of time on a toboggan during the cold weather.

—Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to the editor of the "North American Review" in which he says of international copyright: "As to method, I cannot believe it too difficult for practical men to adjust. As to objects, I not only think freedom will in this, as in other things, give the natural, which is the lowest legitimate price, but also regard the measure as a new and strong tie between the nations, whose union I so heartily desire."

—"Frank R. Stockton's literary career," says "Public Opinion," is very encouraging to young authors who feel that they are not appreciated. It is said that for a long time Stockton's productions were a standing joke in the publishing houses. His manuscript was known to publishers a long while before his delicious humor had a chance to reach the public. He was persevering and hopeful, however, and at last the magazines began to print his productions. He is now a great favorite."

—The unpublished Goldsmith letters which Mr. Austin Dobson will print in his forthcoming biography of Goldsmith in the Great Writers Series are three in number and relate to William Hodson, the nephew of the poet. The outfit of young Hodson contributed somewhat to the size of Goldsmith's bills at Mr. Filly's, in Water-lane. "Goldsmith's letters are so rare," says the "Athenæum," "and so many of those already published are from copies of originals no longer existing, that three new specimens from known manuscripts cannot fail to be of interest."

—Few persons are so generally known in Berlin as the historian Mommsen, who celebrated his seventieth birthday a few weeks ago. His appearance is that of the typical German savant. A broad-brimmed soft hat shades his face, and his eyes are fixed persistently on the ground, so that he rarely notices the students and others who take off their hats when they pass him. He is most frequently seen in Unter den Linden on his way to the Academy or library, and he invariably carries a book or two under his arm. In winter he wears heavy furs, and the rapidity of his movements astonishes every one who knows his age.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

IMMIGRATION.

The tide of excursionists and immigrants to California is immense, and must seem almost incredible to many. It is estimated variously from 60 000 upwards for the year—some even going as high as 200,000!

A New York correspondent of the San Francisco "Bulletin" writes: "Eastern railroad men express astonishment at the facts. Inquiries are daily made concerning California. Here is an example: From West Haven, Conn., out of a population of 1 000, there lately started a colony of fifty to reside permanently in California, and it embraced physician, lawyer, blacksmith, grocer, machinist—men of professions and trades—and several spinsters The New England Agent of the Topeka and Santa Fé Company said: 'We are now running out one excursion per week from New England, each averaging about 125 persons. In one party we sent out 270 persons, and on Tuesday, December 6, we sent out 160 persons. We hope to get away three parties later than that before the present year is ended. And of these people I think that fully 90 per cent. will become Californians, either now or as soon as they can make their arrangements to remain permanently in California. They are pulling up stakes here for good. The California "boom" has destroyed the Southern boom in New England to a very large extent.' Mr. Malcolm, General Eastern Agent of the Atchison system, coincided with the New England Agent in his views. He thought that out of 8 000 passengers carried out by the Atchison within a given period fully 75 per cent. went to stay.

"Mr. Hawley said at the office of the Southern Pacific Company: 'We have already sent out five excursions, and our last party consisted of 250 persons. One other party embraced 235, and another 187. A large majority of these came from New England. We have sent out more passengers from New York State than the Atchison has. We are meeting with great success in these excursions.'"

The following shows the contrast between the period of the first rush to the Pacific Coast and the present, and the difference in the mode of transit. The first column is from an advertisement in the New York "Herald," and the second from a current one this year:

1849.	1887.
For San Francisco direct! A passage to the gold region! The splendid A No. 1 newly coppered packet ship Apollo, Captain Charles B Coffin (one of the most experienced ship captains out of New York), recently in the European trade, having most of her freight engaged, will sail for San Francisco, Cal., and the gold region in that vicinity, from the foot of Chambers Street, on the 2d of January next. Passengers will be taken on the following terms: Steerage passage, $75; Cabin passage, $100.	Twelve trips across the Continent, with many new and attractive features. A choice of three outward routes and five different routes returning Dining-cars on every train. The finest Pullman cars ever seen. Also sojourns at the new and magnificent hotels—the Raymond at Pasadena, the new and superb Hotel del Monte at Monterey, the celebrated Palace Hotel in San Francisco, and other famous Pacific Coast resorts, etc.

General John C. Black, who has just returned to Washington from a visit to this State, says: "California cannot be overpraised. It is a land of oil, fruits, wine, and flowers, with the riches of Ophir, and the most energetic people in energetic America."

CHINADOM

There is considerable stir just now in regard to Chinese matters in San Francisco. There is a feud between two of the Chinese companies, and it has led to bloodshed among themselves. Attention has also been directed to the peculiar slave trade that exists among them. It seems that young girls have been for some time purchased in China and brought over here for immoral purposes; mothers selling their daughters for from three hundred to eight hundred dollars. A case has just been tried in the courts of a wealthy Chinese who has been engaged in this business, and he has been convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and a fine of two thousand dollars. Girls testified that their mothers sold them for the purpose referred to, and this is no uncommon thing. A Christian gentleman here told me that he visited China a few years ago, and he had not landed before a woman brought her daughter on board the vessel and offered to sell her to him for fifty dollars, to take her where he pleased and do with her what he pleased. The Chinese quarter in this city is a pestilent nuisance, and is kept populous in spite of existing restrictive laws as to immigration.

But, of course, not all the Chinese are thus immoral There are many virtuous ones, and a considerable number have been converted. Mr. Pond, the Superintendent of the missions of the American Missionary Association in this State, is deserving of much praise for his persevering labors in behalf of the Chinese, and he reports not unfrequent conversions, and has a considerable number of members of this class in his church. The Presbyterian Mission is also doing good service, and many churches of all evangelical denominations are seeking to reach and evangelize these people. I, for one, am glad to contribute a little annually to promote the work, though I confess I think we have enough of this class in our country, and I have more confidence in the success of evangelistic efforts for them in China than here. J. C. H.

San Francisco.

THE CHURCH'S CONTEMPT OF DUTY.

Prosperity often seems to a Christian man like the reward of his virtue. "In the house of the righteous is much treasure." A good deacon not long ago expressed the opinion that "a man got as much money as he could be trusted with." "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you."

When ten million church members give five or six million dollars for missions, it is a fair index of their faithfulness. What are the calls to practical Christianity to-day? Separate from the habitual routine of worship, which may have no more in it than the perfunctory devotion of the heathen, is the claim of all humanity to justice, mercy, and patience. It is a personal benefit to be devout, and the tax of benevolence is, to most persons, trivial.

How much graver is the duty to be just in all human relations, and oppose with the whole heart and bold utterance every form of wickedness and oppression! Yet we even find ministers in their pulpits defending plausible iniquity in the interest of law and order, while church members profit to the extent of many millions by business enterprises which every one knows to be the means of misery, poverty, vice, and death to ten times the number who profit by them, from their mode of management.

These things are hidden in the prayer-meeting and in good society. People who are involved are not attracted to such meetings, except to console their consciences with the hope of salvation. And in *good* society religion must be fashionable if obtruded.

These statements may seem intemperate, but "things are not as they seem" in the church.

Must the brethren be praised and conciliated for fear they will not maintain the good works they have begun? Is it necessary that a Christian should retain every cent of his property, dress in soft raiment, and spend ten times the time in pleasure that he does in helping his fellow-man?

If a man thanks the Lord that he has a $5,000 income, thinking all the time that he earns it, let him think, too, that this income skims the margin of hope, comfort, and even of failing virtue from the wages of a dozen or more struggling waifs in the dark sea of humanity. John Wesley only retained enough of his income for his actual wants, and gave away far more than he used. If all Christians did this, there would be less open derision toward the "saints" among the defiant, envious poor.

Let no one say it is useless to try to help reform them. The reform must begin above, the revival of brotherhood in the church, the Christlikeness unmistakable.

The Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost says: "The artisan, the workingman, and the poor will come to hear the Gospel gladly when the conditions are such that they may come. They are not opposed to the Gospel; the quarrel of the workingman is not against Christianity, but against the church which gives him the cold shoulder."

What is the reason of this repulse? It is selfishness, avoidance of the poor, contempt for their souls, and fear of encouraging any thought of equality. The world has more power with the average church member than his love for his brother for whom Christ died. E. B W.

Providence, R. I.

SURPLUS AND TARIFF.

The all-absorbing question seems the surplus in the Treasury. If it was the honest desire, pure and simple, of Congress to reduce the surplus and relieve the situation, how easily accomplished, and no disturbance to our industries! Thus, take off the duties on sugar and give a bounty for its production in this country, and so help every poor man and take nothing from his wages, but add a premium to labor by the bounty offered; abolish the taxes on tobacco (the poor man's luxury), and then, with building a navy and coast defenses, the deed is done, and instead of cutting down wages by reduction of duties we have created a *new* demand for labor. How simple all this seems to a business man, whether he be Democrat or Republican!

A word for protection. Charity begins at home; a man's first duty is to his family, then his town, county, State, United States; and if every man do this, the United States take care of this man. Let every nation look to its own labor system and pass laws for its benefit, and not to some other nation to help them, as is the case of England to-day, for instance, praying for a reduction of our tariff laws to benefit their laborers and factories. The ecstasy with which the English papers champion the cause of free trade with this country should open the eyes of every American; what is her gain is our loss in this matter. Lowering the duties only aggravates the situation, increases imports, and the surplus destroys our factories, lowers prices of labor. Then, again, lowering the duties cheapens the article only partially, as any reduction in duties advances first cost abroad. The Tariff Revision Committee under President Arthur reduced the duties on a certain article about three per cent.; the day it became a law, that article advanced in the foreign market two-thirds of this reduction.

By a recent decision of the Secretary of the Treasury a certain article is declared to be admitted free; the writer, having an eye to business, cabled for price, and received following answer: "One and seven-eighths pence; but if admitted free of duty into your country, then two and seven-sixteenths pence." The duty heretofore had been forty per cent; so lowering the duties advances price in foreign markets two-thirds of the reduction, stimulates imports, increases custom receipts, closes our factories, brings down price of labor. Is there anything American in all this? Merchant.

FACT AND RUMOR.

Ragged Social Pallosopher (laying a dime on the bar—The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer.

Wealthy Saloon-keeper (dropping the dime into the drawer)—Yes, that's so.—[Omaha World.

M Pasteur thinks that he can rid New South Wales and New Zealand of the rabbits which overrun those countries and destroy pastures. He proposes to inoculate a lot of them with the microbes of chicken cholera, which he says will finally destroy them all.

Many persons use the phrase "in a trice" who have no conception of its meaning. A trice is the sixtieth part of a second of time. The hour is divided into sixty minutes, the minute into sixty seconds, and the second into sixty trices, or thirds—Spanish *tris*.

The enormous amount of six and a half tons of diamonds is said to have been extracted from four South African mines during the last few years. They were valued at two hundred million dollars The other great diamond field of the world, India, is also a British possession.

There are but three silver dollars of the coinage of 1804 in existence. Two of these are accounted for; the third is somewhere in circulation about the country The value of this missing dollar of 1804, as quoted in the last numismatic circulars, is $800. It is natural, then, that this coin should be much sought.

A missionary in Africa was astonished while walking in a wood to hear a clock strike, though no human habitation was within miles of the place. He discovered that the noise proceeded from a bird known as the clock-bird, and called by the Spanish the Campanero. The bird gives a note every few minutes which is identical with the sound of a striking clock.

The earthquake of last year left deep pits in the land between Charleston and Summerville, and on the margins of these was white sand, such as is seldom found except near the seashore. On this sand has sprung up a dense growth of seaweeds, and it is conjectured that the seeds whence sprung this growth had been buried at a great depth for many centuries.

Newspaper men in Germany have to be very careful about punctuation. The "Hofer Tageblatt" a short time ago said a decoration had been conferred upon Count von Holstein. By an oversight, an exclamation point instead of a period appeared at the end of the sentence, and for this the authorities seized the whole issue, and instituted a suit against the editor for atrocious libel.

The first pineapples known in England were sent as a present to Cromwell, and the first cultivated in that country were raised about 1715. Pineapples are taken from the West Indies to England in considerable quantities, but the fruit is so inferior to that raised under glass that its cultivation for the London market is successfully prosecuted. The fruit sold in New York is greatly inferior to that sold in London.

The Chinese Government is, it is reported, about to employ a dozen bright young men as reporters of civilization. They will be chosen by competitive examination, and will be sent abroad for two years to study foreign countries. Each will take a specialty to work up, and will send a monthly report to Peking. After two years the Government will use the services of each in the department in which he has done best, and the most promising young men will be ennobled.

I have received your welcome letter of the nineteenth instant and am very glad to learn from it that you are all well at home and that you received safely the letter which I wrote you on the twenty-third of last month. I wish I could hear from you oftener.

"There is apparently nothing unusual or suspicious either in the language or in the chirography of this letter—it would probably be approved and passed by nine officials out of ten—and yet it contains the words, 'Tell Alexe to fly—arrest threatened.'"

The cipher letter given above is from Mr. Kennan's "Russian Provincial Prisons," in the January CENTURY. The evils of the present system, attempts at reform, and prison life are described, together with the knock alphabet and cipher square.

The Chicago *Tribune* recently said, speaking of THE CENTURY: "*In it the history of our times is more fairly set forth than in any other magazine. The Century articles on Russia, by George Kennan, are attracting the attention of the civilized world. Probably no other magazine articles printed in the English language just now touch upon a subject which so vitally interests, for many reasons, all thoughtful people in Europe and America and Asia. With every article Mr. Kennan deepens the impression that his work has fallen into exactly the right hands. He is no sensationalist, no sentimentalist. He is careful, independent, human, and, above all, rigorously truthful; one feels sure that he will never surrender to the temptations of exaggeration, even in a great cause.*"

The January CENTURY further contains:

THE FORMATION OF LINCOLN'S CABINET.

In Messrs. Nicolay's and Hay's Lincoln Life, giving the circumstances governing it, and unpublished letters from the members of the Cabinet, including one from Seward declining the Secretaryship of State. This installment of the history also presents the momentous question of the evacuation of Sumter as it met the new administration. With portraits.

"MEISTERSCHAFT" BY MARK TWAIN.

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ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

John Gilbert, by J. Ranken Towse, an appreciative paper with six portraits.
The Upper Missouri and the Great Falls, by E. V. Smalley, illustrated by Farny.
The Catacombs of Rome Their origin, sculpture, and historic value, by Prof. Philip Schaff, with thirteen illustrations.
An Elk Hunt on the Plains, by E. V Smalley, illustrated by Geo Inness, Jr.
John Ruskin, with portrait. A critical estimate of the man and his work, by W. T. Stillman.

FICTION.

The Graysons, by Dr. Eggleston, illustrated by Miss Eggleston. (Begun in November.)
Au Large, by Geo. W. Cable, second installment, illustrated by Kemble.
De Valley an' de Shadder, by H. S. Edwards, author of "Two Runaways," illustrated.
The Dusantes, by F. R. Stockton, a striking chapter.

OTHER CONTENTS

Comprise, **The Pecuniary Economy of Foods**, by Prof. Atwater; **Hawthorne's Loyalty**, an open Letter from Horatio Bridge, with letters from the novelist; other Open Letters, Editorials; Poems by James Whitcomb Riley, R Burns Wilson, Wendell P. Garrison, and others; Bric-a-brac, etc.

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ANDOVER REVIEW

FOR JANUARY CONTAINS:

MISSIONS TO MUSLIMS *Rev. Thomas P. Hughes, B D., M R A.S*

THE MISTAKE OF PROHIBITION. *Mr. S B Pettengill.*

PROHIBITION IN THE LIGHT OF NEW ISSUES *Professor Tucker.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. *Rev Theodore C. Williams.*

SIR HENRY MAINE ON THE PROSPECTS OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT. *Professor E. Benj Andrews, D.D, LL.D.*

THE TRUE CHURCH. *Professor E. P Gould.*

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MUSIC AND ART.

According to the "Evening Post," the Bostonian Society, whose headquarters are in the Old State House, has reprinted Mr. W. H. Whitmore's sketch of the life of Abel Bowen, who first established the art of wood-engraving in Boston, as Alexander Anderson did in this city and in the United States. The pamphlet has been much enlarged and greatly enhanced in value by the insertion of autobiographic memoranda relating to Bowen's work, as well as by fresh copies of his cuts and heliotypes of admirable portraits of himself and wife and his uncle, Daniel Bowen, founder of what ultimately became the Boston Museum. Bowen says: "I have evidence that Dr. Franklin engraved some devices on wood, and that some were used in the printing of the Continental Money;" and Mr. Whitmore cites the passage in Franklin's autobiography in which he tells of such achievements after he became a printer in Philadelphia—but upon type metal, as Mr. Whitmore thinks. The latter is informed that it was customary to cut the matrix for these ornaments in wood, and then make a metal cast, thus exactly reversing the true process of "white-line" engraving. A silhouette profile for an advertisement, the first cut executed by Bowen in Boston, is given in fac-simile from the "New England Palladium" of December 17, 1805. Bowen speaks of copying some of Bewick's cuts, but does not intimate that the Tiger Hunt, which he engraved as a business card for himself in 1812, was a free and very interesting copy of a design by John Bewick engraved by Thomas Bewick for Somerville's "Chase" (1796). Bowen's admiration for the master, however, found expression in his being one of the incorporators, in 1834, of the Boston Bewick Company, for the purposes of general engraving. To the "American Magazine," which it published in three volumes, he contributed a large number of cuts now valuable for the local antiquarian. His "Picture of Boston" is full of illustrations of public buildings, mostly on copper, for, like the Newcastle genius, Bowen engraved on metal as well as on wood. Bowen had, too, a large number of pupils in his art, including Joseph Andrews, S. S. Kilburn, and Hammatt Billings. Altogether, this pamphlet of Mr. Whitmore's deserves to be caught up by the collector.

"The programme for the International Jubilee Exhibition to be held next year at Vienna has just been published," says the Vienna correspondent of the London "Times." "The exhibition will comprise pictures, works of sculpture, architectural plans and models, and the arts generally. Each artist may contribute three works, but in exceptional cases the committee may admit a greater number. Only such works will be received as bear date after 1882 and have not yet been exhibited at Vienna. Objects to the value of 100,000fl. will be bought, partly for the Government, partly for a lottery. Persons intending to be exhibitors must give notice before January 15 and exhibits must arrive here not later than the 1st of February next."

The statue of the late Lord Shaftesbury, to be erected as a memorial in Westminster Abbey, will be ready for unveiling early in January.

Mr. Henry Irving read to the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia last Tuesday his address, "English Actors," which he lately read to the Oxford students. Concerning one remark in the address the Philadelphia "Leader" says: "It was something to hear Mr. Irving say that he would as lief see 'Hamlet' in a dress coat as anything else, which shows that this unrivaled stage artist holds scenic and costuming effects at their proper value—as auxiliaries, no more. If Mr. Irving would but dress 'Hamlet' in a dress coat, and thereby bring the whole company into key with modern surroundings, he would not only be bringing about a Garrick revival of historic interest, but would illustrate a question of some psychical interest: How do readers who have never seen a Shakespeare play dress the characters in their mind's eye? Playgoers always see the costumed 'Hamlet' of the stage when they think of the character. That is inevitable, just as the costumed 'Mephistopheles' of Irving will ever be present to those who were at the Opera-House last week. Whether the play is really the thing would be emphatically shown when the genius of a great actor should be given, without the conventional accessories, to bring out the poetry and mystery and tragedy—dressed as modern men are."

In pursuance of a resolution passed by the Music Teachers' National Association of the United States of America at their eleventh annual meeting, held in Indianapolis last July, the President, Mr. Max Leckner, has appointed Mr. Calixa Lavallee, of Boston, delegate of the Association to the Society of Professional Musicians of England.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

THE HUDSON STINGY CLUB.

Several of the most successful temperance movements originated among drinking men. Notably, the famous Washingtonian wave of temperance was started on its triumphant course by the strong wills of men given to drink. It seems to the writer that whenever any attempt is made to lessen the power of the drink habit, though the effort may not rise to the level of total abstinence or prohibition, it is well to notice it. In America, but nowhere else, exists the custom of treating. One is expected to drink whenever he is asked, whether thirsty or not, and to invite those present, or of his party, to drink with him whenever he feels a call to quench his thirst. In this city is an organization in its purpose unique, so far as the knowledge of the writer extends. Each member agrees neither to drink at another's expense nor invite another to drink at his expense. Any violation of this agreement subjects the offending member to a fine. By their name they boldly challenge the taunt that one who neither treats nor will be treated is stingy or unsocial. The organization is known as the H. S. C., or Hudson Stingy Club. There remains yet unstated the most singular fact in regard to this club. It originated in a beer saloon, and was the work of the proprietor. What motive he had, good or bad, I do not know. Perhaps he thought that the fame of his doing would attract customers. Possibly he supposed that many would come to him to buy their drinks, since they might reasonably expect to be free from the necessity of treating or being treated; or, is it not within the bounds of possibility that he saw that the custom of treating was so far harmful that he ought to discourage it? What the result, so far as his patronage is concerned, has proven to be I have not learned. Would it not be a good thing if similar organizations were formed in other places, so that this American fashion may lose a portion of its potency for evil? (Rev.) E. A. PERRY.

HUDSON, N. Y.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The liquor leagues of Pennsylvania, so it is reported, are combining for action in a movement to enforce all the provisions of the new high license law. Their object is to render this law so unpopular as to bring about its repeal. One provision which they hope to render especially obnoxious is that which makes the sale of beer or ale in quantities of a pint or more to be taken from the premises punishable with a heavy fine. This was intended to suppress the practice known as "working the growler." But as the sale of beer to be drunk in the home is not opposed by a large number of anti-saloon temperance men, the liquor dealers believe that by strictly enforcing this provision of the Brooks law they may secure the repeal of the whole. Another provision which they hope to render obnoxious is that which forbids any person whatever to sell or give away any ale, beer, or wine on Sunday. The strict construction of this clause affects the right of a private citizen to offer what refreshment he wishes to a guest in his own house, and makes him liable of arrest as a criminal. The liquor dealers insist that it must be literally construed.

Delaware is not a very progressive State, but the temperance movement has reached it, and is taking a good, firm hold. Out of one hundred and twenty-six applications to sell liquor, which were made to the court at Wilmington week before last, thirty-eight were rejected. This was the result of a movement on the part of a number of prominent citizens, who personally went before the court and appealed for the shutting down of certain saloons. The saloons were represented before the court by their attorneys. After the appeals and the protests had been heard, the court prepared the list of those licensed late in the afternoon. The fortunate ones were not made known until the morning, in order to allow the judges time to get out of town. They were, however, in many instances, followed to their homes and besieged by applications to reverse their decisions. These appeals have so far been unsuccessful, and the temperance people expect to renew their fight next year and restrict the saloons still further.

We have received a large installment of Woman's Christian Temperance Union notes, and among them are several items of interest. One of the most interesting is that which states that "the business houses in Pittsburg and Allegheny, Pa., exceed the liquor saloons by only forty-four." Unfortunately, statistical statements of this kind are not infrequent in the W. C. T. U. notes, and injure the influence of the enterprising bureau which sends them out. Had the editor taken the trouble to consult the American Almanac, or even her own observation, she would have seen how exaggerated this statement was. Take the country over, saloon-keepers are not nearly so numerous as grocers. Temperance people must be temperate in their statements.

In the little town of Valentine, La Grange County Indiana, the temperance people recently constituted themselves a vigilance committee and drove out of the town a shopkeeper who nominally kept a shoe-store, but really a liquor saloon. A crowd of fifty or more, men and women, attacked his place of business, tore it to pieces, and drove him out of the village with clubs and bad eggs. He has instituted suits against ten of the leading citizens, demanding $10 000 in each case for the destruction of his place of business and injury to himself. It is reported that the Grand Jury has taken the matter in hand and indicted forty or fifty people on the charge of rioting. The villagers in turn have brought counter suit and had the shoe dealer arrested for selling liquor without a license.

Senator Platt has introduced into the United States Senate a bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia.——There was a grand jubilee of the saloon-keepers of Kansas City, Mo., last week over the decision of the Recorder that the Sunday closing ordinance was unconstitutional.——Congressman Taulbee, of Kentucky, will introduce into the House of Representatives a bill requiring liquor dealers before they can receive special Federal permits to procure licenses from the local county and State authorities. This is a new idea, and a good one. If the unlicensed dealer in local option towns exposed himself to the penalties of violating the United States statutes, he would probably be very cautious about his sales.——Senator Frye, of Maine, has introduced a bill forbidding the sale of imported liquors in their original packages.

COLLEGE NOTES.

AMHERST'S PROSPERITY.

Accompanying the new catalogue of Amherst, President Seelye sends a letter to the Alumni telling of the present condition and needs of the college. It begins with a retrospect of the last twelve years, which practically covers the term during which President Seelye has been at the head of the institution. The average attendance during these years has been 339 while for the twelve years next preceding it was but 267. One significant feature of the increase is that during the last few years one-seventh of the annual admissions have come from other colleges.

The increase in the Faculty has been even greater. It is now larger by one-half than it was twelve years ago, and most of the additions have been made during the last few years. Perhaps the most notable of these are Professors Frinck and Genung in the departments of Rhetoric and Oratory. Amherst has always given an exceptional amount of training in extempore speaking. This work has been carried on not only by the college itself but by its secret societies. Under Professor Frinck the college debates are of a character before unknown, and the interest in the department is greater than ever.

President Seelye in his letter speaks in terms of the warmest praise of the work of Dr. Burroughs as college pastor. This position is an exceptionally hard one to fill, but Dr. Burroughs's high character and personal popularity have enabled him already to obtain a large influence among the students.

We also notice with pleasure that new courses are being added in the departments of Political and Social Science. Mr. Henry Winkley has recently endowed a professorship, and during this year two new courses of lectures have been added; one upon International Law, and the other upon Recent American History. Like all other progressive colleges, Amherst is in need of larger endowment to carry on these new lines of work which it sees must be carried on to keep abreast with the intellectual needs of the time.

YALE NEWS

The Yale Catalogue and President Dwight's annual report have recently been issued. The first shows growth under the new President. The list of the faculty and instructors contains 125 names, and four places appear to be vacant. The total number of students in all departments is 1,245—exceeding twelve hundred for the first time. The number of students in each department is larger, we believe, than ever before. The tuition fee and some room rents in the Academical Department have been slightly raised. Dwight Hall, intended for Christian work, the gift of Elbert B. Monroe, and Lawrence Hall, the new dormitory, have been completed within the year. Plans have been made for the new library, for which the Hon. S. B. Chittenden has given $100,000. The standard of entrance examinations in Latin and Greek has been raised. President Dwight appeals for funds to carry out the purposes of the University as follows:

"The work of Yale College, in all its branches, has been accomplished, throughout its past history, with entirely inadequate means. If the university which has been developed, in the progress of time, from the older college, is to be in the immediate future as successful and useful as the college was, its endowments must be made equal to the necessities of its growth. The future is opening before the university with great promise. The promise will be realized if the friends and graduates of the university are prepared to meet the opportunities and demands of the hour."

FUGITIVE POEMS.

THE WATER MILL.[1]

By C. F. Adams.

Listen to the water-mill
Through the livelong day.
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind,
Like a spell is cast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true!
Golden years are floating by,
Youth is passing, too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while life shall last:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will!
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy to-day.
Power, intellect, and wealth
May not always last:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh!
Love that once we might have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard!
Then take the proverb to thy heart,
Take and hold it fast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

By A. C. Swinburne.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thickets of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a seabird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All the year long.

The sun burns sore, and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath;
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In around where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none will ever know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago. —[Selected.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

By Maria Upham Drake.

Gethsemane
Denied our Lord all human sympathy,
And deepest grief
Is that we bear alone for others' sake,
Smiling the while, lest loving hearts should break
For our relief.

O hearts that faint
Beneath your burdens great, but make no plaint,
Lift up your eyes!
Somewhere beyond, the life you give is found;
Somewhere we know, by God's own hand is crowned
Love's sacrifice.
—[Youth's Companion.

A CANARY AT THE FARM.

By James W. Riley.

Folks has been to town and Sahry
Fetched 'er home a pet canary—
And of all the blame', contrary,
Aggrivatin' things alive!
I love music—that's I love it
When it's *free*—and plenty of it;
But I kind o' git above it,
At a dollar eighty-five.

Reason's plain as I'm a sayin'—
Jes' the idy, now, of layin'
Out yer money, and a-payin'
For a willer cage and bird,
When the medder larks is wingin'
Round you, and the woods is ringin'
With the beautifulest singin'
That a mortal ever heard!
Sahry's sot, tho'—so I tell her
He's a pretty little feller,
With his wings of creamy yeller,
And his eyes keen as a cat;
And the twitter of the critter
'Pears to absolutely glitter!
Guess I'll haf to go and git her
A higher-priceter cage 'n that!
—[From In Dialect.

[1] Printed by request.

IN THE FAR WEST.

A missionary in the San Juan Islands, in Washington Territory, gives the following curious notes from his life among the "children of nature" to be found in that region. His first service there was continually interrupted by men going out to drink whisky from bottles concealed in the bushes. On another occasion, when a collection had been taken, amounting to $1 25, a man came to the desk after the close of the service, and demanded his money again.

"What money?" asked the minister.

"Why, the money I put in the collection plate."

"If you put it in why do you want it back?"

"Oh," said he, "I only put it in for example's sake."

He then sought in the plate, and, having selected two five-cent pieces, pocketed them and left.

Having kept an appointment for preaching one Sunday, the missionary found seventy-five or eighty people waiting for him near the cabin of a leading man in the islands.

"Shall I conduct service here?" asked the preacher.

"No, sir. Just you wait a little," replied the man, and, going into his house, presently reappeared with hammer, nails, saw, ax, and a shingle, which he handed the minister, saying:

"You take that and follow me."

Minister and congregation accompanied the man through a narrow trail for a long distance and halted at an open space. The man then took off his coat, and began cutting brush for seats, after which he drove two stakes into the ground, and nailed a shingle on them.

"There's your pulpit, sir," said he, turning to the minister. "Fire away!"

So the preacher fired away, while the congregation did so in another sense, for almost all of them indulged, while listening, in a quiet smoke.

Another anecdote is good enough to conclude the series. At the close of a marriage ceremony the minister was given a fee of $5 and a week later, the newly married husband appeared at his house, asking that he might take back his money, as he needed it to buy provisions. —[Youth's Companion.

HOW THE BLIND "SEE."

I also asked those who became blind in youth, or later, whether they were in the habit of giving imaginary faces to the persons they met after their blindness, and whether they ever saw such in their dreams. Some answered in very vague terms, but some undoubtedly make very good use of this power, probably somewhat on the same basis as we imagine the appearance of eminent men of whom we have read or heard, but whose features we have never seen. When we remember how erroneous such impressions often are, we can understand how it often misleads the blind. Such imaginary faces and scenes also enter into their dreams, but to a less extent than into those of the sighted. Doctor Kitto quotes a letter from a musician who lost his sight when eighteen years old, but who retains a very strong visualizing power both in waking life and in dreams. The mention of a famous man, of a friend, or of a scene, always carries with it a visual picture, complete and vivid. Moreover, these images of his friends change as the friends grow old; and he feels himself intellectually in no way different from the seeing.—[Joseph Jastrow, Ph D., in New Princeton Review for January.

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I cannot begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed it, as a rest from professional reading.—Dr. C. R. Sumner, *Rochester, N. Y.*

My garden of less than half an acre occupies all the time I have to spare for horticultural pursuits, but I am able to make available much that I find in your excellent periodical. The American Garden comes the nearest to my idea of what the typical American horticultural journal should be of anything that has come under my observation. I wish it a success commensurate with its merits.—Edgar H. Woodman, Esq. *Concord, N. H.*

A great aid to all who take an interest in horticulture. By truthfully representing the value of new plants, fruits, and flowers it saves its readers a good deal of money and much loss of time in the cultivation of worthless things.—Dr. T. K. Holmes, *Chatham, Ont.*

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THE CHURCH AT RUTVILLE.

IT was built in a rut, to start with, and it has stayed there ever since. The building was modeled after the church that preceded it. The parish committee were determined that no improvement should be added if they could help it. They had their way, for most of the people were accustomed to do everything just as they had done it before. There were two or three in the church who seemed to live in the present century. They suggested a few changes in the church building which would have made it more convenient as well as more sightly. I will not say that they were *quickly* overruled, for nothing is done *quickly* at the church at Rutville. Everything moves with the greatest deliberation. Even opposition is sluggish, though determined. It was found, however, that there was no precedent for the changes proposed. In vain it was argued that it would be to the advantage of the church to have them; the reiterated answer was that it could not be to the advantage of the church to have anything that it had never had before. If the original church had been built in the best style of Puritan architecture, there would not have been a great deal to complain of; but unfortunately, it was one of those churches, of which examples are still remaining, that were made to imitate a large-sized hen coop.

Things went on inside of the church with the same monotonous uniformity. Pastor and people were well adapted to each other. The pastor, like the architecture of the church, was a reminiscence of the past. It would be wrong to say that he was a survival of the *fittest* but a survival he certainly was. His sermons and his theology were modeled after that of the preceding minister Early in his settlement he had on one occasion, in a sermon on the "Dry Bones of Ezekiel," given unexpected signs of thinking for himself. The distrust and disfavor with which the sermon was received taught him the danger of such an experiment. He never ventured to repeat it. He hardly dared to write a sentence in a sermon unless he was perfectly sure that somebody else had said the same thing before. His habits of mind were such that there was little danger of its being otherwise. The minister led a round of life as regular as clockwork. In fact, he resembled a machine more than anything else. To the progressive few of whom we have spoken he seemed a veritable Rip Van Winkle. They longed to wake him up to the life that now is, its questions and its opportunities. Yet there was a sense of compassion evident in their quiet submission to his customary caching. They knew that if he were waked up he would disturb the rest of his sleeping congregation.

The Rutville congregation was what might have been expected from the preceding intimations. You could tell from the outside of the church just what kind of people could be found inside, as you could tell from meeting the minister on the street just what kind of people he ministered to. They were people of a certain type. We do not mean that there were not differences among them. Every letter in a printer's case is different from every other, but they all have a certain nick in common. So the people at Rutville all had a characteristic nick. The progressive few insisted that it was the *Old* Nick; but, at any rate, it was a rut-mark, a hackneyed method of doing things, an intellectual, or perhaps we should say willful, incapacity for doing anything different from what their fathers or mothers had done before them.

The only time when this church seems capable of being aroused is when any of its prepossessions are at all disturbed. It was recently suggested by a few of the summer boarders at Rutville that it might be a good idea to introduce a new hymn book. The suggestion nearly took the congregation's breath away. If a proposal had been made to substitute the Koran for the Bible in the pulpit it could hardly have been met with more horror. And when one member, of grave and reverend aspect and a ploudly sepulchral voice, arose in the meeting and reminded the brethren that that hymn-book was compiled by a former pastor of the church, and that the very hymns it contained were as voices from the tomb; that he, the speaker, had never known any other hymn-book, that he never expected to while on earth, and that he hoped to chant with their sainted author these very same hymns among the sacred choirs of the blest—there was nothing more to be said. Those who made the motion had "leave to withdraw," which they did, snickering a little as they went out.

One of the favorite boasts of the treasurer of the society is that it does not take up a collection more than twice a year, one collection being devoted to keeping the church in repair, and the other generously sent to an Old Ladies' Home in South Africa. This collection had its origin in a spasmodic revival of missionary fervor which took place some fifty years ago, and during which the church became sufficiently awake to open one eye to the condition of the heathen. The church has twice been informed by the secretary of the missionary society that the Old Ladies' Home referred to has long been extinct, but the collection is taken as a matter of habit, and as a protection against all further appeals to the generosity of the society. As the amount received is very small, there is little evil arising from this misapplied generosity, and, at last accounts, the Mission Society had judiciously invested it in a box of soap for the heathen. The church has been appealed to several times to do something for the heathen in its own neighborhood, but without success. It has never contributed a cent to the cost of their redemption. It can be shown by statistics that it costs from $64 to $248 per head to convert heathen. The church at Rutville does not wish to enter very extensively into the work until prices are lower.

Let it not be supposed that this church is without its value in the community. It serves as a useful landmark. It can be seen at a respectable distance. Its bell informs the people that it is Sunday. And, as the church has a cemetery attached, it serves as an admonition that there is such a thing as death. But as for life, especially the life that now is, the church exhibits no more signs of it than the clock in its tower, which has a face without any hands. Its only use seems to be to remind the passer of a world in which "time shall be no more."—[Christian Register.

MAYOR HEWITT ON STRIKES.

[*From Address at Board of Trade Banquet, New York City, Thursday, December* 29 1887.]

COMMON carriers have duties to perform. These duties are well defined. They are the growth of a large experience. They are your defense against oppression. The duty of the common carrier is one of the rights of the citizen. It is the property of the public. Any attack, therefore, upon the common carrier is an attack upon property; it is an attack upon the very essence of property.

Bearing this in mind, let me ask your attention to the dreadful consequences that must ensue when a body of men not known to the law, not endowed with the great emblems of power, not judges sitting on the bench and not juries called to construe the rights of one against another, when a body of men sitting in secret arrogates to itself the power of the common carrier, and says, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." That, I say, is an attack upon the very foundations of social order. They are worse than burglars or highwaymen, for instead of taking the property of one citizen they rob the whole community. It takes away from the fireside the fuel which is necessary for cooking the dinners of the workingmen. It takes away from the manufacturer the power which gives bread to the workingmen. It stops the exchanges. It paralyzes human industry. It destroys the very foundations of social order. [Applause]

HITTING AT THE KNIGHTS.

And yet to-day an organization exists in this land which has dared to assume this power, which has obstructed one of the great highways of the country, which has tried to wipe out $200,000,000 worth of property.

Who are they? You don't know their names. They hold no commission from the people. They hold no commission from Divine Providence. But, sitting in secret conclave, they venture to launch forth orders and make an attack meaning ruin to this city and to every city in the land, for if they could succeed in this one particular case they would end in restricting power of common carriers in every State and every city of the United States.

This question must be settled. [Applause.] At the Convention of the Democratic party that met last year at Saratoga I advised it to discourage all secret organizations that undertook to defy or nullify the laws. [Applause.] But they lacked the courage at the time. There were men still high in power, and who are still members of Congress, but who are not here, and other members who were bidding for the labor elements and telling them they were deprived of their rights and that they were justified in standing up for their rights, who despised that advice. The men who did that were not statesmen. They were demagogues. [Applause.]

THE NEW PARTY LINES.

And now, unless the occurences of the present week shall end in the utter collapse and destruction—and I trust they will—of this organization, powerful for mischief, and most mischievous to its own members, as it always has been and must ever be—then the next division of parties will not be on the lines of the tariff, but on the line of law and order as against secret and irresponsible cabals. [Applause.]

I know some people say it is dangerous to utter these sentiments, and that I have been interfering with my political prospects. Let them go. I hope that other people are not more disturbed than I am over that. I can leave the question where it stands. Occupying the position I do, devoting every hour that I can to the welfare of the working classes, I say that for their sakes this question must be fought out, and unless we put at rest forever those principles which are at war with the very life and liberties of the country, I say we shall see the country reduced to a condition of misery, of suffering, of force and violence such as was not known even in the worst periods of the Middle Ages. [Applause.] We shall take no steps backward. We did not found the Constitution, but I agree with our venerable and genial friend here that it is the foundation of our prosperity.

We are prepared to make any sacrifices for our rights, and we shall in the future, as in the past, render cheerful obedience to law, and, whether in the city, State, or Nation, we will enthrone law as the supreme goddess of our adoration. [Applause.]

MR. BERRY'S LETTER.

AT the business meeting following the Friday evening prayer meeting of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, last week, the following letter was read by Mr. I. D Stanwood, of the committee appointed to notify Mr. Berry of his call to become pastor of the church:

To the Members of Plymouth Church and Society:

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—You have already heard by cable the decision to which I have been led in respect of the invitation to the pastorate of Plymouth Church. That decision has been reached in full view of the many remarkable circumstances attending your overture, under a deep sense of the solemn issues depending, and after the most intense and continuous consideration of the contending claims urged upon me. It is an honest and devout decision, framed under what I judge to be the direction of Providence. And in giving effect to it I rest in the confidence that, however much you may regret the failure of your hopes, and however far you may differ from my appraisement of claims, you will heartily approve my obedience to the sense of obligation as I feel it.

It is due to you, as well as to myself, that I place on record my sense of the great honor and usefulness attaching to the pastorate of Plymouth Church. Alike by its achievements, its traditions, its possibilities, and its prospects, Plymouth Church occupies a first place among the helpful ministries of mankind. I am confident that what it has been it will be—and more. The splendor which glorifies its sky is not the sunset gorgeousness of a day that is past, but the prophetic radiance of a dawning still to be crowned.

Had the circumstances and the claims which surround me here permitted, I should have entered upon work with you, assured that your heritage is not within the clasp of a vanished hand, but is alive with a spirit renewed and revived from the dead; and I should have been drawn onward by my vision of the great future that is yours in the service of Christ and humanity. That I do not spring eagerly to such a post, especially when called to it with such manifestations of affection as yours, must show the force of my conviction that the less distinguished, though not less honorable, work which claims me here has commanded me by an authority which compels my obedience.

In the disappointment to which my answer must give rise, you have the assurance of my deepest sympathy—and not of mine only, but that of thousands of English friends who cherish the memory of Henry Ward Beecher. And that God may guide you in the great and responsible task of choosing a fit leader is the prayer of multitudes on this side the water who love Plymouth Church.

I desire once more to thank you for the unexampled confidence and affection which you have given me. I love you. I can never forget you. I will ever pray for you. Let me have the assurance that in doing what seems to be my duty I have your approval and affection.

May the blessing of Almighty God rest upon your great and advancing nation, granting to her a succession of godly leaders, peopling her with industrious and contented communities, stirring her sons with the holy ambitions of peaceful progress, and making her rich in fruitful service to mankind! May the ties between America and England grow more close and numerous! And may God help the two lands of the one people so to work together in love as to hasten to its issue the travail of humanity! With gratitude and affection to you all, I am ever your friend,

CHARLES ALBERT BERRY.

WOLVERHAMPTON, December 10, 1887.

The committee was requested to make a suitable answer to his letter. By unanimous vote, on motion of Mr. Thomas G Shearman, the Rev. Lyman Abbott was invited to continue as temporary pastor of Plymouth Church until the Plymouth Society shall select a minister.

Mutual organizations to insure against epidemics are being established in some of the large manufactories of Sheffield, England. Each workman contributes two or two and one-half per cent. of his wages, and in return is guaranteed a payment equal to his average wages should he be obliged to quit work on account of any epidemic in his family. The proprietors of the manufactories have charge of the funds.

The Orillia "Packet" says the story is told of the Bishop of Algoma that he was being driven in a buggy with one of his clergy, by a member and a church warden of the latter's congregation, in Muskoka. In a rather bad piece of swampy road the vehicle upset, its three occupants being ejected without notice or ceremony, the Bishop at the bottom of the "heap." "Ah!" said he, "it's no joke to have both clergy and laity down upon you at the same time."

It is thought that Cape Cod is being eaten up by the sea, and in time will disappear. The Provincetown "Advocate" says that "less than one hundred years have passed since a lighthouse was placed here by the Government. The original purchase included a plot of land ten acres in extent. At the present time this inclosure embraces barely six acres. On a point just north of the Marine Station at Highland Light the face of the bluff has moved inland two hundred feet in the past five years."

FINANCIAL.

The reports of the Vanderbilt railway companies, rendered for the year, m‹ke very remarkable exhibits—more favorable than any previous reports for many years.

The Lake Shore Company, which showed only 4 57 per cent. earned on its shares last year, after payment of fixed charges, shows, this year past, 7.65 per cent. earned. Although the Company has paid only the four per cent.—the same as the previous year—the earnings in figures are as follows: gross, $18 675 464; expenses and taxes, $10 991 267; balance available for stock and interest, etc, $7 684 197; balance in surplus after all payments, $1 795 537 The Michigan Central and Canada Southern, which are operated as one road, have earned as follows:

Joint gross earnings for the year....	$14.140,000
Operating expenses....................	9,852,000
Balance net earnings..................	4,288,000
Fixed charges.........................	2,536,000
	1,752,000
Two-thirds of which belongs to the Michigan Central Company........	1,212,000
One-third to Canadian Southern Company............................	540,000
	1,752,000

The Michigan Central has paid four per cent. dividends out of this sum, and the Canada Southern Company two and one half per cent. These figures are exceedingly satisfactory, and yet the stockholders of the three companies, outside of the Vanderbilt family, consider that a more liberal dividend might have been paid in each case, without any strain on the financial status of either corporation This is regarded as ultra conservatism on the part of the managers. Yet it is erring on the safe side, if an error has been committed. The record of railway building, now complete, exhibits a new mileage constructed during 1887 of over 12 000 miles, at an aggregate expense for the roads alone per mile of, probably, about $15 000, which added to the expenses for terminal facilities, equipment, etc., will probably amount to from $225-000 000 to $250 000,000 as cost complete, which represents that much of floating capital as having become fixed. This sum seems very extraordinary to be placed in the one vast interest of transportation facilities, but with these various lines of new communication, built largely west of the Missouri River and through the Southern States, in territory which is sufficiently settled to give in return large results in the way of earnings, is it not reasonable to suppose that most of these lines will pay interest on the capital thus invested, from the first inception, besides developing great areas of heretofore non-producing lands, and, as well, stimulating mineral and manufacturing interests to a very extensive degree? The argument is used that such vast expenditure must have produced excessive activity, and that the coming year will see a falling away from this large expenditure, and consequently from the volume of business growing out of this construction; but, on the other hand, the creation of new business activity resulting from these new lines in the new territory, together with the addition to the productive energies of the country from the same reasons, will go far to neutralize the loss from a diminished construction of road. It is a fact that during the year past the earnings of railways, compared with 1886 have increased in much larger ratio than the increase of mileage in the same time, and that, too, in the face of smaller cereal crops this year than last. It seems plain, therefore, that there are two sides to this matter of arguing increase or decrease of railway business for the year to come. The increase of earnings for the three weeks of December on some sixty roads is about seventeen per cent. over 1886. The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase..	$6,130 500
Specie, increase..................	806,500
Legal tenders, increase...........	594 600
Deposits, increase....	7,513,400
Reserve, decrease................	477,250

This leaves the surplus reserve of the city banks at $8,559 150, with money at four per cent. to six per cent. on call The payments on the first of the year for dividends and interest on corporate, city State, and Government bonds and stocks will amount to more than we mentioned last week—probably nearly $100,000 000 The stock market has been exceedingly dull but strong for the week. The Reading strike has proved practically a failure WALL STREET.

THE LENS FOR THE LICK TELESCOPE.

The care taken for the safety of the great lens for the Lick telescope at San José which leaves Boston on the Raymond excursion train is more than justified by its value. According to the newspaper report that is estimated at $35 000; but, in view of the time and skill spent in its construction, and the difficulty of replacing it in case of accident, this appears to be a low figure At first thought it seems as if the care bestowed upon its transport by having the drawing-room of the hotel car reserved for its accommodation and that of its maker was a rare tribute to science. But in view of the fact that the safes of the express companies, containing more or less paltry treasure, are carefully locked and guarded on our transcontinental trains, the lesser attention given to this priceless lens is a satire on the disproportionate estimate which is had of mere money over other human possessions. If road agents had any poetry in their souls, the lens for the Lick telescope would be bagged before it reached its destination on the Pacific coast, and I am by no means sure that it would not be as profitable a thing to hold for redemption as the average bonds by which burglars manage to obtain immunity from poverty and the State prison.—[Boston Post.

RELATIVE NUMBER OF CHRISTIANS.—The number of Christians has increased century by century until now they far outnumber the adherents of any other faith. The ordinary statistics, by which Buddhists are made to outnumber Christians, are totally misleading. The difference between Quakerism and the Church of Rome is trifling as compared with the difference between sects who are all classed together as Buddhists, but who have almost nothing in common except the name and a few merely outward and material resemblances. To call all Mohammedans Christians would be very much more reasonable than to consider as adherents of one religion all who call themselves Buddhists. And this is not all, for in China, which contains most of the adherents of Buddhism, this is only one belief among many, and the same man is often Buddhist, Taouist, Confucianist, and ancestor worshiper all in one. Taking Christians and Mohammedans together, it is probable that there are from five to six hundred millions of people who believe in one God, Creator, and Governor of the world, who has revealed himself in Jesus Christ, while it is extremely improbable that even a third as many are so agreed on any other creed.—[Church Review.

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THE MINNESOTA LOAN AND TRUST CO. announces to its patrons that, since a responsible Title Insurance Company has been organized in Minneapolis, it will hereafter require all titles to be insured upon its loans in Hennepin County (embracing the city of Minneapolis) and will supply each mortgagee, without cost to him, a policy of the Minnesota Title Insurance and Trust Company, fully insuring the title. Money loaned upon choice improved city and farm property, to net the lender 6 to 7 per cent. First mortgages, amply secured, for sale. Address THE MINNESOTA LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA Mention this paper.

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Safe and Profitable Investments.
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THE TRUSTEES OF THIS INSTITUTION HAVE declared interest on all sums not exceeding $3,000 remaining on deposit during the three or six months ending on the 31st instant, at the rate of
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And get their *Investors' Guide* free, and read the profitable experience of the patrons of this House.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1888

EXTRACT FROM "BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME."

"It is the slovenliness of men and women which for the most part makes their lives so unsatisfactory. They do not sit at the loom with keen eye and deft finger; but they work listlessly, and without a sedulous care to piece together as they best may the broken threads. We are apt to give up work too soon, to suppose that a single breakage has ruined the cloth. The men who get on in the world are not daunted by one nor a thousand breakages."

IDEALS, TRUE AND UNTRUE.

Among the most precious possessions of humanity are its ideals. Whatever of poverty or hardship, of sickness or sorrow, of disappointments or adversity, of failure or weakness or sin, may afflict a man, he has still within him the image of something better, nobler, happier, more successful, to hope for and to strive after. To this image, varying though it does with the character and personality of each individual, is society indebted for its continued progress and improvement in manifold directions.

These ideals, however, are not all equally valuable, nor equally attainable, and it becomes an important part of self-culture and of education to see to it that those we are cherishing in ourselves, and infusing into the hearts of the young, are not only excellent in themselves, but possible to realize under existing circumstances. One of the most serious mistakes which is made in this direction, as well as one of the most common, is that of presenting for the aim of everybody the ideal of greatness and eminence. It is not an uncommon thing to urge boys to put forth their utmost endeavors in the hope of some day becoming great statesmen and filling offices of political importance. Instances are presented to them of men who, once simple schoolboys like themselves, have risen to the position of Mayor, or Governor, or Senator, or even President; and it is more than hinted that equal exertions on their part may produce equal results. Or they are pointed to the great authors and poets who have instructed and cheered mankind with their thoughts and imaginings; to the great orators who have thrilled their audiences; to the great inventors or musicians or sculptors whom the world delights to honor, or the merchant princes who have accumulated and dispensed millions, or equally rare and exceptional men of genius in other directions, and they are counseled to read their lives and study their methods, not simply to admire and reverence, but to imitate, that they may rise to the same pinnacles on which these men have stood.

The chief reason why such motives should not be presented to the average youth is that they are *unsound*. It is not true that most of the young people who are thus addressed can rise to great eminence in any direction. It is not even true that many can. If it were, eminence, ceasing to be exceptional, would lose its meaning. If all, or most, or many reached the same high position, which is thus held out as a lure to all, it would become merely a common level, and lose all its distinctiveness. Neither would it be desirable, were it possible. If all were officials, where would be the citizens? If all were architects, where would be the workmen? We may be very sure that the notion that everybody may rise to fill an exceptionally high place in the world is both irrational and undesirable. High places are for those who improve the talents God has given them.

The earnest striver, who tries to live the life of some one else, and fails, finds but little energy left to live his own, and often sinks down into comparative apathy. He whose sole aim is to reach some special height, when he finds that his powers are inadequate will care but little to climb any further. Thus much loss of needed power and effort results from such impossible ideals. The individual does less than he can, and both he and society through him are losers. Besides all this, such elevations are merely artificial. The few who attain them see before them endless heights still waiting their ascent. All is comparative, and the utmost limit that man has yet reached in any direction is but a short distance compared with what lies beyond.

The true ideal that should fill a man's heart and fire his energies is *excellence in his own sphere;* the living of his own particular life just as fully and nobly as *he* (not somebody else) can. True, this is an unknown quantity, but it is a real, true, and attainable one. Day by day it is rising, and day by day he feels conscious of increased power. Where it may lead him he cannot tell, but that by its guidance he will go further and accomplish more than by any other he may rest assured. Whoever cherishes this aim will find full scope for every faculty, full work for every day, and full satisfaction in every success. Attempting nothing impossible, he is doomed to no inevitable disappointment, nor is there any limit at which he may cease to strive.

The diffusion of such an ideal is just what society needs for its best welfare and progress. Eminent men and women in every walk of life are great blessings to the State, and we cannot too highly value or reverence them. But they are necessarily few, and it is to the large body of people of average abilities that the country must look, and on whom it must depend for its character and prosperity.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT PUSH CAN ACCOMPLISH.

The first experience of a millionaire merchant of Philadelphia on his arrival in this country aptly illustrates what push can accomplish. When he stepped ashore from the sailing vessel, he said, "I was without money or friends. I spoke to a man on the wharf, and asked him what to do. He replied, 'Work, young man. Have you any motto?' 'No,' I said. 'What do you mean?' He said, 'Every man must have a motto. Now think of one. Go out and hunt for work.'

"I started, thinking of a motto. As I walked along the street I saw painted on a door the word 'Push.' I said, 'That shall be my motto.' I did push at that door, and entered an office. I was asked what I wanted. I said, 'Work; and the word on your door gave me not only a motto, but confidence.'

"My manner pleased the man. He asked me many questions, all of which were answered promptly. He said at last: 'I want a boy of "push," and as you have adopted that for your motto, I will try you.'

"He did. My success followed, and the motto that made my fortune will make that of others."

The word is old, short, and crisp, but it expresses everything, and has carved out fortune and fame for hundreds of thousands of poor and obscure boys.—[Dry Goods Chronicle.

KNOW THYSELF.

"Know thyself" was an ancient Greek apothegm. Lord Beaconsfield, in his famous address before the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, declared that "the fundamental conditions of success in life were two—knowing one's self and knowing the needs of one's age or epoch." But of all knowledge, says Abbott, self-knowledge is the rarest and perhaps the most difficult to attain. No man can keep either mind or body in health unless he knows what his mind and body are. He cannot keep himself in order unless he knows how he is constituted. Besides, self-knowledge is indispensable to growth, education, and development.

AN ENERGETIC SALESMAN.

An Eastern exchange tells a story of a lazy Nantucket shopkeeper who was not inclined to give up his personal comfort or ease. Whenever he saw a customer enter the front door he would call out from his chair: "Well, what is it; what is it? Because perhaps I haven't got it." On one occasion a cutsomer wished to buy a pail, of which there was a line hanging from the ceiling, and inquired the price. The shopkeeper, without getting out of his chair, designated the price with his foot, saying: "That is fifty cents; that is sixty-two and a half cents," etc. "Well," said the customer, "I will take one of those," pointing to the pail he wished to buy. The storekeeper did not stir, and a wave of distress seemed to be passing over him. Presently, with an air of great perplexity, he said: "No, I won't sell it, for I shall only have to buy another."

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa is a very comforting drink as the weather grows colder. One of its special merits, giving it a great advantage over tea and coffee, is its heat-giving quality; it fortifies delicate constitutions against the cold, supplying an easily appropriated fuel for those internal fires upon the adequate support of which health and happiness depend. Baker's Breakfast Cocoa may therefore be especially commended as a morning drink, and many people who are liable to sleeplessness have found that a cup of it drunken hot on going to bed brings a sound and refreshing sleep. It may be had of all grocers.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Christian Union Company will be held at the office of said company, No. 30 Lafayette Place, in the city of New York, on Monday, January 9, at 3 P.M., for the purpose of hearing the annual reports, electing directors for the ensuing year, and transacting such other business as may be brought before them.

H. W. MABIE Secretary.

NEW YORK December 26, 1887.

LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar It softens the Cough, relieves the windpipe and bronchial tubes of mucus, tones the lungs and the membranes of the throat, and restores to the organs of respiration their natural strength and vigor. 75c., 50c., and $1

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c.
German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c.
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

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Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York

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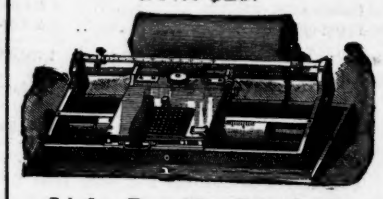

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 187
BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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(Reclining.) A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The LARGEST FACTORY and BEST CHAIRS in the world. Send for Circular to

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ALL VARIETIES, SIZES AND PRICES
FINE EVER-BLOOMING PERPETUAL, CLIMBING AND MOSS ROSES.
NEW AND RARE FLOWER SEEDS
HARDY PLANTS, New Moon Flower, Clematis, Spring Bulbs, JAPAN LILIES, New Chrysanthemums, & our WONDERFUL ORNAMENTAL VEGETABLES. *Everything sent* safely by mail or express *to all points.* We offer Choice NEW THINGS and STERLING NOVELTIES in all departments. Our NEW GUIDE, 100 pp., elegantly illustrated, describes over 1500 NEWEST and CHOICEST Varieties of ROSES, SEEDS, PLANTS and BULBS, and tells how to grow them Free. If you wish to plant anything, send for it. 20 Years Established. *Over 60 Large Greenhouses.* THE DINGEE & CONARD CO. ROSE GROWERS, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

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FARM ANNUAL FOR 1888

Will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Book of 128 pp., with hundreds of illustrations, Colored Plates, and tells all about the BEST GARDEN, FARM, and FLOWER Bulbs, Plants, and *Valuable New Books on* Garden Topics. It describes Rare Novelties in VEGETABLES and FLOWERS, of real value, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Send address on a postal for the most complete Catalogue published, to

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CURIOUS THINGS FOUND INSIDE TREES.

Curious finds have not infrequently been made in trees. Some woodcutters in the forest of Drommling made a strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow. Being half decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knee, were perfect. By its side were a powder horn, a porcelain pipe bowl, and a silver watch. The teeth were perfect. It would seem to be the skeleton of a man between thirty and forty years of age. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for some purpose and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation. Another mystery was found in the heart of an oak. From a tree of this kind a large block, about eighteen inches in diameter, that had been knocking about in various yards and woodsheds, was split up lately, and in it was found an auger hole, about three fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a paper. The hair was near the center of the block and fastened with a pine plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite small, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight.

A natural curiosity was shown in a timber merchant's workshop. This was the nest and skeleton of a bird imbedded in a piece of beech. The timber seemed quite sound all round the cavity, and there was no sign of any aperture in it; but the timber being sawn up, the nest with the bird sitting upon it was found. The nest appeared to be built with mud, and the bird resembled a titmouse. Probably at the lopping of a branch a cavity was formed, and the outside subsequently grown over; but how the bird was inclosed seems difficult to imagine.

In the center of a log of Honduras mahogany the saw revealed a large piece of honeycomb. The finder says the wax with the cells was hard, and resembled in color the appearance of a mummy. The remains of the bees were incrusted in the wax. Another log of mahogany was being cut in veneers by a cabinetmaker, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a remarkable and striking profile of her Majesty in the wood. The likeness was so true that all who saw it acknowledged the resemblance.—[Chambers's Journal.

PUNNING AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

Punning, I think, does not receive enough attention. In spite of Dr Johnson's well-known dictum, we should not despise punning. Sydney Smith says that it is the foundation of all wit. Supposing three degrees of evolution, I submit that punning is the least evolved system of joking, that wit is evolved out of punning, and that humor is evolved out of wit. Everybody has heard of Sydney Smith's remark—that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman. But he spoke without distinguishing. The Scotch have a great appreciation of those highly evolved jocosities displaying the humorous, although, no doubt, a scorn of simple, lowly evolved jocosities, such as plays on words. It is difficult to form a conception of a Scotch punster Yet I have heard an Aberdonian, a physician of world-wide reputation, make a pun.

Punning is well worthy of the psychologist's attention. I seriously mean that the analysis of puns is a simple way of beginning the methodical analysis of the process of normal and abnormal mentation. This, I think, I can easily show. Vision is stereoscopic: in a sense it is slightly diplopic, for there are two dissimilar images, although there seems to be but one external object, as we call it. To borrow the ophthalmological term, we can say that mentation is "stereoscopic;" always subject-object, although we often speak of it as single ("states of consciousness," etc). Just as there is visual diplopia, so there is "mental diplopia," or as it commonly called, "double consciousness." Now I come back to punning. We all have "mental diplopia" when hearing the answer to a riddle which depends on a pun—"When is a little girl not a little girl?" Answer: "When she is a little horse (hoarse)." The feeble amusement we have in the slightly morbid mental state thus induced is from the incongruous elements of a "mental diplopia." The word "hoarse" rouses in us the idea of a little girl who has taken cold and the same sounding word "horse" rouses in us the idea of a well-known quadruped at the same time. We have the sensation of complete resemblance with the sense of vast difference. Here is, I submit, a caricature of the normal process of all mentation.—[From "The Psychology of Joking," by Dr. J. Hughlings Jackson, in "Popular Science Monthly" for January.

A CURIOUS CEREMONY.—A curious religious ceremony is now being performed by the Mexicans in the vicinity of Paso Del Norte. Each night the crest of the mountain ridge is a sheet of flame. With infinite labor and patience dead cactus and mesquite bushes are collected and carried to the steep mountain tops for their sacrificial fires; but then the entire population, almost, labors at it and looks upon it as a sacred duty These night fires are dedicated to a double shrine, first to the approaching celebration of Our Lady of Gaudalupe, the patron saint of Mexico, who made her miraculous appearance at the village of Gaudalupe on December 9 1531, and to whose glorification the whole month of December is annually given up; and secondly, these fires are dedicated to Montezuma, the legendary emperor and culture god of the Aztecs, whose return is still looked for by the great mass of Indian population of Mexico. They think he will come unexpectedly from the East, and these fires are lit to show him the way to the realms of his still faithful believers.—[Exchange.

THE JUDGE'S TENANT.

For months the unprofitable tenant had stayed in a certain house in the West End belonging to the judge, and month after month had been notified that he must move. Finally, with patience exhausted, the judge went to his debtor, and implored him personally to go.

"Fact is," said the tenant, "I haven't the money to move."

"How much will it cost you?"

The sum was named, which the judge immediately handed over, and departed. A few days afterward, an agent for his estate entered the judge's office in high glee, and said:

"Well, at last I've rented that East End house, which has been so long idle; and we get a good rent for it, too."

"How much?"

"Seventy-five dollars a month."

"To whom did you rent it?"

"To Mr. Blank."

"W-h-a-t! To Mr. Blank?' exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet. "Why, I paid him money out of my own pocket last week to move out of the West End house!'—[Cincinnati Gazette.

A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY.

Mr. A. G. La Grange writes from Garden City, Minn.: "We have used up the old supply, and want to lay in a new supply for winter use. We do not like to be without it in the house. It is *next to bread*—a family necessity; in fact, I think all well regulated families will eventually keep it, both as a luxury and a necessity; and when that happens I think a few years will be added to the average duration of human life. My daughter has experienced great benefit from the use of your treatment. Nothing could be more satisfactory."

The reference is to the Compound Oxygen treatment dispensed by Drs. Starkey and Palen, No. 1,529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for Treatise and Monographs, free to all applicants.

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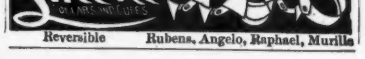

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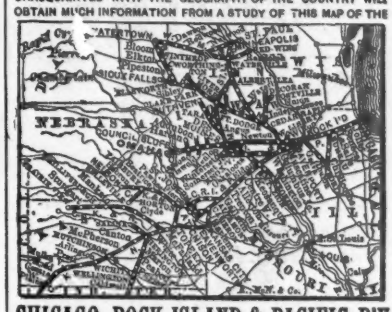

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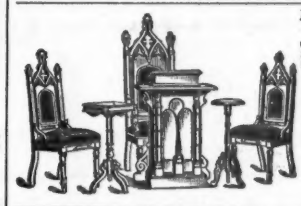

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All Traveling Expenses Included.

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Four Parties will leave NEW YORK in January in MAGNIFICENT TRAINS OF PULLMAN PALACE CARS (with Pullman Palace Dining-cars or Hotel Cars on every train), for all the Principal Cities and Health Resorts of the Pacific Coast. The dates and routes are as follows:

Monday, January 2. *Via* Cincinnati, Mammoth Cave, New Orleans, Galveston, San Antonio, etc.

Thursday, January 12. *Via* Chicago, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Barstow, San Bernardino, etc.

Monday, January 16. *Via* Cincinnati, Mammoth Cave, New Orleans, Galveston, San Antonio, etc.

Monday, January 23. *Via* Council Bluffs, Denver, Ogden, Salt Lake City, etc.

Seven Returning Parties, under special escort, Five Different Routes. Return tickets also on all Trains. Independent Tickets, covering every expense both ways, and giving entire freedom to the passenger while in California, and also in making the journey homeward. Hotel coupons supplied for long or short sojourns at all the Leading Pacific Coast Resorts.

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Better than soap—better results—saves the rubbing and wear—economical.

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OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC Mutual Insurance Company,

New York, January 24th, 1887.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of Company, submit the following Statement of affairs on the 31st of December, 1886

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1886, to 31st December, 1886	$3,809,950
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1886	1,426,049 48
Total Marine Premiums	$5,235,999 90
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1886, to 31st December, 1886,	$3,817,699 86
Losses paid during the same period	$2,206,583 63
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$841,378 15

The Company has the following assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$9,382,875 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	707,100
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	601,647 81
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,568,134 30
Cash in Bank	285,954 58
Amount	$12,444,511 69

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1882 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the First of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1886, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday the Third of May next.

By order of the Board.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary

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This Association expends annually about $25,000 in judicious relief after careful inquiry and visitation by its own visitors at the homes of the poor, during the year ending September 30, 1887, over 9,850 such visits were made, and more than 18,000 persons aided with groceries, coal, shoes, clothing, blankets, medicines, etc.; 7,060 meals and lodgings furnished to single persons; 585 tenement-houses were inspected and reported. All cases referred to the Association will be immediately visited and reported upon and suitable relief given. Blank forms furnished on application, as well as full information. Contributions earnestly solicited.

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